

WESTERN THE HOME MONTHLY



OCTOBER, 1913

WINNIPEG, CANADA

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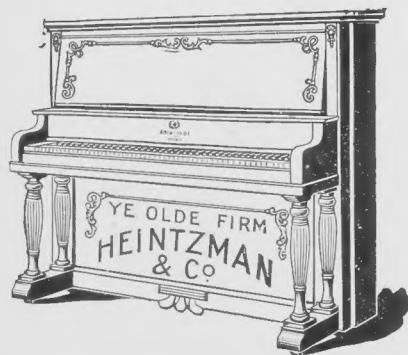


Buy a Pound packet and if you don't find it superior to the tea you have been using you can return it and your grocer will refund purchase money.

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THE HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO

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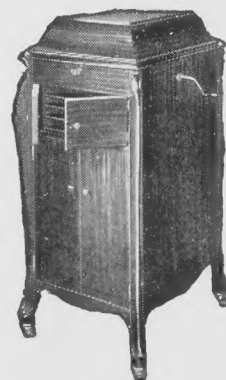
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Published Monthly

No. 10.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is \$1 a year or three years for \$2 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash, or the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one-cent or two-cent denomination.

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers

The Western Home Monthly is a bank of credit on which our readers may draw supplies of confidence, counsel, instruction, sympathy, encouragement and help. Now, this is the definition of a true friend. An examination of the reading matter in our magazine will convince the reader that we are more than a publication—The Western Home Monthly is a real friend in the home. It is a popular friend because it is found in more homes in Western Canada than any other magazine. It is a Home Circle magazine, because it provides a department for every member of the home.

Not only do we receive letters of appreciation from the homes in Western Canada, but our subscribers in other lands write us that The Western Home Monthly is the most welcome magazine that comes to them. In fact, some of our best immigrants tell us that our publication is responsible for their coming to this country. It pays to tell the truth. We do not paint false pictures to lure people here—we think Canada offers the best opportunities in the world, but at the same time, we realize that people must work and be prepared to conquer difficulties and should understand Canadian conditions before they come—hence our readers in other lands come prepared to surmount obstacles and they prosper. People over there are begging for the truth. Our magazine is full of honest information about Canada, and since we are true to ourselves we are true to our readers. We learn from our Old Country readers that one copy of The Western Home Monthly is loaned to from six to twelve homes. It might not be out of place to suggest here that a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly would be a most appreciable Christmas present to the "home folk" in the Old Country. During the long winter evenings they would pass many happy hours with this good Canadian friend so complete in information of the country and people that form the environment of their loved ones who have gone out from the old home to the new land.

At the cost of great risks and cutting criticism we have exposed frauds and have saved our readers from falling into the traps of unscrupulous schemers who gather in the dollars of hard working men and women. We have done this because we have a personal interest in our readers. We allow our contributors to express themselves sincerely. They are not hampered by a set form of rules. We believe there is good in all creeds and politics and are impartial. Mutual helpfulness and sound judgment form our policy, and this method has produced a most satisfactory class of readers as expressed in their generous acknowledgment of confidence in us. We value this confidence highly and are grateful for our sympathetic circulation.

The Western Home Monthly is a genuine friend because it multiplies joys and divides sorrows. Articles, poems, and paragraphs full of encouragement and inspiration grace the pages from cover to cover, until the world becomes more rosy to the reader. It is our glasses not the world that need attention. We impart in our publication, knowledge that others may light their candles by it. In short, our magazine is a "balancing pole to those who walk across the tightrope of life."

News stands are covered with special magazines of various kinds. In order to be well informed one must buy seven or eight different publications—while The Western Home Monthly contains

the cream of special subjects condensed in one magazine—thus for one dollar our subscribers may have the value in reading matter that costs non-subscribers from ten to twelve dollars.

Our Departments

The departments About the Farm teach better farming and solve many perplexing problems, and consequently increase the farmer's bank account.

The recipes and helps in the department of Household Suggestions make housework easier by changing it from drudgery and monotony to interest and pleasure.

There is as much valuable information on the page of The Philosopher as can be found in any other entire magazine of the first class rank.

Vital topics of the day are discussed in correct, concise and convincing style.

The advice of The Home Doctor has saved many lives in isolated places where families cannot have the services of a doctor or a nurse.

Our readers express their appreciation of the practical articles on the care of children. The West is peopled by families of young children, because the country naturally appeals to men and women who are anxious to locate where their children will have growing advantages, therefore the welfare of the children of the West is an important feature of our magazine; we realize that in the boys and girls is the potential power of Canada's future.

Furthermore, The Western Home Monthly brings all the great achievements of man, the wonders of his inventions and discoveries to our subscribers who are shut in by the mountains or are far out on a lonely prairie. Then, too, it makes the reader more familiar with the wonders of Nature. Pictures and articles create interest in the trees and rocks and birds and brooks and grass and mountains and animals.

A Market Place

The Western Home Monthly is a market place for the homes in Western Canada. A careful examination of our magazines will prove to the reader that we are true to our name for the contents thoroughly define all that should be in a "Home" magazine. Every need of the home and family may be found in our advertisements and one who does not read the advertising columns misses a great deal for every advertisement carries a message of economy and value to the one who needs to purchase comforts and necessities for the home. We carry a great amount of advertising because we reach more homes in Western Canada than any other magazine. If there is anything needed in clothing, home furnishings, provisions, or farm labor-saving devices that the reader does not find in our advertising columns, we want to know it—for we are justified in our belief that The Western Home Monthly is the best medium of advertising in Canada. The test of any magazine is "reading it." Every day we receive letters of appreciation for which we are truly grateful. During the past year we have made thousands of friends, and the coming months promise a great increase in circulation, in advertising business and in prestige as a clean, intelligent and popular magazine. We do not attribute our success to luck but to an absolute determination to make a magazine that will meet every requirement of home life. This is the creed of The Western Home Monthly.

Music Taught Free

Home Instruction

SPECIAL OFFER TO OUR READERS

In order to advertise and introduce their home study music lessons in every locality, the International Institute of Music of New York will give free to our readers a complete course of instruction for either Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet, Banjo, Cello or Sight Singing. In return they simply ask that you recommend their Institute to your friends after you learn to play.

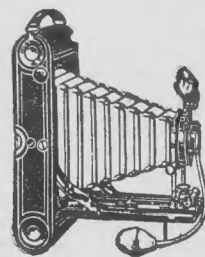
You may not know one note from another; yet, by their wonderfully simple and thorough method, you can soon learn to play. If you are an advanced player you will receive special instruction.

The lessons are sent weekly. They are so simple and easy that they are recommended to any person or little child who can read English. Photographs and drawings make everything plain. Under the Institute's free tuition offer, you will be asked to pay only a very small amount (averaging 14 cents a week) to cover postage and the necessary sheet music.

No one should overlook this wonderful offer. Tell your friends about it—show this article to them.

The International Institute has successfully taught others and can successfully teach you, even if you know absolutely nothing whatever about music. The lessons make everything clear.

Write today for the free booklet, which explains everything. It will convince you and cost you nothing. Address your letter or postal card to International Institute of Music, 98 Fifth Ave., Dept. 369A, New York, N.Y.



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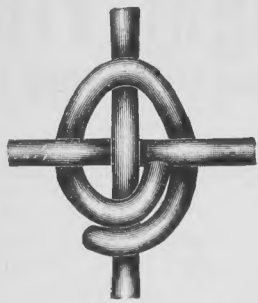
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ON ALL STYLES



SARNIA WIRE FENCE



"DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO FARM"

FREIGHT PREPAID

THE SARNIA FENCE CO., LIMITED - - SARNIA, ONT.

The enthusiastic support given our "Direct from Factory to Farm" policy of selling wire fence this year has been greater than ever. We have been again compelled to increase the enormous capacity of our plant and today our plant has a capacity equal to that of any other four fence companies in Canada. Increasing our capacity has lowered our cost of manufacturing, and in line with our policy of selling the Farmers of Canada their fence at the lowest possible cost, we are reducing our prices 2c per rod in the face of a large increase in the cost of our raw material. By comparing our present prices with the cost of plain galvanized wire you will see that they would not leave us a living profit under normal conditions. We have on hand just 2000 tons of raw material and finished fence that we can sell at this special price and it will be to your interest to place your order at once and make sure of getting your fence at these special prices.

Remember the agent or dealer wants you to purchase from him a fence on which he can make a commission, and makes claims of quality in an attempt to account for the tremendous difference between his price and ours. Fifty thousand Ontario farmers purchased over one thousand carloads of SARNIA FENCE during 1913, and every one of them stand ready to tell you that it is the most perfectly woven fence they ever used.

We know that our Direct from Factory to Farm method is such a dollar saving proposition that we fearlessly publish our prices which include freight prepaid by us to your nearest railroad station. Stop for one moment, and think what price you were compelled to pay for fence before the Sarnia Fence Company came into the field, and in recalling the old prices you would not need to draw very much upon your imagination to know where the price of fence would go if the Sarnia Fence Company could be gotten rid of. We want your orders whether for one bale or a carload, and we sell all our fence with the guarantee your money back, and we pay freight both ways if dissatisfied.

GUARANTEE---If you find for any reason that the fence received of us is not of the best hard steel wire, the best galvanizing, the most perfectly woven fence you ever purchased at any price, you are at liberty to return it to us. We will pay freight both ways and refund your money.

The Prices are Special and Not Permanent=====Place Your Orders at Once

WE SET THE PRICE. OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES.	CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE PRICE.											
	Price Less than carload in Manitoba	Price Carload or over in Manitoba	Price Less than carload in Saskatchewan	Price Carload or over in Saskatchewan	Price Less than carload in Alberta	Price Carload or over in Alberta	Price Less than carload in Manitoba	Price Carload or over in Manitoba	Price Less than carload in Saskatchewan	Price Carload or over in Saskatchewan	Price Less than carload in Alberta	Price Carload or over in Alberta
5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10. Weight per rod 6½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	21c	19c	23c	21c	25c	22c						
6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9, weight per rod, 7½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	24c	22c	27c	25c	29c	26c						
7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE. Has 7 line wires 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod 8½ lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid	27c	25c	31c	27c	33c	30c						
7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid	28c	26c	32c	28c	34c	31c						
8-34 SHEEP AND HOG FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 34 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¼, 5½, 6, 8. Weight per rod, 10 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid	31c	29c	35c	31c	38c	34c						
8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 7, 8. Weight per rod 10½ lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	33c	31c	37c	33c	40c	35c						
8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 7, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	34c	32c	38c	34c	41c	36c						
9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 11 lbs. Price per rod freight prepaid	34c	32c	38c	34c	41c	36c						
9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire spacing 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid	37c	35c	42c	37c	45c	40c						
10-50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOG FENCE. Has 10 line wires 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¼, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod 13¼ lbs. per rod, freight prepaid	41c	39c	46c	41c	50c	44c						
7-26 HOG FENCE, Has 7 line wires, 26 in. high, 36 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9. Filling No. 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¼, 5½, 6½. Weight per rod 6½ lbs., per rod freight prepaid	21c	19c	25c	22c	27c	24c						
15-50-P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. Has 15 line wires 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom No. 9. Filling 12 Hard Steel wire, spacing 1¾, 1¾, 1¾, 2, 2, 2½, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 7. Weight 12 lbs. Price per rod freight paid	41c	39c	46c	41c	49c	44c						
WALK GATE 3½ x 48 Freight paid.....	\$3.00	\$2.90	\$3.10	\$3.00	\$3.10	\$3.00						
FARM GATE, 12x48 Freight paid.....	4.50	4.25	4.75	4.50	5.00	4.50						
FARM GATE, 13x48 Freight prepaid....	4.75	4.50	5.00	4.75	5.25	4.70						
FARM GATE, 14x48, freight paid.....	5.00	4.75	5.25	5.00	5.50	5.00						
FARM GATE, 16x48 Freight paid.....	5.25	5.00	5.50	5.25	5.75	5.25						
STAPLES GALVANIZED 1½ in per box of 25 lbs., freight paid	1.00	.90	1.10	.90	1.10	.90						
BRACE WIRE No. 9 Soft, per coil 25 lbs. freight paid	1.00	.90	1.10	.90	1.10	.90						
BARBED WIRE GALVANIZED, Two point, per spool of 80 rods, freight paid..	3.10	2.75	3.20	2.80	3.40	2.80						
STRETCHER, All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price, freight paid	8.75	8.00	9.00	8.75	9.00	8.25						

PLEASE NOTE—The first column of prices are for the fence and gates delivered, freight paid, in less than carloads to points in the Prov. of Manitoba; 2nd column, price in carloads to points in Prov. of Manitoba; 3rd column, price in less than carloads to points in Prov. of Saskatchewan; 4th column, price in carloads to points in Saskatchewan; 5th column, price in less than carloads to points in Alberta; 6th column, price in carloads to points in Prov. of Alberta. We prepay freight in less than carloads on all shipments of 300 pounds or over; at carload prices on all shipments of 24000 pounds or over. Remember all wire used in the west must come from the east and our prices are the lowest at which a fence of its quality can be sold and they will save you dollars. These special prices are not permanent. To make sure of them place your order at once. Remit by P.O. Order, M.O. or Draft to

The Sarnia Fence Co., Limited, Sarnia, Ont.

Fence Put Up in 20, 30, 40 Rod Rolls Only

Tack this price list up in a conspicuous place that your neighbors may see it.

IT IS A PROTECTION AGAINST COMBINE PRICES

Let us Give Thanks

A recent visitor to Winnipeg reports that he gave up his seat on the street-car twelve times to lady passengers without ever hearing a word of thanks. In this he may have exaggerated or he may have been deaf, but at least he called attention to a danger that is ever present in a land where men are given over to gallantry. Ladies are so accustomed to receiving this proper courtesy from men that they sometimes take it as a matter of course and forget that it is a courtesy rather than a legal right. In some countries this courtesy is not extended. A young lady from Manitoba relates that recently she was travelling between Buffalo and Toronto and that she gave up her seat to a tired mother who was carrying a small baby. Meantime she had to stand beside the husband, while a dozen young men gazed at her in a critical way without offering her a seat. Shortly afterwards a seat became vacant, and the husband made a dash for it, leaving our young Winnipeg lady to stand all the way to Toronto. The young lady was careful to say that the husband was evidently not a Canadian. Let us hope he was not. And as we hope courtesy will ever be a recognized trait of Canadians, we can hope at the same time that gratitude for courtesy bestowed will be equally common.

Nor need gratitude be expressed for courtesy alone, but for every favor from every source. The favors received by the people of Western Canada are so many, that they should, of all people, have thankfulness in their hearts and praises on their lips.

The Problem of the West

By William Lutton

Interesting discussions took place at the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Toronto, on the problem of the spiritualization of the West, which found its chief expression it was said, in materialism.

Several of the younger ministers, who had been sent to settlements remote from civilization, spoke of the vicious conditions which obtained in raw settlements, when groups of differing nationalities, belonging for the most part, to the submerged tenth, in older lands, found themselves free from the restraining religious and other influences which held them in leash in European countries.

It is not that the settlers desire or countenance immoral conditions; but wherever the nucleus of a town is formed, certain extraneous elements, vicious in their nature and purpose, engraft themselves as features of the new life. These do not endure; for when the school, the church and the civic expression find themselves, grossly vicious elements and features disappear. Much will remain which is morally indefensible; but the majority of the people will be found desiring, in the main, approximation to decency of life and habit. The people who come to us in the West are for the most part the victims of economic systems in the old world which still keep the masses in ignorance and poverty, and still show, especially on the European continent, the oppressions of old and ruthless feudal systems. They have been dispossessed of the land, and forced to herd in cities where they have been submerged by the untoward circumstances of their condition.

When such people hear of the opportunity in the West, their chief obsession is to share in the amazing wealth of which they hear such thrilling stories. They have known great state religions which have kept them aloof and humble and poor. In the West they have found free spaces, independence, freedom of volition, opportunity to develop

and progress. They are keyed up. They kiss the soil in reverent token of thanks and ownership.

Every thought and purpose is to do, to acquire, to make themselves over in the new. Small wonder that the spiritual is neglected for the material. The spiritual has been associated in their minds with elaborate metaphysical creeds, the A B C of which they were unable to understand. Moreover these creeds had little comfort for the masses, they solved no economic problem, they did not fill the larder, they did not pay the rent or taxes, they did not find employment at living wages.

At first, the heady sense of freedom provokes license in ill regulated organisms. Even, however, when wholesome civic institutions have been set up, materialism will remain. We see it in every new land. All are obsessed by it. Even those in whom the spiritual lingers, over-laid with outward cares, confess the drawings of the material.

What has the church done?

Not enough, according to the statements made at the recent meeting of the General Assembly. Several speakers addressed the great meetings, with an uneasy sense of pessimism, as regards the West—not as to its prosperity, of which there was evidence on every hand, but with respect, first, to the possible limitation of assimilation on the part of the foreign elements, and, second, in respect of the spiritual ideal in life. It was mournfully insisted that there was doubt as to the outcome in these two regards. The people it was said, in many places, had not begun to understand the meaning of citizenship after the British model, while as for spiritual feeling, this seemed wholly absent.

This was a doleful picture enough; but those who have made the West a study are indeed startled to consider the amazing problem which awaits solution there, in the two regards referred to at the Toronto meetings.

Nevertheless the church has had the wisdom to see the folly of duplicating denominations with the old bewildering creeds. If corporate union has not been realized, co-operation, especially in a new country like the West, making at once for simplicity and social service, can be employed. The cry is for more men, for more money, for more machinery, but if the North-West is to be spiritualized in its manifold racial and linguistic expression, it must be through a medium which will be at once direct and strong and sympathetic, which will reach the common people not stooping from a height, but walking step by step and side by side with the great bulk of the new citizens.

Keep the eyes and ears open when you visit any of the towns and cities of the West, and materialism will be all too evident. There is, however, a candor and heartiness about it which almost compels admiration. In the older lands, it was the "other world" which impended.

This was a vale of tears in which, according to the decree of Providence, a few favorites were permitted to have a good time while the bulk of the people were to be miserable in order that in another world they might have eternal recompense—a happy notion which kept the "people" humble, and allowed the classes to give Lucullan banquets.

Our Heritage

Consider our national heritage. In arable land, in forest, mine, water stretches, there is nothing on this wide earth, can compare with our own possessions. And all this we obtained freely. Those who came before us

were too early and those who succeed us will be too late to receive all this as a gift. We have been selected out of all people of all time to receive free homesteads. Let us be thankful. The truly thankful heart will not rest satisfied to utter empty platitudes, little lip praises that do not warm the heart of the Giver and that do not enrich the soul of the receiver. There is a thankfulness that ends in deeds. Our duty and supreme privilege is to use wisely, to conserve carefully what a kind Providence has bequeathed us. The grateful heart is not wasteful. All the good things of God are given to be used so that posterity may be the better. Maternal and paternal love were not implanted in the heart without a purpose. Our very natures compel us in every act to think of those that must follow after.

The Harvest

Consider what we have received this year. Probably never before in the history of the West was there such a bountiful harvest. We count our grain by train loads, we estimate it in hundreds of millions of bushels. The sun and rain came in season, the wind stirred the growing plants and warded them from disease. All that men had to do during the long warm days was to watch and wait and wonder. And now that the fields have been reaped shall there not be a hearty song of praise, a thanksgiving sincere, which will be followed by a decision to use the gift wisely—for God's glory and the good of mankind? For that is no true thanksgiving which falls short of this. The aim of living was forever set forth in that great commandment—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. A thankful people is a generous people. Every gift from God is a test of worthiness to receive further gifts.

International Peace

Consider our peaceful relations during the year. We have had no war and no rumor of war. We have lived in friendly intercourse with our neighbors and the bonds of friendship are growing stronger. Every year we are adding to our people scores of thousands of Americanized settlers. The people across the line are becoming as well known to us, and as companionable as the people of the Eastern provinces. Though political unity is lacking, the social and commercial ties are more numerous than ever. We should indeed be thankful that we are able to show how two great nations can live side by side like two friendly neighbors. They are none the less true to home because they delight in one another's company and because the sons and daughters intermingle freely and love each other.

Nor has our love for the Mother Land grown any less. How can we fail to love such a Mother? During the year we have been troubled as to how we could best help our Mother. None the less is our love sincere, and we can say with all filial devotion "Daughter am I in my mother's house But mistress in my own."

We have indeed been blessed during the year in our international relations, and we can return unfeigned thanks. As we do so, shall we not determine that peace must continue? Neither the loud clamors of military leaders, nor the frenzied appeals of the manufacturers of ship-armor and war equipment will induce us to quarrel with our fellows. Our mission is not to destroy, but to save. We should be more than grateful that just at this time there is in command of international policies in the countries that bear the closest relation to us, such lovers of peace as Sir Edward Grey and William Jennings Bryan.

From the Woollen Mills of Britain

straight to you.



NO one stands between the customer and the loom when clothing is bought from us. We have on our staff the most expert tailors and cutters, guarantee the fit and finish of every garment, sell only high grade clothes, yet ask a lower figure than is usually paid for inferior "ready made."

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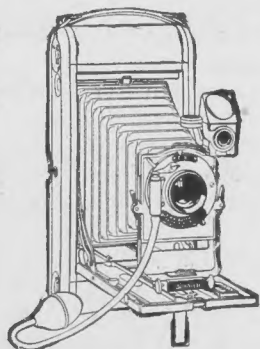
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The Needs of the Foreign Child

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. Richardson

NO child is responsible for his birth. Die he must in the course of time. Between birth and death lies a life filled with possibilities and opportunities for social service, for a fully developed, rational citizenship, and incidentally for the betterment of the individual and the race in the fields of material, economic and ethical service.

For the purpose of such a life work every child is entitled to, and should get an education in harmony with our ideals, which shall be to him a many-handed blessing and which may shed a beneficent influence upon those with whom he comes in contact.

Economic considerations and governmental indifference to the welfare of the foreign born child debar it from performing intelligently the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

knowledge of English as will give him an "equality of opportunity" with the English-speaking child.

The greatest factor in the assimilation of the foreign born child is a knowledge of, and an ability to use, in every affair of life — the English speech.

Assimilation begins with the public school where the English tongue is the sole instrument of instruction.

Hence, for the benefit of both child and state, it is essential to provide the necessary school houses, but this would in itself fail, unless compulsory clauses are enacted, laws which can and will be enforced. A reasonable, regular attendance must be ensured, of course, without creating unnecessary hardships, if satisfactory results are to be obtained.

The Dominion government is largely responsible for the present difficulties.



Where the Apple abounds. Niagara District, Ont.

The education of the child of foreign parentage is delayed by the exigencies of party politicians.

The parent and the state are jointly responsible for the education of the child and if the educational machinery be insufficient it must be supplemented with efficient machinery, and should any government, knowing its responsibilities, fail to live up to them, the only safe course is to remove that government and replace it with one that will deal honestly with the problem and face the difficulties, which have been created for political gain, with courage and determination, and place the foreign born child in such a condition educationally as will redound to his and the state's credit.

No money honestly spent can be money ill spent in this cause.

The child's parent has a right to demand an education for the child, the duty of the state is to provide jointly with the parent the means of supplying a sane educational code.

Since the English language is the speech of Western Canada it should be obligatory upon the state to insist upon every foreign child acquiring such a

It settled these people in large areas and often rigorously excluded an influx of English speaking settlers into such districts. The provincial governments having no control over these lands could not prevent such settlement.

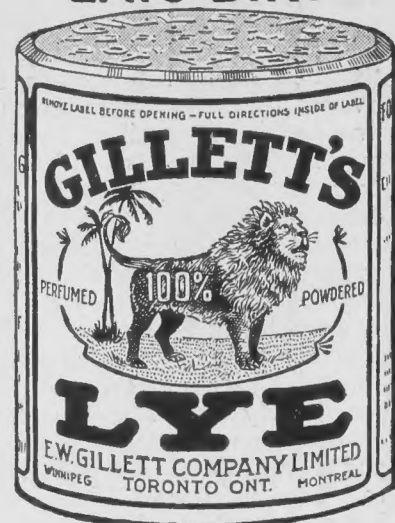
During the last twenty years the public press pointed out some of the difficulties likely to ensue, but the Dominion authorities turned a deaf ear to the protests, but of course, that has usually been the course pursued, unless political gain was to be got by unstopping the deaf ear.

The B. N. A. placed education within the province under the control of that province and the Dominion government can point to B. N. A. and say the difficulties we have created by our method of settling our lands are yours to solve.

Moreover, the late government, in its mad desire to acquire fame for its vigorous immigration policy admitted vast numbers which it was impossible to assimilate, thus, a rank injustice was perpetrated upon the Western provinces, in order that evidence should exist as to the very vigorous policy it had espoused.

Therefore, the finances of the Dominion should be drawn upon to help remove the difficulties which its mode of settlement created.

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The conditions prevailing in Western Canada, in these foreign areas, are a disgrace and constitute a serious menace to the West's future welfare.

The national stomach is overloaded with an indigestible compound of racial ignorance and prejudice, and the temporizing expedients resorted to by the provincial governments have complicated the problem, in fact, the various policies consist of doing nothing for the child's benefit and the governments have exacted from the foreign voter political support for the permission to run "Little Austrias" here and there.

Has the political vision of Canada become dulled by everlastingly looking for "The long green?"

Has the conscience of the average Canadian become so deadened by an era of prosperity that it fails to realize its duty to the foreign born child or to the Canadian born child of foreign parentage.

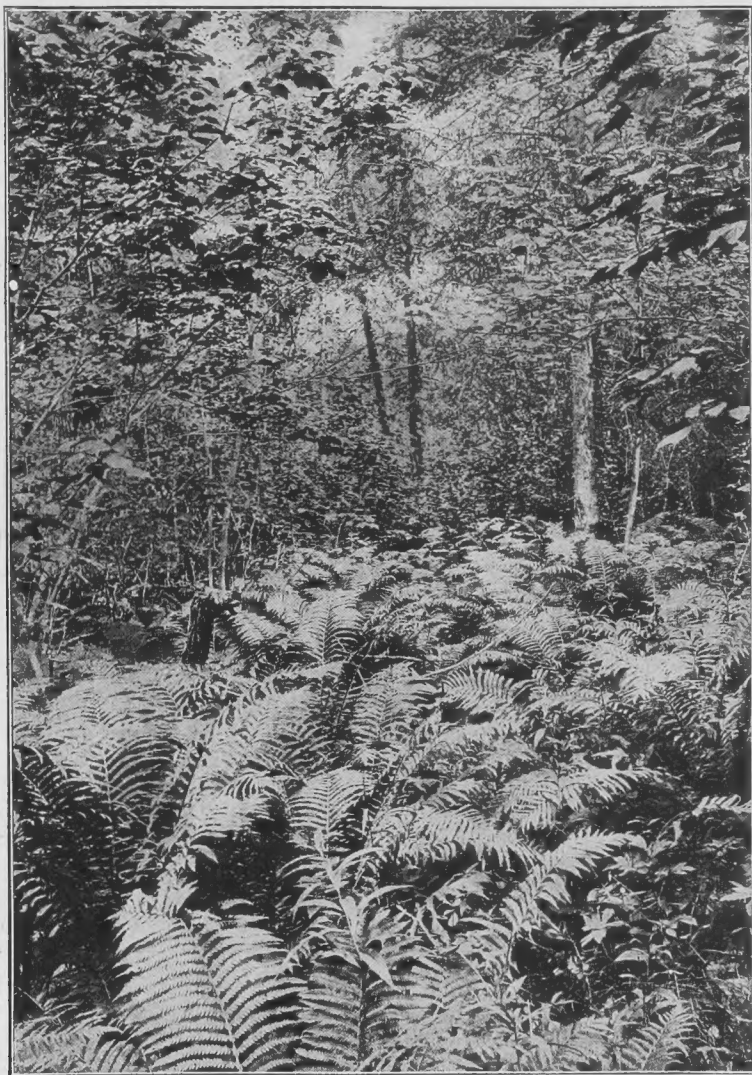
Canadian ideals and standards of national life are threatened with extinction.

that comes, as come it must, the interests and machinations of political parties must go by the board.

Parties may come, they may go, but, we believe, the Canadian spirit, freed from the political shackles which hold it in bondage, will soon be so aroused that it will deal with the procrastinators as they deserve.

The cry should ring throughout Western Canada—educate—educate—educate the foreign child for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship!

To insist upon the use of the English language in every state school, is the lawful duty of every true Canadian, who values his birthright and his inheritance. To raise the barriers which impede the onward movement of the children of foreign parentage is a duty we are called upon to perform, to shirk it is to be branded as coward and traitor to every Canadian ideal.



Where beautiful Manitoba Ferns unfurl their curly heads

They, the progeny of foreign born people, increase and multiply like the Israelites in Egypt, with astonishing rapidity.

The foreign born already control electoral divisions and they are beginning to dare the right of the Canadians to assail the entrenched position of prejudice and ignorance.

Is the Canadian going to be held in thrall by a foreign incomer at the command of a church which is a strange mixture of religion, commercialism and lust for civil power?

The child of these people is readily adaptable. He is docile and easily molded. He is tractable and can easily be fashioned into a sound Canadian if the powers that be "will it."

This child is an asset of the state and upon which it is expected to realize a certain amount of social and public service, but this the child can never render until he has been placed upon the same educational plane as the average Canadian child and accorded the same opportunities.

The question is what shall be done with this vexatious problem?

Shall we leave it alone or shall we face the problem and sweep the debasing and intolerant condition of things out of existence?

The public conscience seems to be inert. It needs a quickening into life and when

Trade Terms

Little that is humorous attends the purchase of coal; yet one Cleveland man found at a coal-yard in that city an individual who managed to infuse a degree of facetiousness into such a transaction.

"How much is stove-coal?" asked the prospective purchaser.

"That depends," said the salesman. "A la carte, it's seven and a half. Cul-de-sac, it will cost you fifty cents extra."

A Question of Milk

A month-old Jersey calf was nibbling at the grass in the yard, and the summer girl eyed it doubtfully.

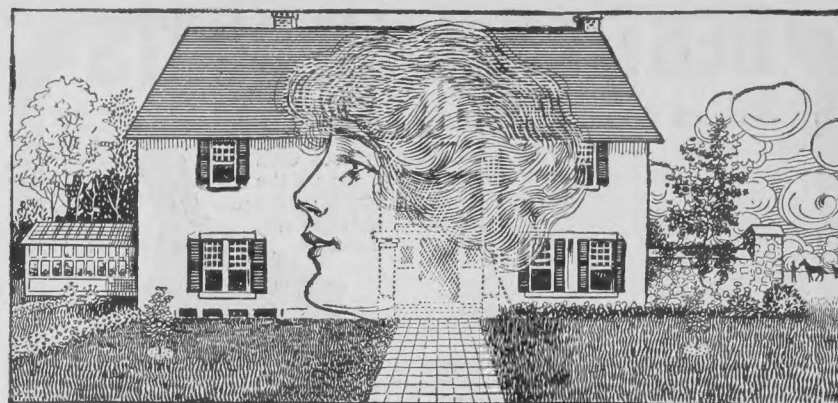
"Tell me," she said, turning impulsively to her hostess, "does it really pay to keep as small a cow as that?"—March Lippincott's.

Self-Help at Sea

On the steamer the little bride was very much concerned about her husband, who was troubled with dyspepsia.

"My husband is peculiarly liable to seasickness, Captain," remarked the bride. "Could you tell him what to do in case of an attack?"

"That won't be necessary, Madam," replied the Captain; "he'll do it."



Beauty in the Home

Homes—like people—have an individuality of their own. A cheerful looking home—like a cheerful looking person—is always pleasing to see. Any home may be brightened—made more attractive outside and more cheerful to live in—merely by a little care in the selection and use of proper Paints and

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"Neu-Tone" is a delight in the home. It's a soft, flat, durable sanitary wall finish, that anyone can apply. Costs little—lasts long. Easily cleaned with a damp cloth. 16 pleasing tints, suitable for every room in the house.

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That's the kind to buy—the old reliable Senour's Floor Paint—the kind that's heel-proof. Remove all trace of Summer's open house with a fresh coat of Senour's Floor Paint. 12 beautiful shades to choose from.

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Linoleum and Oil Cloth wear twice as long if made "spic and span" with a coat of Varnoleum. So easy to apply—to freshen the colors and protect the pattern. It dries over night with a beautiful gloss, and does not spot or crack.

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The People of the Hollow

SQUEAL! Flop!

The baby raccoon fell a matter of eighteen feet from the hole in the great hollow oak to the ground below. This was purely an accident, be it understood, yet it was one of those accidents that Nature seems to have designed for the special training of her infant kindred.

For a little while the baby raccoon lay very still, blinking incredulously at the sunlit world around him. Already he had learnt one great lesson concerning it—namely, the world is hard; it is not pleasant to fall upon it from the oak tree. Then, having overcome his complete dismay at the unexpected turn of events, he proceeded to make known his predicament by loud whimpers of anguish.

Almost immediately the face of the mother coon appeared at the hole in the great gnarled oak above. It was a strangely rounded face with ears acock and pointed muzzle, a face which for the most part was of a dull grey, though about each eye was a patch of black which gave it a pathetic and lachrymose expression. Succeeding the face appeared the body of the animal—a body some thirty-three inches in length from tip to tip, and of a dull grey color, though about the flanks

The oak tree was hollow to the root, though the one communication between its interior and the outside world was by way of the large hole some eighteen feet from the ground. A few yards to the north of the tree a clear brook trickled through the woods, its banks fragrant with sage and wild mint, while some hundred yards lower down this stream had been so dammed by beavers that it had widened out into a series of still lagoons. The forest was one of oak, birch, poplar and maple, while about the roots of the heavier timber the tangle of undergrowth was so dense that no animal larger than a lynx could have found a comfortable way through it.

One would have thought that the thrilling escapades of that June afternoon would have temporarily satisfied the young coons' thirst for adventure, but this was by no means the case. That night they became restless, while the world outside, no longer radiant with sunshine and gaudy insects, but peaceful and quiet in the radiance of the full moon, looked very enticing. There was something about the quietness of the place which seemed to whisper, "This is the time when



Good Wheat Yield at Dauphin, September 1, 1913

the hair was tipped with dark brown, or a deeper shade of yellow. The tail, long and bushy, was the most distinguishing feature, for it was ringed with black in so conspicuous a manner as to declare to all and sundry—"this slow-moving, black-eyed beast is a coon."

Slowly and cautiously, hanging head downwards, the old raccoon proceeded to descend the tree, her laborious manner suggesting that she would have made better progress had she attempted the feat tail foremost. But her gaze was fixed upon her little one, and reaching his side she sniffed him over to make sure no hurt had befallen him. Then grunting softly she led him back to the tree and began to ascend, looking round to see that he was following.

Squeal! Flop!

A second baby raccoon fell from the heavens, and struck the ground with a sodden thud. With a whimper of terror this new arrival rushed towards his little brother, and the two disconcerted youngsters comforted themselves by tucking their heads out of sight beneath each other's stomachs.

At that moment a sharp scratching sounded overhead, and looking up the mother coon saw the third member of her family clinging desperately to the bark, and evidently in imminent peril of a fall. Taking in the situation the mother ran up the tree, took the stranded youngster by the scruff of the neck, and placing it between her forepaws conveyed it back to the nest. This done she returned for the other two, and escorted them in a similar manner back to safety.

the large grey beasts of the hollow oak should go a-hunting."

The young coons were nearly three weeks old, and since they had already shown a desire to leave the nest that night their mother conveyed them one by one to the ground. This completed she sat at the foot of the tree and uttered a soft "whoo-hoo," not unlike the call of an owl. Almost immediately a second raccoon appeared from nowhere in particular—a fierce and gnarled old male whose body bore the scars of many a rough encounter. He sniffed at the cubs suspiciously, then evidently deciding to ignore them henceforth slouched off in the direction of the beaver ponds, his wife and family following.

The journey was by no means uneventful. On the way they met a skunk, and the whole family stepped aside to allow this conspicuous brown and white freebooter full use of the runway. Not that the skunk would have attacked the coons, for he knew them to be fierce and terrible fighters, but it was part of his creed that he moved aside for no one, and the woodland folk, in due respect to his methods of warfare, never disputed the matter. Secondly the smallest member of the family—he who had fallen first from the nest—found his progress impeded by a dead rampike some three feet in height, and being an enterprising young person essayed to climb over the top of it instead of following the trail. Unfortunately the rampike was hollow, and on reaching the summit he fell headfirst into the interior, and there remained.

Extracting him was no easy matter, and led to a squabble between his parents.

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USED WHEREVER THE BRITISH FLAG FLOATS

Exactly how this quarrel arose was difficult to surmise, for without an instant's warning the night became hideous with snarls and low screeches, while tufts of hair floated away on the still air. The male seemed in favor of gnawing down the rampike from its base, but in the midst of the dispute the question was settled by the appearance of the lost cub, who crawled from his prison with eyes tightly closed and fell helplessly to the ground.

But his nose was bleeding, and the scent of blood caused his mother no little anxiety. She seemed inclined to take him home, but her husband, still growling, proceeded doggedly on his way, while the two remaining cubs followed him without hesitation. They were evidently out to make a night of it, and had no choice as to who led them to the desired goal. Placing the wounded youngster between her fore-paws the mother followed, and thereafter, as though conscious that she had neglected him, she kept him by her, for even the wild mothers of the woods, like the mothers that we know so well, hold their weakest children closest to their bosoms.

The third event was no less thrilling so far as the two stronger youngsters were concerned. Along the dark and narrow trail ahead a huge muskrat suddenly appeared, and almost colliding with the coons shot straight over their heads, and with one bound gained the creek. As he met the water his tail struck the surface with a loud smack, and instantly the alarm was taken up by the beavers lower down.

Slap! Slap! Slap! A dozen beaver tails met the water, and a score of beavers stampeded for their lodges. The picket, posted in the centre of the dam, assumed an absurd air of significance, but did not desert his post. He was aware of the approach of the coons—otherwise his merits as a picket would have been of doubtful value. And as presently first one, then another pair of eyes rose to the surface, and the owners of these eyes saw that the picket had not taken to the water, the futile activity and bustle began again while the five coons slouched, bear-like, into view.

Along the margin of the pond, among the mud and rushes, the two old coons began to search for their supper—grop-

ing below the surface with their delicate forepaws, while their keen eyes watched the surrounding shadows. A crayfish and the hideous larvae of two dragon flies were caught by the male, but before devouring these dainties he washed them carefully in clean water to make sure no mud or sand adhered to them. Then the female hooked out a huge green and golden frog, stretching it quivering on the bank with one nip across the back. Taking it in her hand-like forepaws she washed it carefully, then tossed it to the cubs. Thus the youngsters were in the midst of their first lesson in the delicate art of frog catching when a fresh turn of events took the night by storm.

"Churr!" said the beaver picket, and sat bolt upright. Out of the darkness slouched two other grey beasts, their ringed and bushy tails proclaiming to friend and foe alike that they also were coons.

The meeting of the two families by the beaver pond was unprojected, and judging from the noise that followed was altogether unfortunate. Fishing for the night was off, and at a safe distance the rivals hissed and snarled at one another while all the woodland folk for miles around knew that two families of coons had met at the beaver pond.

As the minutes passed the noise increased, the combatants working themselves into a fury, yet remaining at a safe distance from one another. At intervals the males of the respective parties would dash forward, all fangs and claws, as though to tear their opponent to ribbons, but only to dart off at a tangent, and thus avoid complications. The bloodless feud continued while the moon climbed to its zenith, dropped towards the horizon, and finally disappeared from view.

The cubs lost interest in the proceedings, and having learnt that frogs were good to eat, proceeded to paddle about in the water, evidently contemplating that by such means they would successfully bring about the destruction of their quarry, while their parents did battle near by. The smallest member, becoming chilled, soon decided to return to his mother, but by mistake made his way to the wrong party, and was promptly cuffed into the water.

It was near daybreak when the battle was brought to a sudden conclusion by the reappearance of the skunk. With characteristic deliberation that gentleman strolled into the centre of the battle ground, and with no object whatever except that of making himself objectionable to his neighbors proceeded to pollute the whole atmosphere with his deadly musk. As it happened the strangers got the full benefit of it and retired in undignified haste, while the people of the hollow oak, tired, hungry, and angry, made their way homewards, doubtless feeling that they had attained something in the way of a great and single-handed achievement.

"Gee!" muttered the naturalist who had been watching the proceedings from the branches of a near-by poplar. "I've learnt something about coons tonight that some people wouldn't believe. I'll set it down as fiction, and see how that goes."

HAPPY OLD AGE

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"I have used Grape-Nuts," writes a Western man, "for 8 years and feel as good and am stronger than I was ten years ago."

"Among my customers I meet a man every day who is well along in years and attributes his good health to Grape-Nuts and Postum which he has used for the last 5 years. He mixes Grape-Nuts with Postum and says they go fine together."

"For many years before I began to eat Grape-Nuts, I could not say that I enjoyed life or knew what it was to be able to say 'I am well.' I suffered greatly with constipation, but now my habits are as regular as ever in my life."

"Whenever I make extra effort I depend on Grape-Nuts food and it just fills the bill. I can think and write a great deal easier."

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Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Necessity and Invention

A mother with her seven children started away on a journey. After entering the car the largest child was laid out flat on the seat, and the remaining six then sat upon him in a row.

When the conductor came around to collect the fares, the mother counted her money, handed it over, smiled and suavely said: "Sir, the oldest is under six."

Followed Instructions

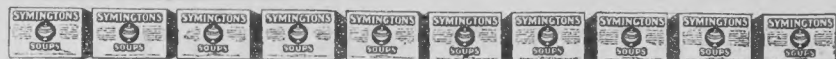
Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's half a dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains be sure you take a cab home."

When Fred got home he was thoroughly drenched.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" exclaimed his father.

"I did, father," replied Fred; "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was glorious."



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Benenden, Kent, November, 5, 1912.

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Our baby boy was troubled much with weak digestion, and after trying various remedies we were advised to obtain

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A FRUITY, appetite-creating RELISH of GUARANTEED PURITY & DIGESTIVE MERIT. Delicious with MEAT, FISH, POULTRY, CHEESE, etc.

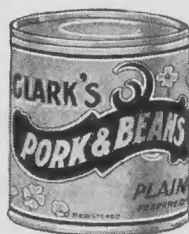
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 "The Suit and Shirts excellent fit, satisfactory in every way. Shall write for more patterns in the fall." —M. E. C., Esq., Winnipeg, Canada. 22-7-13.

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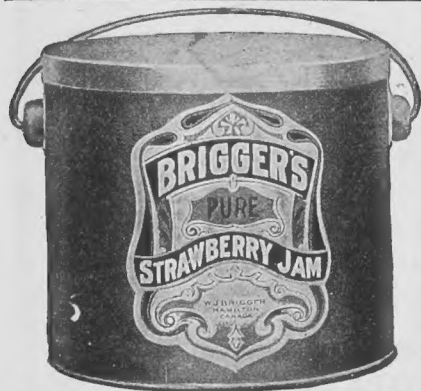
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"The Trawler"

By James B. Connolly

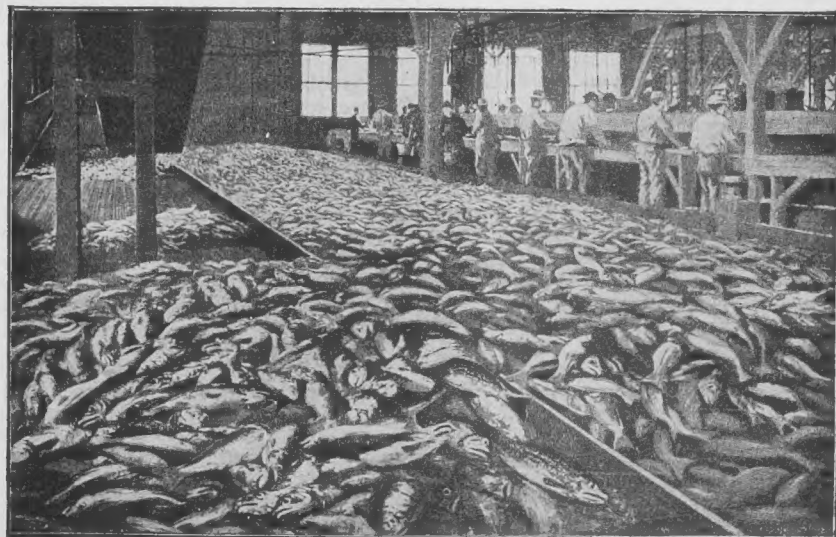
THERE he goes in his little dory, his highest hope being only to win from an uncertain sea the fish which is to furnish his family with the necessities, and rarely is it more than the necessities, of life.

Heavy enough labor, this trawling, though never, on a fine day, beyond the power of the moderately muscular and enduring man who is broken to it, who has learned to time the swing of back and shoulders to the swell of an ocean that never, except in phenomenally calm weather, ceases to heave beneath his feet. Under the best of conditions it might be compared ashore to the work of the man who has, after toiling the long day through in the field, to carry when eventide comes his heavy load back to where far away the home-light burns dimly, except that your light ashore can be reckoned with, whereas your vessel's light is ever shifting, up the wind, down the wind, sometimes as near as a cable's length, again miles away; with that difference and, of course, for firm earth under your feet, the substitution of a dory's bottom which is never for two consecutive seconds in the same place; and bearing in mind always that a casual stumble, which ashore will only throw you at body's length, may here throw you to your grave; and not forgetting after you reach the vessel the little added labor

lose life, whirls the dory bow or stern to that sea. If he does it skilfully, the dory rides the crest in safety; if not, their shipmates that night will be saying a prayer or two for the repose of their souls.

The man hauling the trawl wears what are called nippers, grooved rings of cloth, that the fingers may not be cut through by the hard wet line; but should the trawl become tangled on bottom he discards the nippers and hauls in bare-handed. Quite often he has to haul in hundreds of fathoms of line in that manner. Imagine that cutting into his flesh, while all the time the winter wind is whistling, biting, and the spray dashing over the gunnels, thwart and into the dory, freezing where it strikes, frequently to such a thickness that if they did not often stop to pound it off, the little boat would sink under the weight of it.

The long chances of fishing are taken by these men who fish from dories; by being capsized, and by becoming separated from their vessels in thick weather. And this ever-present danger of going astray is never minimized by careful measures of safety. Of course, there would be many less lives lost if the men were careful, more prudent; surely, but your careful, prudent men don't take to deep-sea fishing, nor would they break any records if they did. A man could



Salmon Fishing Industry, Fraser River. Floor of A.B.C. Cannery

of three or four hours at racing speed of dressing, icing and stowing your fish before you may turn in if so be you do not have to go on watch the same night.

That is for smooth weather, but of course come the days when it is rough. Then you may see them in battle, tossing their dories over the side, themselves standing by to leap, and carrying such a weight of clothing, boots and oilskins that a misstep would mean a quick finish. There goes the dory, down in the valley one moment, high above the rail the next, while whosoever's turn it is to go watches calmly for his chance. Few of us would care for just once to try that dive: not for the whole vessel's value would we, even were we good swimmers and unweighted by clothing, but these—they do it several times every rough day, and many of them cannot stop a stroke.

And also comes the winter weather. Imagine it then, one of those days when ashore your ulster collar is up to your ears, your hands in thick gloves, your breath coming from you in thick wreaths of vapor. Somewhere upon the ocean at that same hour are thousands of fishermen in their little dories, the same swinging easily or it may be tossing from here to as high as the ceiling of your room and back again. In the bow of each little boat is standing the man who happens to be hauling the trawl; in the waist is the other, coiling it into a tub as fast as it comes in. The man in the waist has to keep an eye out for the bad seas. To circumvent them there is always a ready oar in the becket astern. In the event of a mortally high comber bearing down, the man in the waist turns, and with a quick and clever flirt of the oar, never too soon to waste time, never too late to

cut his gear and run for the vessel, but your real fisherman doesn't do that in a hurry. Pride of calling alone forces him to hang on as long as the next man, and there is besides the expense to shipmates if the trawls are abandoned, for the cost of replacing the lost gear comes out of the men, not the owners; and also, too, the dory's crew which earned the reputation for abandoning gear would soon have to hunt another vessel.

And not alone is the danger of a fog finding them away from the vessel. There is, for instance, that practice in the big "channel fleet," which trawls the deep water to the westward of George's Shoals. These fellows—the "haddockers"—aiming to make the market once a week, fish night and day till they "fill her up." These are the men who sometimes put off at night in vapor so thick that they have to take along flambeaux to mark their line of dories. Sometimes they put off in fog too thick for even their great torches, and then you may hear them hallooing all the night through, from one to another, so they may not go astray. That may be flirting with death, but such is the pace of one body of our cosmopolitan trawlers these days—the fastest sea toilers whatever.

And so men go astray; and the ocean is so vast a place, and vessels and dories such small specks upon it! In clear weather, with tide and wind and sea to baffle, it is bad enough to lose sight of your vessel, but when fog settles down! When it comes so thick that standing to the wheel at midday you are unable to distinguish your watch-mate leaning against the fore rigging, it surely is a bad outlook for a straying dory. But when you have to stare hard to make out your mate

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at arm's length! It is to put the fear of the Power into your heart. And for the gray drizzle or snow-storms? Well, if men ashore can perish in the snow-drifts of crowded cities, what chance have lost men in the streetless wastes of a wide ocean when it storms?

You read that, and you exclaim: "But why do they do it? If they are intelligent men, why?" Well, listen to a bank fisherman telling his shipmates why he cast up that last shore job. It is a wild winter's night while this man is talking—vessel pitching, halyards humming, and so cold up on deck that the man to the wheel has to wear a woolen mask to keep his face from freezing.

"Every morning at seven o'clock," says our trawler, "when the whistle blew we were supposed to be inside the gates, aye, and to work—and at twelve o'clock it blew again, and they said we could stop and eat. At one o'clock it blew again, and we turns to and no more time to take a drag out of your pipe, to so much as look sidewise at a chum till six o'clock again. And every day the same: seven o'clock and twelve o'clock and one o'clock and six o'clock—and every blessed man there, big or little, good worker or poor worker, just like another. And women, Lord God, women doin' the same work as men! And no matter how it blowed outside, never a let-up. Never a restful gale of wind when it'd be too rough to put the dories over and all you had to do was to heave her to and take things easy for a day or two maybe till it moderated, and never your day or two in port—no, nothing like that, but always the whistle. And a little shrimp that we wouldn't cut up aboard here for bait—not for good bait—'twas him givin' the order to blow the whistles."

Now that same man had doubtless on occasions put more physical, mental and spiritual energy into one day's fishing than ever he did in a week at the factory, and that is taking no account of the danger. But it was a different matter entirely. He was brought up to the fishing life. His father before him had been a fisherman and his father before him; warm rooms, regular hours and certainty of wage did not mean ease to him. Out here he was his own man. To be sure there was the skipper, but Lord in Heaven! the skipper was something of a man—he'd proved that before his firm ever gave him a vessel.

However, a hard way to make a living. Surely that, but save your pity. Toiler he is, but no slave. He sings as he hauls to the heave of his dory and laughs as the sea slaps aboard. Toiling he is out there on the wide ocean, but 'tis a man's work he's doing—no boy's, nor woman's, nor half-made creature's, but a full man's work. And when he eats, he eats, and when he sleeps, he sleeps, and the good food meanwhile nourishing his great body till it is pure joy just to be alive. Never a morning turning out of his bunk that he doesn't feel equal to wrestling with all outdoors, never an hour that, his life depending on nerve, skill and strength, but what his nerve, skill and strength will measure up to the need and he comes away safe, for out there, despite his bounding virility, he is the ascetic with his highest self in full mastery of all his tremendous forces.

For days and weeks he is out there wrestling with the eternal elements, his stature increasing all the while, and then he comes to port. He doesn't know what he will get for his trip—he may have money to throw away or he may have to borrow the price of the children's shoes—it is all an adventure—but well or ill he comes home, and walking the streets of men's cities again all who meet him know him for a man. He pauses on the corner, and there is that about him which causes strangers to turn and look at him again. There is that in the balanced shoulders, the cast of his jaw. And the glow in his eye is unfathomable, as why should it not be—he who has gazed into the infinite depths! Standing there he might from out of his potency achieve mastery of men, of women, of everybody; but the world is to be loved, not mastered; all things look good to him—all men friendly, all women divine, and little helpless children creatures to be crushed with tenderness.

He goes back to the sea, and for days, weeks on end it may be, he toils again; and not an hour, let his wits dull or his nerve grow slack, but what Death will get him. But that will not be in a hurry;

never while he is given a chance. 'Tis true that the cataclysm will come, that some day, if he but cling long enough to the fishing, the one overwhelming tide will flood and then will he go down. But sh-hks! every man to his own ending, and 'tis the grand grave—the ocean.

So there he is, doing the work he best can do, and 'tis a great work. He is setting the standard for all time, for after sail is gone and steam is gone, and electricity and the more potent forces as yet undelivered, men—not alone men of the sea, but all men of all worlds—will be more nearly true masters of their craft because he has lived; and also will he be enshrined as of the immortal corps—sea, plains, hills, woods and even crowded cities know them—who act not according to their profit but to their measure, and that measure makes ever for full manhood.

There he is out there in his little dory meeting the supreme test in the supremest manner, and only thanking God that the fishing is good.

The Pot O' Pent

Ian Maclaren in "Leaves from the Scrap-book of a Scottish Exile"—

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus:

"Cauld?"
"Ay."
"Gaun tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."
"Ay."
"Is John in?"
"Ou, ay! he's in."
"Can I see him?"
"Na."
"But a winted tae see him."
"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."
"Deid?"
"Ay."
"Sudden?"
"Ay."
"Verra sudden?"
"Ay, verro sudden."
"Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deed?"

He Kept Himself Cool

A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire, says The Boston Herald.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel, and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past he said: "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."

Canadian Trap Shooting Honors

At the Grand Canadian Trap Shooting Tournament recently held at Hamilton, Ontario, there was keen competition between the leading shots of the Dominion for supremacy. The Amateur Championship of Canada was won by W. Barnes of Hamilton with a perfect score of 50 targets. Mr. Barnes used Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. The Grand Canadian Handicap was won by H. Smith of Chatham with a score of 48 x 50 from 18 yard rise, and the Earl Grey cup, for the High Aggregate of the tournament, was won by R. Day of London with a score of 287 x 300 targets. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Day used Winchester Repeating Shotguns. The important victories won with Winchester Loaded Shells and repeating Shotguns is another demonstration of their splendid shooting qualities.

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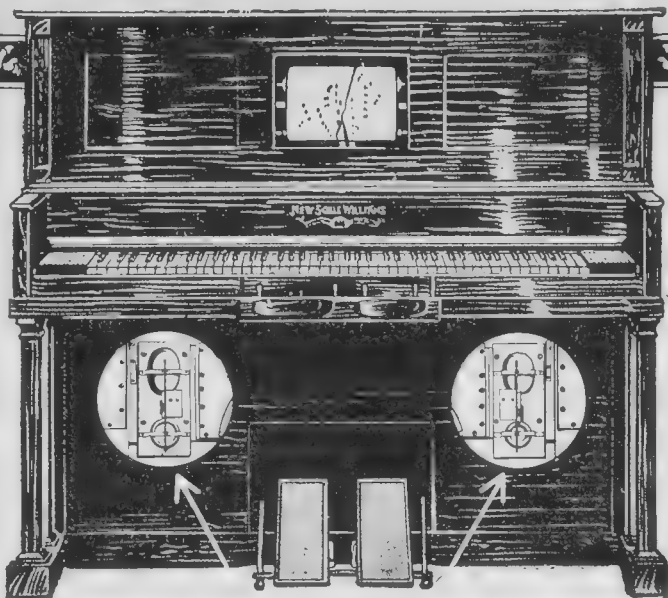
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The Duke

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten.

ALEC NORTON was certainly the laughing stock of everyone at Mattagami Landing. They called him the Duke. Why he went there, into the very heart of the North Ontario muskeg forests, straight from an English public school, goodness alone knew. Yet there he was—his face chewed out of all recognition by the mosquitos, his hands and feet blistered, tolerating his pains for two and one-half dollars a day, most of which went to the Chink laundryman for washing khakis.

Whenever the Duke passed through the settlement the old mining camp toughs grinned and nodded to one another. "Why does old Tom keep him on?" they would enquire. "He's too soft to earn his pay, and anyway it's cruelty to animals."

"Tom knows when he's got a man cheap," was the possible reply. "But he won't keep him for long, you see. That sort don't come into a country like this to stay."

The Duke did stay, however, working with pick and shovel in the trenches from sunrise to sunset. His boss, Tom Lawrence, was a tough old stick, and lived on his own claims in a dense patch of bush about half a mile from the Landing. He was a widower with one child—a boy of twelve, they called Billy.

Billy was as white a little white man as ever you saw, with the face of an angel and the heart of a warrior. He was of a very different breed from his father, and those who gave such matters any thought must have seen in Billy a type of character far removed from the sombre hue of his surroundings.

Billy and the Duke got on A1. The Duke—goodness knows when he found time—cleared a patch of bush near to the shanty, levelled it down, and here taught Billy to play cricket. Billy was a kindly little soul, and I fancy he looked upon the Duke as a sort of a god. Whenever Alec Norton appeared at the settlement Billy was in the canoe with him, till the boys took to enquiring whether the Duke enjoyed any extra pay in return for his duties as governess.

Then the row came. It was the beginning of July when some philanthropist returned from Montreal city with a consignment of hootch, which he distributed liberally up and down the settlement. Tom Lawrence got his share, then did what he always did on such occasions. He took more than was good for him, and started to knock the boy about. The result was that Tom Lawrence got a black eye and the Duke got fired.

Alec Norton had only one pal—a young English mining engineer called Ford, who lived at the settlement. The two had travelled north in the same coach. He went to Ford with his troubles.

"I wouldn't mind," he explained, "if it wasn't for Billy. He's the whitest little cuss I ever knew. Now I've got to clear out and leave him to that dad of his—"

Then suddenly the Duke buried his face in his hands and said no more. It's surprising how the flies and mining camp grub pull a fellow down who isn't used to them.

The Duke knocked about the city for a few days, but no one seemed disposed to find him work. "You'd best get away south and find a softer place," Ford advised. "It takes a fellow a year or two to get used to life up here, and you're about done up already. If you get typhoid you'll kick it, and besides—we're likely to be burnt out by forest fire any day."

The forest fire came before it was expected. It always does. One never expects a forest fire till it appears, and then it is usually too late to do anything.

That day—the eleventh of July—dawned as clear as crystal, save for the slight taint of smoke that had been in the air for weeks past. At about eleven o'clock it began to blow in short, savage gusts. By twelve it was blowing a sixty-mile hurricane.

Never was Mattagami Landing more thoroughly wakened. Everyone was car-

rying buckets of water, and damping down the surrounding bush. But soon it began to get darker and darker. Men collided with one another in the main avenue; dogs barked, women screamed, and children ran hither and thither searching for their parents. It was just as you would imagine the streets of London to be if the city were bombarded by artillery in the midst of a fog.

The fire must have been still ten miles distant when a man came running down the tote road from the bush, hatless and ragged, his face scratched with branches. "She's right behind us—travelling at the rate of an express train," was the report he brought. Then he asked if anyone had seen Tom Lawrence and Billy.

No one had. Those who knew Tom said that he'd stay behind and try to save his property; those who knew Billy said that the boy would stand by his father.

Panting and coughing the man who had come in from the bush groped his way to the main landing stage. In the gloom no one recognized him as the Duke. Swinging clouds of smoke filled the air, and in the distance could be heard a dull, persistent roar, like the roar of thunder.

As the Duke reached the main landing stage some of the men were pushing off a raft, on which crouched a terrified group of women and children. For a moment the smoke cleared, and the English public school boy saw that Billy's canoe wasn't there. He climbed into the one nearest to him, and was about to push off when someone clutched the gunwale.

"Where are you going, you all-fired idiot?" enquired that someone excitedly. It was Saphray, of the police.

"I'm going to lend old Tom Lawrence a hand," the Duke answered. "He's stopping behind to save his property."

"Save his—ah! Don't you be a blame goat. You stay right here. You won't stand a lame duck's chance away from the clearing."

The policeman clung tenaciously to the canoe. The Duke whipped round, and exposed a revolver hitherto concealed. "Let go, or by Jupiter I'll brain you!" he shouted. He had to shout to make himself heard. Then he plied his paddle, and the canoe vanished into the clouds of swinging blackness.

II

As soon as Tom Lawrence and Billy saw the fire coming they got to work at once with buckets of water, damping down the surrounding bush. They should have cleared out right away, but like many another close-fisted man Tom was prepared to risk his own life and that of his son in order to save his property.

When at length the Duke arrived at the clearing on which the hut stood, he knew that it was too late to escape by the river. Down it fanned a scorching draught like the blast from a furnace—a draught which had burnt his face, and raised ugly blisters on his naked arms. Through the air flew wisps of burning birchbark and lighted sparks, which stung like a swarm of hornets.

The Duke rolled out of the canoe into the water to saturate his smouldering clothes. Then he ascended the bank, and groped his way hot-footed towards the shanty. As he neared it he stumbled against a huddled heap crouching for shelter behind a rampike. He stooped and touched it—it was Billy!

"Gosh, I'm glad you've come," said the boy hoarsely. "Where's dad?"

"Don't know sonny. Come on quick."

He gripped the boy by the hand, and dragged him towards the river. "Get in. That's right. Take off your jacket and shield your face with it. Come on."

"Where? We'd best stay here in the water."

"No. Those cedars will burn like matchwood. Cedar stifles you. Come on—to the cricket pitch."

On they went—stumbling, groping from place to place. Their eyes burnt like fire. Black blisters showed around

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their lips. Once the boy fell to the ground with a cry of pain. The Duke dragged him up—dug him on. His own limbs felt like lead and burnt like fire. They reached the little clearing, and here the Duke hacked a hole in the ground large enough for the boy to hide his face. He pushed the youngster down. "Cover your head with your tunic, and don't creep away for Heaven's sake. Try to bear the heat. It's your only chance."

"Where are you going?"
"To look for your dad. When I come back I'll bring some water."

But the Duke knew he might never come back. He took off his own saturated tunic, and threw it over the boy. Then, creeping on all fours, he made his way towards the shanty.

Old Tom had lost control of himself. He had reached that condition of panic into which even the strongest of men will fall when beset by dangers they cannot hope to overcome. Mechanically, frantically, he was wielding his bucket, throwing impotent draughts of water from the almost empty well by the shanty on to the surrounding bush.

Alec's fingers closed upon his arm like a vice. "Come on, you fool, and save yourself," he cried, snatching the bucket from the frenzied man's fingers.

He led the way back towards the pitch—both men stooping forward in a strained attitude. Their breath came and went between clenched teeth; the hair of their heads curled and singed in the heat. In the distance they could hear the shrieks of a dozen distress signals, only faintly discernible above the roar of the approaching fire.

As they reached the pitch the Duke stooped down and touched Billy on the shoulder. "All right, Billy?" he enquired.

"Yes. I fancy I can pull through if it gets no worse than this."

"It will get worse, Billy. You must be brave and try to stick it. Don't leave here on any account."

Then he turned and spoke to Tom Lawrence. "Lie down here," he said, "and if you've got a spark of manhood in you try to protect the boy. I'm going for water."

He seized the bucket, and again groped his way from the doubtful sanctuary of the cricket pitch. Reaching the river he lay down in it to cool his smoking clothing. For a moment he thought of the awful place he had left behind, and what awaited him if he went back. Death where he was was certain, but a death a thousand times more merciful than the heat of the burning forest.

He scrambled to his feet, bucket in hand. How he got back to the cricket pitch he never knew. He remembered bearing a roar, and looking up to see a huge cloud of detached fire, several acres in extent, racing overhead on the wings of the hurricane. Then there came a roar—louder—more terrifying. It filled the great forest with an ocean of sound, and at the same instant the smoke cleared, and instantaneously the whole surrounding bush seemed to take fire.

In the crimson glow the Duke saw Billy and his father crouching where he had left them. He fell on his face, and began to worm his way inch by inch to where they lay. As he drew near Tom Lawrence rose to his feet, and began to grope his way wildly towards the river.

The Duke was upon him in one leap. His fist shot out, and Lawrence collapsed in a heap to the ground. Over him the English public school boy poured half the contents of the bucket. He tried to speak—to tell the frenzied man to lie still, but no words came. He dragged him into the centre of the clearing and left him there, groping his way on towards Billy.

Billy had never moved, though all his senses cried out to him to search for a better shelter from the awful heat. His hero had told him to lie still, and that was enough for him. As the Duke drew near the boy held out a blistered hand, and the Englishman wrung it. Speech was beyond them, but each understood in a dazed and painful way, that they were "going out" together. So they shook hands upon it.

Then the Duke threw himself down on the body of his small companion to defend him from the heat. Around them the fire roared like a thousand lions. Hungry tongues of flame reached out towards them across the clearing. As

though in a nightmare Billy was aware that someone was suffering for him—that the awful heat no longer scorched his back and shoulders. He heard deafening reports all round as the trunks of the forest giants burst into pulpwood, and once he saw his father creeping towards them like a giant spider, through what appeared to him as a white-hot furnace.

As for the Duke—he thought that he had already suffered all that is within the range of human endurance, but somehow it seemed not to matter. Billy might pull through, and if so he would grow up into a topping good fellow. He felt sure of that. Billy was made of the proper stuff. He had the soul of a gentleman, and some day would find his level. He, the Duke—kicked out of a British public school and disowned by

his people—had failed in many ways where Billy would succeed.

In a few minutes the worst of the fire was passed, but all round them the bush was still burning savagely. It would burn for hours, they knew, though mercifully they lost all sense of time as they huddled there, their faces to the ground, their heads defended by their tunic.

What at length called the Duke back to earth was the boy's voice. It said—"Gosh, but I'm thirsty."

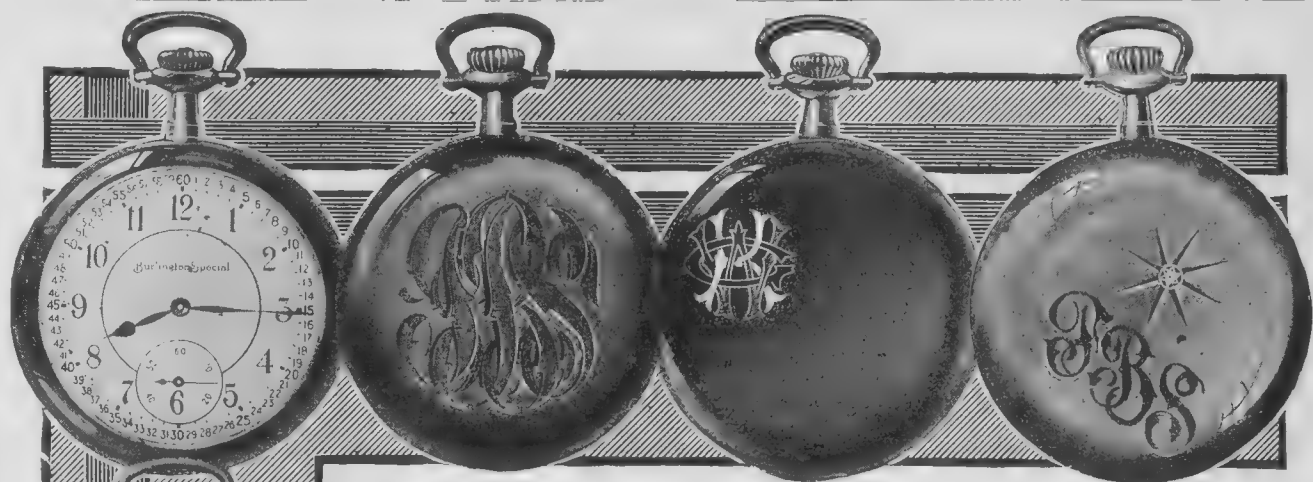
Then the Duke remembered the bucket. He stretched out his hand to reach it, but the iron handle burnt his fingers. The water within it was almost boiling.

He sat up with an effort and tried to say—"Billy, the worst's over. We've pulled through. Shake!" But he said nothing at all.

A few minutes later the Duke began to grope his way, bucket in hand, toward the river. His clothing fell to pieces as he went. After what seemed an eternity he came groping back without the bucket, and motioned to Billy. "Billy," he managed to mutter, "we can live in the river now. Come on."

The boy followed him. Ere they had gone many yards Billy turned back and ran towards his father. Foot by foot they dragged Tom Lawrence to the river, and once within the cool and comforting water they knew all danger to be past.

Little Billy Lawrence received the news of his father's death with a still lip. Before the advent of the Duke he had lived a lonely and neglected boy, but now that poor old Tom was gone Billy called to mind the few kindly actions



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his father had performed, and forgot all the harshness and lack of sympathy with which his life had been so liberally intermingled.

The Duke and Billy came out of hospital the same day, three weeks later, and made their way to Billy's aunt's, where the boy's father had died the week succeeding the fire. Poor old Tom was gone, but not before he had made the name of the Duke ring throughout the northland as that of a man and a hero.

Billy's aunt—a coarse-faced, raucous voiced woman—met them at the threshold, and in plain, backwoods Canadian told them that Tom Lawrence, with his usual lack of justice, had left his claim and all his possessions to be divided equally between his son Billy and Alec

Norton, on the condition that they became partners. Tom's other relatives, she explained at length, had been left out altogether; even his own brother, a poor prospector with a family of little children, had not been remembered.

The Duke listened in silence. Then he took Billy by the arm and the two strolled away.

"Billy," said the Duke, "I fancy we don't want that claim to hold us together as partners. We've been through hell side by side, so I guess we won't funk what lies ahead now. Let's start at the very beginning, and see where we get to."

Billy said nothing, but his fingers closed tighter upon the sleeve of the Duke's tunic, and the two passed out of sight together.



STEPHEN HOUSE FIELD

A Hallowe'en Frolic

Some Novel Suggestions for an Autumn Party.

By Gladys Beattie Crozier

"DAISY, darling, it's Hallow E'en on Saturday week!" announced Beryl and Jerry, climbing on to their sister's lap.

"That means you want me to keep my promise to ask Teddy and the little Johnsons over to tea and to get up a 'Hallow E'en Frolic,' like the one I told you about that I went to when I was a little girl!" laughed Daisy, kissing her small brother and sister, who snuggled up to her cosily as she sat reading a story-book over the comfortable schoolroom fire after a long day at the High School. Daisy had "mothered" the little ones almost ever since she could remember.

"Think of all the things you did, so that we can do just the same!" begged both the children, and, paper and pencil having been produced, they, after much discussion, drew up a splendid programme for the evening's fun.

"I shall have to ask Cook to lend us a kitchen chair, a big wooden tub, a three-pronged steel fork, three soup plates, a large basketful of her biggest, rosier apples, a carrot, a turnip, and a potato, three candle-ends, and a fruit knife!" observed Daisy, putting down the items.

"We are going to have a 'Hallow E'en Frolic' on Saturday, October 30th, so will you come to tea at 4.30 o'clock, and stay as late as you can? Wear your oldest clothes, please!" So ran the invitations, which were accepted with much enthusiasm by return of post.

Five o'clock on Hallow E'en found Daisy and her great chum, Helen Colthurst, who had readily agreed to come and help her to make the party "go," seated at either end of a gaily spread tea-table, with half a dozen extremely lively children between them, the boys

in school suits and the little girls in sensible linen overalls, all chattering merrily and making the wildest guesses as to the probable nature of the entertainment prepared for them!

Half-an-hour later, a procession wound upstairs to the schoolroom, which had been cleared of all extraneous odds and ends, and wore a very gay and festive appearance. The mantelpiece was prettily decorated with bunches of golden corn, branches of tinted beech leaves, and boughs bearing nuts on them, whilst further similarly composed trophies were erected in each corner of the room, until it looked as though a harvest festival were about to be celebrated.

Upon the bare-boarded table, bereft of its pretty cover, was arranged at one end a row of soup plates, and at the other three candle ends set up in saucers placed in a row.

A bright fire burned in the wide grate, and a plate of chestnuts waiting to be roasted, and another of fine apples—each of which had a piece of thick string attached to its stalk—stood on a low stool on one side of the hearth, whilst over the fender a couple of thick towels were being heated.

A big tub, half full of water, in which some rosy apples floated, occupied the space just in front of the hearthrug, whilst a second similar tub was arranged in a corner with a wooden chair beside it. On the chair a steel-pronged kitchen fork was placed in readiness, whilst an apple, a potato, a turnip, and a carrot bobbed merrily on the surface of the water.

"Oh, how jolly! May I eat one?" exclaimed small Teddy, running up to the tub in which the apples floated.

"Not till you've ducked for it, you rascal!" exclaimed Daisy merrily, haul-

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ing him back by the tail of his little tunic, as she hastily proceeded to place a couple of children, one at either side of the tub, with directions to duck in turns, and try to bring out an apple in their teeth! It was by no means so easy a task as would at first appear, but after prolonged diving and spluttering both Teddy and Sybil reappeared one after another, each tightly grasping a prize between their sharp little teeth! They were cheered to the echo by the other children, who hastened in turns to take their places, whilst Daisy and Helen promptly grasped each successful competitor, to give his or her head a good rub with the hot towels, to prevent their taking colds!

"Now lift the tub, please, boys, on to this small table; we're going to race boats across it," directed Daisy, producing a couple of tiny paper fans and two delightful little walnut shell boats, each of which bore a wee paper sail. The children, two by two, proceeded to fan and blow their boats across the water into port, each winner being presented with a chestnut, which he or she was warned to keep ready for the next competition!

The tub seen in the illustration was quickly voted too small, and, struck by a bright idea, Daisy sent for a big, shallow hip-bath, which, filled with a couple of inches of water, made a splendid sailing reach! whilst the spout by which it was emptied provided a delightful harbor winning post for "Home."

"Now everyone must go outside the door until I call them in again," announced Daisy, proceeding, directly the door had shut upon the noisy, chattering throng, to produce and hide a ring, a thimble, and a penny—the ring and the thimble, being silver, were specially provided, so that they could be kept by their finders.

"Come in!" she cried two minutes later. "Now, hunt well, for you will find three emblems foretelling your future destinies hidden about the room—a ring, a thimble, and a penny! The ring means marriage, the thimble an 'old maid' or 'old bachelor,' and the penny future wealth!" she explained, as the children promptly went down on all fours and proceeded to hunt merrily amongst the chairs, table legs, under the edges of the hearthrug, and along the skirtings of the walls.

"Hurrah! I've found the penny," cried Bobby, jumping up and producing it from underneath the fender.

"And I've got the thimble!" announced Sybil.

"I saw it before you did, but I thought I'd rather have the ring! So I just let it stay there, and went on hunting, and now I've just found the ring hanging round the waist of this china ornament!" said Nancy slyly, proceeding to put it on the third finger of her left hand.

"Now, who is fond of travel?" asked Daisy.

"I am!" cried the children in chorus.

"Sit on the floor, then, in a row, take off your right shoes, and hold them in your hands ready to do what I tell you. Are you ready? Then throw them gently over your left shoulders, and see which way the toes point!"

Five little shoes pointed towards their wearers' backs, but the sixth pointed away from its owner, little Sybil, and as Sybil's parents had promised to take their little daughter to the South of France with them for Christmas, it seemed likely that the prophecy would be fulfilled.

"Now, Nancy, take this apple, and peel it very carefully, so that you don't break the skin!" said Daisy, handing her a big red one, and a silver fruit knife—to avoid possible accidents! Nancy proceeded to peel it, and this done, she was next directed to swing it gently three times round her head and drop it over her left shoulder, to see what initial it would form, the initial being that of the individual she would some day marry!

Nancy, much delighted, did just as she was bidden, and the apple peel formed a beautiful capital letter of very elaborate shape, which Jerry declared after careful examination to be a "J" or a "P."

"I expect that means you will very likely be an old maid!" he explained gleefully, to her great indignation!

When everyone's initials had been tried—including Helen's and Daisy's, to the delight of the children, they all gathered round the table to try their fortunes with candle ends.

Three played at a time, and the three candle ends—which were of exactly equal length—were lighted simultaneously, and watched eagerly by their respective owners, who were each bidden to wish as they lighted them. The owner of the candle which burned longest would be the first to have his or her wish come true!

Meanwhile the fire had subsided into a steady orange and crimson glow, the very moment, so it seemed, for roasting chestnuts.

"Help yourselves to three each, children, and then we'll play a game with them," directed Daisy as the plate was passed along, and she proceeded to place them in sets of three all along the hot bars to await further developments.

"Now you must each name your three chestnuts. The owner of each set of chestnuts is always the middle of the three, and the ones on either side of you must be called after two of your friends. Watch how they burn, and you will know how much they love you! If they glow gently, it is a steady friendship; if you blaze up together it is a very violent affection between you; and if either of them hop away, it is a sign that your friendship will before long be broken!"

This delighted the children, who, amidst much whispering, named all their nuts, and then, as they grew hotter and began to hop or burn, the excitement grew higher and higher, until the flames died out again, and the nuts which had survived the ordeal and become more or less cooked in the process were unromantically eaten.

Daisy and Helen next produced eight pencils and slips of paper, upon which each child was directed to write a wish.

"Now put each paper into the fire, and if it goes up the chimney you will get your wish, but if it gets burnt you won't!"

Helen's, Nancy's, Sybil's, and Bobby's papers flew up the chimney without being even scorched, but Daisy's, Jerry's, and Jim's were gobbled up by a little flame, much to their disappointment.

"What are these turnips and carrots and things floating in this tub for, Daisy?" asked Helen.

"That's another way of foretelling the future, and it's rather fun!" laughed Daisy. "Do you know these new little rhymes? 'Subaltern, Athlete, Bookman, Bore,' and 'Suffragette, Actress, Charwoman, Flirt,' for the girls and boys respectively, invented by a girl I know to use for the cherry stones instead of the old 'Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Sailor.'"

"Oh, no! What fun! Do let me try my fortune," exclaimed Helen, and, according to instructions, she proceeded to perch herself upon the seat of the kitchen chair, grasping the fork, prongs downward, in her right hand, whilst steadying herself by holding on to the back of the chair with her left. Daisy, having rolled up her sleeve and given the water and bobbing fruit and vegetables a good swish round, explained that they came Apple, Turnip, Potato, Carrot in the list. She then stood back again whilst Helen tried to drop her fork into the apple.

She had no luck, however, for after three unsuccessful throws she finally pronged the carrot, and went off to groan amidst loud-voiced condolences and threats of being dropped for ever should she dare to carry out her predestined fate and marry a "Bore!"

Jerry, much to his vexation, got a "Suffragette," to the delight of the children, who teased him unmercifully about it, whilst naughty Sybil pinned a paper saying "Votes for Women" on his back under the pretext of wiping off a splash of water, which he wore for hours before he found out what they were all laughing about!

Nancy got an "Athlete," however, to her complete content, whilst poor Bobby had to put up with the "Char"—a great joke because of her pronounced fondness for him wher-er she came in for a day's scrubbing.

"Now for the test of the Three Magic Plates!" cried Daisy, pouncing upon Beryl and blindfolding her ready to begin.



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"Now in these three plates will be found clear water, soapy water, and 'nothing but emptiness' respectively. I'm going to turn you round three times, and then you have to find your way

to the plates and dip your fingers in one of them. If you get the clear water you will surely marry a young man, if the soapy water he will be an elderly widower, whilst the empty plate

means you will be an old maid! For the boys, of course, they mean 'girl,' 'elderly widow,' or 'old bachelor' instead!"

Beryl spun round three times, and,

groping her way across the room, found the plates, and dipped, happily, in the plate of clear water! Bobby got the soapy water, amidst absolute shrieks of merriment—for what could point more conclusively to the char?—and Helen got the empty plate.

"Well, it's better to be merely an old maid than to marry a Bore, anyhow," laughed she.

"What's the funny looking wire on the long handle hanging up there by the fire?" suddenly asked Helen. "It looks like a fencing mask on the end of a toasting fork, doesn't it?"

"That's an American Popper for making pop-corn," answered Daisy proudly, as she took it down from the wall, and, opening a bag of maize, she proceeded to pour in a small handful of the shining golden grain; then she fastened down the lid of the popper and held it over the hottest part of the fire, shaking it gently all the time.

Pop! Pop! Pop! went the corn, beginning to jump about inside the popper in the most exciting manner, and a minute later Daisy, opening the lid, shook out a pile of delicious white and golden pop-corn into a plate and passed it round.

"American children make such pretty chains for decorating Christmas trees or wearing round their necks of pop-corns strung on a double thread of cotton, and then if they get hungry they can eat them!" Daisy told them, and, darning needles and a reel of cotton having been produced, soon half a dozen fine chains were decorating the respective necks of the delighted makers!

"Now for a real indigestible Hallow E'en supper, which we're going to cook ourselves!" announced Daisy, as the maid came in with a tray on which reposed a large jug of milk, a huge plate of bread, and some slabs of delicious yellow cheese, and they all gathered again round the fire, which now sent out a steady glow.

"First of all we must put our apples up to roast," and, suiting the action to the word, Daisy proceeded to hang the apples in a row at the end of their strings, all along the mantel-piece tying the strings to a row of kitchen weights, where they soon began to bubble and throw out a delicious odor.

"No, not yet, children, they'll be as hard as iron in the middle," she protested, as Jerry was about to pull his down, declaring it to be done! "We're going to begin by toasting slices of bread, and then toasting cheese and eating them together whilst they're very hot!" And this they accordingly did, with the help of several wire toasting forks which Daisy had thoughtfully provided, amidst scenes of the wildest excitement when the cheese dropped off the toasting fork, as constantly happened, and had to be rescued again and fished out from the depths of the flames, to be eaten with enjoyment by its owner despite the by no means slight addition of ash which it had accumulated on its journey!

"It's been a lovely party, Daisy dear," whispered the children as she tucked them up in bed and kissed them both good-night later on.

By Instalments

"Do you really, really care so very much for me, darling?" she asked.

"Dud—dud—does a—dud—dud—dud—duck—cuc—cuc—care for water, sus—sweet? Indeed, I dud—dud—do, dud—dud—darling! You are the one pup—pup—pearl among pup—pup—pearls, pup—pup—Polly! You are que—que—queen of my heart, dud—dud—darling! The pup—pup—power that bub—bub—bends me like a reed—at thy fuf—fuf—feet!"

And she apparently believed him.

The tailor's sign in a little inland town was an apple, simply an apple. The people were amazed at it. They came in crowds to the tailor, asking him what on earth the meaning of the sign was.

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A Canadian Wonderland

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne, Grand Coulee

JASPER PARK is the last great Wonderland of Canada—a goodly heritage of one thousand four hundred square miles which has been set apart by the government as a huge pleasure-ground for the Dominion. "And where is this wonderland?" you ask. Up among the Rocky Mountains along the Yellow Head Pass route, in a region of wild and rugged grandeur and great natural resources. Here is the very heart of Nature, the very pulse of life. Here the sordid and the petty cares of existence drop from one's shoulders like an old worn-out garment with one long breath of the mountain air. Approaching Jasper Park along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway the mountains rise and stand like giant sentinels, first in a long serried line and then as we wind in and out among them, on either hand they appear close beside us and permit in certain parts of the route only a patch of sky to be seen overhead. The railway follows the old trail faithfully—that trail which has been beaten by moccasined feet of past ages and which still remains. Now we glimpse it on our left and again it is seen on our right, ever with us. It winds off into the dim pine woods and we think it is lost, but suddenly it appears again away down below in a valley with perhaps an old corduroy bridge spanning a rushing little mountain stream. On we go, now between zig-zag giant walls of rock and then taking a sharp curve with a sheer dip on one side, while we hold our breaths and wait and wisely refrain from looking down into that abysmal depth. Instead we look straight ahead and presently see our engine rods ahead of us entering a tunnel, mayhap. The Canadian Northern is building along this route also and every few minutes we fly past their construction camps, while the gangs at

work on the roadbed cease labor for a fraction of time to gaze at our train. Then there is the lonely-looking shack of the homesteader in the heart of the mountain grandeur. His land lies back of the mountains perhaps but for his home he chooses the hills and a spot near the railway. At Jasper station there is a little stir for the arrival of a train is a great event, bringing news and often friends from the Eastern world. It is quite conceivable that, even amid the wild beauty of his surroundings, a man of the mountains may long for letters, papers and the sight of a friend.

Jasper Park received its name from Jasper Howes, the first white man to penetrate the fastnesses of the Northern Rocky Mountains. Between 1804 and 1810, with Indian guides he found his way through the heretofore redoubtable range and established for himself a lasting name. He was, besides being a "paleface," a man of the blond type and the Indians called him "yellow-head," contrasting him with his Indian wife and her jet locks. Hence comes the name for the mountain pass—Yellow Head.



Specimen of Indians at the Winnipeg Stampede

We enter next a region of lakes, notably Moose Lake and Maligne Lake. The former lies to our left and we skirt its banks for over seven miles. It is a beautiful sheet of clear green water, reflecting in its depths the mighty peaks which surround it—Mount Pelee hoary guardian of its southern shore and the Rainbow range. The Rainbow range is well and truly named—defying alike artist's brush and poet's pen. When the sun strikes the rugged pile, from whatever angle, there is to be seen such a glorious riot of color as would make a Raphael sigh—orange and wine and deep green and amethyst changing and shifting and blending into each other.

Maligne Lake carries a legend. The Indians say it has been cursed by "bad Manitou." The French have named it "Maligne"—a prettier-looking word than the English "bad." Thus it has been left. No fish can live in its depths and no animal drinks of its waters. The scientific explanation has it that a combination of minerals in its bed are constantly dissolving and rendering the water obnoxious.

Pocahontas, in the midst of this legendary region, bears the stamp of civilization to a marked degree. Here there are collieries, and about fifty neat little detached cottages for the colliers. There is also a public school and a drainage system, and stores.

The mountains continue with us and finally we reach the King of them all—Mount Robson, a mighty pile with his head wrapped in the clouds. Only two men so far—intrepid climbers—have succeeded in gaining the pinnacle of this giant, thirteen thousand seven hundred feet high. He never quite leaves us, for

as we move away he seems to follow and it is only when we turn our attention to the Seven Sisters further on, that we forget to look behind for another view.

Snowy little cataracts leap down the mountain-sides, calling forth exclamations from all, round jewel-like little lakes flash into view, madly-dashing mountain torrents greet us with a Minnehaha sound and sight and senses are steeped with beauty every mile of the way. On the trail beside us we pass a picturesque figure—an old Indian, red kerchief at his neck, birch bark canoe across his shoulders, making his way to the next portage.

Up among the jack pines on the Fraser River is Tete Jaune Cache, the present end of steel on the Grand Trunk Pacific. To this colony of men a woman is a rare sight. What then must have been their impressions when women and girls to the number of one hundred and twenty, bore down upon them en masse one afternoon in June of this year! All work was suspended for the time being and while the magistrate of the town gave the Canadian Women's Press Club a hearty welcome, the other residents flocked to the doors of their warehouses and shacks and standing in groups speculated (we presume) as to whether we were a warring or a peaceful party. However, all doubts were soon dissolved for in very short order we were mingling with them, asking questions—pertinent

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the snow-capped mountains our train hurries and we have the experience all over again of drinking in with eyes and ears the glories of the trip. From Edmonton and return a day and a night are consumed but embarked upon such a journey time seems no object and one

longs to linger along the way, crawl through the mountain gorges and stop where one pleases, absorbing all the beauty and the freshness, the "tang" of the wild free air and the spirit of the forests and mountains, which act as a tonic alike on body, mind and soul.

Pearl Fishing in Australia

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by W. R. Gilbert

IN the top left hand corner of Australia, ignored by all but the most conscientious of maps, more remote from the centre of the British Empire than any other part of it, lies the little township of Broome, the metropolis of modern pearl fishing. A tiny segregation of iron and wooden one-storeyed houses dotted in the sand at irregular intervals, like currants in a cake, the place itself has no pretension to distinction except in a good deal more than its fair share of heat records. Its sole excuse for sweltering existence is, that it is the supply station for the pearlers, and their only means of communication with the dis-

her chickens. Work commences a little before daybreak and when the diver is being accoutred the crew are busy hauling up. Tides are strong on this part of the coast and the diver below must walk with or across them! The boat must drift as well, and in order to prevent her drifting too fast, a stockless anchor is lowered to act as a drag, and the sails are hoisted as occasion requires. A good deal of skill is required to give the diver the best chance of finding the shell unhampered by a strain upon his life line or air pipe, but aided by an intricate arrangement of signals, the tender is generally more than equal to the task.



Ready for Thanksgiving

tant civilized world whose nearest railway is a thousand miles away, and whose nearest port means 10 days' steady steaming.

Though by no means unhealthy the climate is so hot that white crews are unobtainable to work the 300 fishing boats, and it is significant of the importance of the industry that the Australian government permits in this part alone of the great continent, the importation of indentured colored labor. Some 1,500 colored men are constantly employed, shipped at Singapore, and for each man the pearler must enter into a bond of \$500 to guarantee that he does not escape to any other part of the state. A curious medley of races is the result. On my one and only visit I recognized Japanese, Chinese, Malays, Arab, South Sea Islanders, and a few even of the native aborigine working together more or less—less as a rule—harmoniously. The older method of raising the pearl oysters, as I have seen still followed in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, is simply the so-called "naked diving," the diver sinking to the bottom with the aid of a heavy stone and remaining below so long as his breath will hold out: in some instances in Ceylon, I have seen men stay down over two minutes. When the shell lies in shallow water, and native labor is abundant, and cheap, this system answers well. But out in Northwest Australia neither of these conditions prevail.

The typical fishing boat is a 10 or 12 ton two-masted, schooner-rigged "lugger," carrying a crew of four as well as the diver and his tender; and where a number of these boats are of the same ownership a schooner of 100 or 150 tons is provided as a floating station and base of supplies for them.

And a very pretty sight it is to see 20 or 30 boats working a patch of shell around the schooner, lying at anchor in the midst of them, like a hen among

In fact, the divers themselves take very good care to choose the best man for the purpose. Where the depth is not too great, the diver generally stays on the sea bottom for something over half an hour while two of the crew toil at the handles of the air pump amidsthips and the tender balances himself on the rail astern. When the diver wishes to come up, he closes the escape valve in his helmet and his dress fills with air, causing a speedy return to the surface, the tender hauling him alongside by means of the life line. A ten minutes' rest, with the— to the Japanese—indispensable cigarette, and he goes down again, leaving on the deck his catch of shell. It must not be imagined that it is an easy matter for him to find the shell. Of a neutral color it is not at all conspicuous as it lies on its grey coral bed, itself covered with coral or sponge or hidden in dense swaying masses of gorgeous seaweed. Still less visible is the shell on a muddy bottom, for it embeds itself in the dark brown ooze, up to the "lip" or outer fringe, and an expert might miss the half inch or so open to catch the minute animalculae which form its food.

The diver has many dangers to avoid—sharks are numerous in these clear tropical waters, but as a rule, though accidents occasionally happen, they are exceedingly timid—a stream of air-bubbles from the sleeve of the dress will send them flying in terror. More to be feared is the diamond fish, a huge flat monster the size and shape of a blanket, whose method of demolishing his prey is to wrap the side fins around him and crush him, after the manner of a python. The prudent diver does not wait for a closer view, but uses his emergency signal. Then again there is the rock cod who lurks in sea caverns, with head protruding and toothless jaws wide open. He attains immense size and tradition has it that the exploring novice has walked unheeding into his gaping mouth with direful consequences.

Breaking the Western Broncho

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max McD.

BREAKING the Western broncho is no easy job. It requires all the skill and dexterity of the man of the plains. It has come to be a business by itself, and for years every ranch had its "twister" or "wrangler" or "buster,"



One of the old "Busters" of Southern Alberta

Breaking the Western broncho is no easy job. It requires all the skill and dexterity of the man of the plains. It has come to be a business by itself, and for years every ranch had its "twister" or "wrangler" or "buster," whose duty it was to ride the wild range horses for the first time. Usually when he had ridden them a few times they were ready to turn over to the less nery cow-puncher.

But there is a process of the life of the Western horse completed before the "buster" gets him. He must be halter broken, that is he must know how to wear a halter with grace. The colt at



Halter Breaking 'Eno' Renfrew Ranch, Standoff, Alberta

two, three and four year. is put in corral. A heavy halter is put on him after he has been roped and thrown; attached to this is a heavy rope, and this is attached to a strong post in the fence of the corral, or sunk in the centre of the enclosure. The horse breaks himself. He at first pulls back, then throws himself on the ground; the next instant he is high in the air; perhaps he gets his foot over the rope and requires to be extricated. All this has a taming effect, and he realizes that he has forfeited the free life of the range, and must conform to a new mode of living. When the broncho will stand without pulling back, or when he will lead by the halter, he is said to be halter broke. Horses are usually halter broke before being sold to dealers.

Few inexperienced riders would, however, care to mount a horse that was merely halter broke. Some have tried and the experience has proven painful in the extreme. Many a broken collar bone and crushed foot has resulted. When the Western broncho has graduated from the halter-breaking school he is next subjected to a saddling process. He is roped again, sometimes thrown to the ground, other times blind-folded, and the heavy stock saddle with bucking rolls is put on his back. This is carefully fastened by the cinch which passes under his body behind his front legs. If he has been thrown, he is allowed to get up after the saddle is secure. Sometimes the pitching begins before the "buster" has time to mount. If the broncho has been blind-folded to put the



Halter Breaking 'Eno'

saddle on him, the rag or kerchief remains on his eyes till the rider has mounted. This is suddenly pulled off and the bucking begins. The movement is hard to describe to one who has never experienced it. To sit on a grand stand at a stampede or exhibition and look on does not give any accurate idea of the fearful and wonderful stunts a Western bunchgrass broncho is capable of, while in a state of active eruption. Someone has written that he "has more action to the square inch than a brace of Kilkenny cats with their tails tied over a clothes line."

In describing the Western broncho someone has said: "He kicks, squeals, strikes, bites, jump and bucks all in the one breath. In the next he twists, squirms, wiggles, paws the air, pounds the earth, a roars like a ll buffalo. When broke to the saddle he will travel all



On the Renfrew Ranch, South Alberta

day at a steady lope with less food and water than a tin-can dieting goat could live on standing still. When it rains he merely humps his back and makes an evetrough of his tail. If a blizzard comes his way he merely hunches himself into a snow bank and waits till it's over. After it is over he paws off the snow and makes his meal off frozen grass. When the grass is



The Colt is put in the corral

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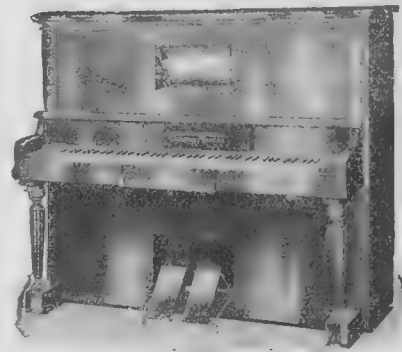
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scarce he eats barbwire-fences. He doesn't relish them as he used to because Eastern fence-makers don't use as many barbs as formerly. In short he is the toughest piece of horseflesh that infests this globe."

When the Western broncho is broken he often becomes the gentlest of horses. It has been remarked time and again among horsemen that the horse that proves hardest to break often is the gentlest horse on the ranch when the process is complete.



The Ranch, the Boss and his Buster are all passing away

A regrettable thing about the westward trend of civilization is the shutting out of the range, the broncho and his "Buster." All are passing away. The range horse of today is no more like the broncho of ten years ago than the nerved strained thoroughbred is like the Indian cayuse. Eastern methods of breaking are now used. The colt is raised within the confines of a farm pasture, and is handled from a foal. Perhaps a collar and harness are put on him before he is broke and he becomes accustomed to it before he is ever hitched. The result is gentler horses and the passing of the picturesque wrangler.

My First Thanksgiving Dinner

By May Elliott Hutson

We had just gone to housekeeping, Will and I, and in equipping our dining room, after the purchase of a few chairs and bright rugs, there remained the choice between a sideboard and a dining table; our slender purse did not admit of both. I did not hesitate. The lovely silver received as wedding gifts must by all means be made to show to advantage; the table could wait. Any kind would do for people just over their honeymoon—the smaller the better.

The night before Thanksgiving, Will announced that he had invited a lady and gentleman from his native village, strangers to me, to take Thanksgiving dinner with us.

"Will," I exclaimed, aghast, "have you forgotten the table?"

He stood petrified. "Nelly," he gasped, "what shall we do?" But he was a man of resources. Turning suddenly with a brightening face, "I have it," he exclaimed. "Just the idea. Two boxes of equal and proper height—we can find them in the attic—and planks laid nicely together; I will saw them off myself, and fix them tomorrow. I could not help asking them, Nelly," in an apologetic tone. "Besides," he added, "I wanted to show off my little wife."

That was sufficient; I would have died rather than make a failure. All that morning while Will hunted the boxes and sawed the plank, I flew around in high spirits, arranging my little dinner. I prepared the plump turkey for roasting, saw that the potatoes were scraped white for boiling, arranged the cranberry sauce, and grated the cheese over an inviting dish of macaroni.

But we needed another meat dish. I looked at the ragged old ham bone, the only thing in the flesh line that I possessed. It presented an unpromising appearance.

"I have it," I said, snapping my fingers. "A dish garnished with parsley; the fragments of ham minced fine and laid upon it, with a parsley leaf here and there, by way of decoration. It will be ornamental as well as serviceable."

For dessert a pair of pumpkin pies, only to be browned over, some lovely amber jelly turned on a glass dish artistically garnished with autumn leaves, and a cake iced by my own hand. How proud Will would feel, to be sure! The final preparation was the taking down of a lone bottle of wine we possessed, one left over from our reception, dust it off—we owned no decanters—and place it on the shelf, to be handed at the proper moment.

A little later the "table" was a thing of beauty, covered with two new tablecloths—oh, that it could have proved "a joy forever."

Just before the arrival of the guests, I gave Mary, the colored maid of all work, full and positive instructions on every point. "Bring in the turkey first, Mary, and set it before Mr. Will; the ham next, and set that before me; then the side dishes. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, while we are eating the other dinner, the pies can be browning."

"I'll 'member 'em sho'."

"Now, listen closely, Mary. When you go to clear off the first course—that is, the meat and things, you know—brush away the crumbs, and carefully, very carefully, take off the top cloth. There will be another underneath, which you must leave—for the dessert, you know—on no account move that. Are you sure you understand?"

"Sho'."

An hour later, and we were smilingly ushering our guests in to dinner. The table was really artistic, and no one would ever have guessed what a whited sepulchre it was; but my first shock came when Will, forgetting to be on his guard, hit the box a thundering kick by accident. The guests looked startled, we more so, but Will talked fast and furiously, and the fateful moment was tided over. This while we waited for the dinner to come on; for though the bell had rung, nothing had yet made its appearance, save the turkey and macaroni.

I tapped the bell. Mary appeared. "Mary, the rest of the dinner," I ordered with dignity.

"Sho'."

She vanished, and an instant later appeared with—the cake. I saw her coming in the door, fortunately, and by frantic gestures, induced her to retire.

Our guests evidently thought I had been seized by a sudden attack of insanity, for they looked at me, alarmed, their backs being toward the door and Mary.

I rang again. The head appeared. "The side dishes!" I commanded with emphasis.

"You mean de tater en ting?"

I colored angrily, but nodded. All this time Will talked and talked, to cover the awkward delay. While "de tater en ting" were being deposited on the table, I managed to whisper:

"The ham, bring the ham, Mary!"

She hastened out, and a moment later—oh, horror of horrors!—loomed into sight, bearing a great platter on which reposed the forlorn, frazzled, disreputable old ham bone, which I had utterly denuded. Again frantic signs and gestures on my part, and the startled look on my guests' faces. This time they looked round quickly to see what had caused my second attack.

There stood Mary, irresolutely balancing, first on one foot, then on the other, uncertain what course to pursue.

"Enty you tell me fur bring de ham?"

With a sudden conviction as to where the path of duty lay, she made a swoop toward the table, planked down that hideous ham bone before my mortified face, and instantly disappeared.

I dared not look at Will. Oh, why couldn't I have laughed? Why couldn't we all have laughed, and saved the situation? But for the life of me I could not have raised a smile. Neither, I am sure, could Will. Our guests alone seemed to see the fun of the thing, and were politely struggling with their mirth. I could have killed them for it.

Ring once more, I had the bone removed, and managed in an undertone to clear her befuddled brain sufficiently to get the minced ham brought on. As it made its appearance, parsley-bedecked, I detected a suppressed titter from our lady guest. Her eyes were demurely



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fixed upon her plate, but the sound had unmistakably escaped her, and I knew she was thinking of the source from which that ornamental dish had sprung. I could have wept aloud in my humiliation. As for Will, he was ominously quiet; the guests were doing the talking now. Glancing cautiously up, I saw his cheeks and eyes aflame.

We got through that first course somehow, and I rang for Mary to clear the cloth. She carried off the things decently enough, brushed the crumbs away, and then, forgetting her instructions concerning the two cloths, and the care to be exercised in removing the top one, she made a dive at the damask, and commenced to drag them off, both of them. In terror at the prospect of the exposed boxes I clawed wildly at the end next to me, determined to hold it down or die, and Will at his end did the same, while Mary, failing to take the hint, struggled to get it away from us. All would have been lost had not Will, in peremptory tones, commanded: "Leave the cloth, Mary, and bring the dessert!"

Mary vanished, while we with miserable, flushed faces, smoothed the rumpled cloths. A few minutes, and the cake—for the second time—made its appearance. Then the jelly.

"The pies, Mary," I said suggestively.

"I gwine put 'em in de oven now."

"The oven!" I exclaimed.

"You tell me yo'self, Miss Nelly, 'e kin brown while you eatin' de balance ob de dinner, en I'se gwine to brown 'em now."

Pent up nature could stand no more, and I burst into hysterical laughter. It was the opening that my guests had longed for; they joined me. Will, even Will, laughed in a boisterous, mirthless manner.

We struggled through the rest of the dinner, pretending to be in the highest of spirits, and laughing nervously at everything and nothing. When the cake was cut and handed, Will looked up inquiringly.



Winnipeg Girls enjoying the pleasures of the Lake

"The Radnor water, Nelly. Where is it?"

Mary had returned with some needed silver, and she instantly answered for me:

"De ham dish knock de bottle off de shelf, Mass Will, en dar ain't anudder one in de house."

A moment's awful pause, and I hurriedly invited the company to have jelly.

So ended my first Thanksgiving dinner. "After all, Nelly," said Will, pausing beside the couch and smoothing my hot forehead, after our guests had gone, "it was not your fault, little girl."

Swan Lake

Home Economics Meeting

In spite of the busy season and the many ladies in the country who expected a visit from the threshers early in the following week, the August

meeting of the Swan Lake H.E. Society was very fully attended. At this meeting there were six ladies in charge of the afternoon, a fact which was accounted for by the omission of the July programme, owing to the absence of the President and many of the members.

The first item on the programme was a reading by Mrs. H. Dodd of an excerpt from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, which was listened to with the greatest attention. It is probably too well known to need any but passing reference. Mrs. Dodd had chosen the passage which emphasized the sort of education necessary to transform the girl into "the perfect woman," and which spoke of the influence our private feelings have on the building up of character, of moulding the brain as well as the body, of the way in which we can educate ourselves in both mind and habit, and of the effect which the reading of good and inspiring books can produce.

This was followed by the singing of a duet by Misses Eva Simpson and Nita Simpson, which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Harman's choice was a poem supposed to have been written by one of the pioneers of the West, and which was both amusing and instructive. It was written in an old fashioned style, which gave it an interesting narrative form, and told of the hardships of the early days as shared by a man and wife, and of the first quarrel between them, which unhappily was the last also, since it resulted in the death of the wife, an unhappy ending which seemed unnecessarily severe. This reading was thoroughly enjoyed as also was a recitation by Mrs. Clarke, entitled, "A Day Too Late," which also told a story of sadness and death, and at the same time taught a much needed lesson to everyone—never to postpone the performance of a kind action lest it come too late. The last item on the programme was a reading by Miss Vera Gordon of the steps which were taken to stop the spread of disease in Friendship Village, which paper was of such excellent practical value, that the Society suggests its being read again in early spring, with the view of adopting its suggestion of having a systematic weekly collection of all garbage and waste which is likely to prove a source of, and breeding place for, disease.

The Secretary of the Cemetery Committee also promised to call a meeting of their members to see how much work still remained to be done in the cemetery and to report the result of her enquiries at the September meeting of the Society, and the afternoon closed with the singing of the National Anthem and the serving of lunch.

Mrs. De Style—Have you tried smoking tea cigarettes?

Mrs. Van Nobby—Why, not as yet. Are they so pleasant?

Mrs. De Style—Oh, dear, no! But they are very, very injurious.

Mrs. Van Nobby—Dear me, I must order some sent up at once.

Their Happiest Thanksgiving

By Anna Nixon.

"HERE'S the basket, Daniel. You'd better put it on the seat beside you, so the eggs won't break," Sary Criswell tells me they're twenty-eight cents a dozen and still going up; on 'count of Thanksgiving being so near, I s'pose; it takes a sight of eggs for punkin pies and doughnuts. I guess you'll not have any trouble getting red of these punkins; they're beauties, every one."

"I guess not," agreed Daniel Ware, pausing as he carefully placed the basket of eggs on the seat, to look with pride at the big pumpkins, piled high in the spring wagon box. "Them punkins'll go like hot cakes."

"I'll keep your dinner warm, but don't be later than you can help. I wish you could have started earlier, but I s'pose it's better that you finished huskin' the corn, for the weather may turn cold

any time. Now don't forget the raisins," she admonished, as her husband climbed stiffly to the high seat, gathered up the lines, and chirruped to Billy, the old family horse. "Five pounds'll be about right, I calculate to make a big jar of mincemeat, Monday."

It was ten o'clock when Martha turned to enter the house, and most of her Saturday's work still awaited her, for she had churned that morning, sorted the eggs for market, and held Billy while Daniel loaded the pumpkins. But the seventy years that had turned her soft hair white and somewhat dimmed both sight and memory had left her feet nimble and hands capable; and the little

woman worked so busily and cheerfully that by one o'clock, when she heard the wagon coming up the lane, the porch was scrubbed and the house tidy; a row of cup cakes and three pumpkin pies breathed spicy fragrance from the pantry window, and dinner was ready to serve.

"Dinner's ready, soon as you are, Daniel," she called, hurrying to the door as his step sounded on the porch. As she took the basket from his hands, she lifted a corner of the paper that covered it, there were the clean, white eggs and the roll of butter she had packed that morning, instead of the groceries she had sent for.

"Why, Daniel," she questioned, "what-ever made you bring these things back? I can't understand it. You—you don't mean to say that Jim wouldn't take them? He's always so glad to get a churning of our butter, and he says we bring the biggest, cleanest eggs to market of any one in Jefferson Township." Then, glancing past her husband, she noted that the pumpkins were still in the wagon, and inquired anxiously, "Did anything happen to the harness, that you couldn't get to Mapleton?"

"No, Marthy, I got to Mapleton all right; but I don't know what's got in to the town. Every house and store's shet up as tight as wax. Even the post-office was closed. I can't account for it, nohow."

"I never heard tell of the like, Daniel; and on a Saturday, too. There must be something unusual going on to make Jim Thornberry close his store on a week day. Why didn't you ask some one?"

"There wasn't anybody to ask. I didn't see a soul but old Gran'ma Smith, and when I went past the window she threw up her hands and put her apron over her face and acted plumb queer. Poor old woman; she must be getting childish. I stopped at nearly every house on Main street, thinking maybe I could sell some pumpkins or a few dozen eggs; but every house was shet up tight as if 'twas Sunday morning, and I didn't meet anybody on the road."

"I can't understand it," mused Martha in a worried tone. "The only thing the Chronicle mentioned that was going on today was a ball game between the Mapleton boys and the Battlesburg team, but that doesn't explain why all the women have gone off and left their Saturday's work; and I don't s'pose Jim Thornberry'd close his store for the biggest ball game that ever was."

"I reckon not," agreed her husband, emphatically. "There ain't nothin' Jim would shet up shop for, 'cepting a funeral maybe. Say, Marthy," he continued, his face clearing, "do you s'pose that's it? Maybe somebody's dead and we haven't heard about it."

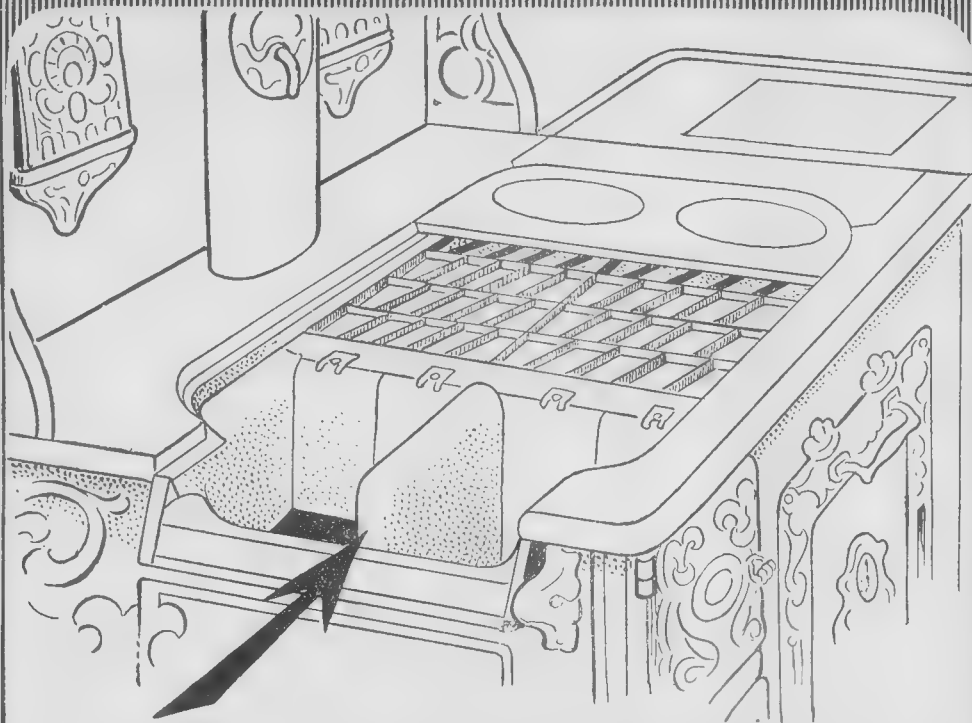
"I'll tell you, Daniel! It must be that Laura Green's dead—she that used to live on the Ridge, and married a man out West. Sary Criswell was telling me that Laura's been poorly for nearly a year and she'd made her husband promise to bring her home to be buried. That's why you didn't see any rigs in town. Her folks always tended church at Mt. Zion, on the Ridge, and the funeral'd be held there, of course."

"I reckon you're right, Marthy. You're the greatest hand to figure things out," and he looked down at the little woman with the admiration that her quick wit and woman's instinct always won from him.

"Now go along, father, and unhitch Billy, and I'll dish up the dinner. I'd run the wagon on the barn floor, if I was you and let it set till Monday. I can get along without the raisins and spices for another day, I guess."

"I b'lieve I'll haul in a few shocks of fodder this afternoon, sence you're not particular 'bout having them groceries before Monday. From the looks of the sky, I reckon we're due to have a spell of weather shortly, and it goes hard with me to haul fodder in rough weather. We're getting old, Marthy," and his wife noticed as his tall form passed through the door, that the rugged looking man was stooping more and more, and that his feet dragged a little as he walked. It was true; they were getting old. She had been thinking only the day before how her memory was failing.

"But we're pretty spry yet," she insisted to herself, and flitted about the kitchen more briskly than ever, washing the dishes and sweeping the floor free



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of imaginary dust. Then she sat down by the window to hem some towels. She paused occasionally in her sewing, to look out across the quiet valley to the distant hills; but her thoughts journeyed beyond the hills, out into the world where her children had gone when they left the shelter of the home nest. She thought of them always with fond pride, for they were dutiful, loving sons and daughters. Ned and Tom were successful business men. Alice had married a lawyer and Harriet a doctor. In the early years of their married life her children often came home, and a month seldom passed without one or another of them cheering the old home with a short visit. As their family and business cares increased they came less frequently, but Martha and Daniel had always been sure of one visit a year when all the children came home for Thanksgiving. It would be different this year, thought Martha sadly. The sons were going West for a few weeks to inquire into the desirability of some proposed investments, and Alice and Harriet, after much pleading on the part of the young people, had promised their college boys and girls a Thanksgiving house party. It was a keen disappointment to the old couple and as Martha folded the last towel she sighed to think how lonely the day would be. As she rose to put away her work, she glanced through

the window and saw a man and a woman in a buggy at the gate.

As she hurried down the walk to greet the visitors, the bright, eager face of Martha Ware fell a trifle for she saw that the occupants of the buggy were good-natured, easy going Philip Riker and Jane, his wife, who was the neighborhood gossip and whose sharp tongue spared neither old nor young, friend nor enemy. But hospitable Martha greeted them cordially:

"Just tie your horse, Philip, and come into the house with Jane and me. Daniel ought to be here soon, he's gone to the bottom for a load of corn fodder."

"No, we can't come in," responded Jane, stilly. "We just stopped to ask if you was sick, seein' that you wasn't at church today."

"Why, we never heard a word about it till noon today. I knew she was ailing but we'd no idea that she was dead. I'd have liked to go to the funeral—I always liked Laura. Who's going to take the children? It'd be a pity if they'd have to be separated. Poor little tots—how they'll miss their ma!"

"Funeral! What funeral? There wasn't no funeral in Mapleton today that I heard of."

"No, not in Mapleton; Mt. Zion, I mean, Laura Green that was—she always 'tended church there and there was where she wanted to be buried."



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"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Jane disgustedly. "Is it Laura you're talking about? She wasn't buried at Mt. Zion today any more than I was. I saw her own cousin, Mary Hoover, this morning. She had a letter yesterday, saying that Laura's a lot better and the doctor says she's going to get well."

"Well, I'm right glad to hear that, but what was going on at Mapleton church today? When Daniel took the trade and a load of punkins in, there wasn't a soul in sight 'cepting Gran'ma Smith, and the postoffice and Thornberry's store was both closed."

"Closed!" echoed Jane tartly; "course they was closed. Anxious as Jim Thornberry is to turn an honest penny, he's too good a church member to keep his store open on Sunday, even if the law allowed it."

"Sunday—church," quavered Martha; "why—why Jane, this is Saturday. Why, Daniel finished the corn huskin' this morning and hauled a load of punkins to market; and I churned."

"So it's all true, then! When Sam Perkins said he saw Uncle Daniel Ware huskin' corn this morning we thought it was only a joke. Uncle Daniel Ware, that's been a pillar in the Mapleton church ever since I can remember. I wouldn't have thought it of him, never."

"Oh, it isn't Sunday, is it?" pleaded Martha piteously. "I don't see how it can be. Daniel and me couldn't be mistaken about the Lord's day—we just couldn't."

"Uncle Daniel must be getting mighty forgetful," continued Jane, mercilessly; but at this thrust Martha drew herself up with some show of spirit.

"Daniel's memory's good for a man of his years," she asserted, forgetting that the thought Jane had voiced was in her own mind only that morning. "Besides," she added, loyally, "he ain't done any worse'n me. I churned a roll of butter this morning and did all my Saturday's cleaning and baking."

"Goodness, Aunt Marthy, you'll go to perdition, sure," said Philip, gravely. There was a merry twinkle in his eye



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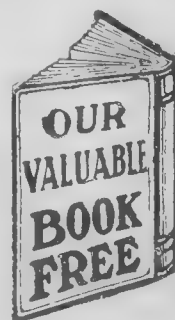
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but Martha did not see it; to her the matter was anything but a joke.

"Well, we must be going," said Jane. "I only hope the matter won't be brought up in the meetin' like they had a mind to do when Charlie Barnes hauled in his clover hay on a Sunday. They'd have put him out of church sure, if it hadn't been that he had a mortgage on his farm and would have been foreclosed if he'd lost that hay. You remember how everybody said if it ever happened again the person'd have to leave the church. At yours and Daniel's age it'd be awful to be brought up in meetin' and put out of church."

"O, come, come, Jane," remonstrated Philip, who saw that Martha's lip was quivering. "I guess there ain't no danger of that. I've got one vote against it, anyway. I don't know what we'd have done that time you had the fever if it hadn't been for Aunt Martha and Uncle Daniel; and I don't believe there's a family in this neighborhood that's ever had sickness or trouble, but owes thanks to them for help and comfort." Jane had the grace to feel a little ashamed after this rebuke, and to cover her confusion insisted on leaving at once.

Martha walked up the path dazed and drooping. She had done unnecessary work on Sunday—she who had always been a consistent church member had churned and baked when she should have been at church; and Daniel, the husband of whose upright conduct she had been so proud—he was driving into town with a load of pumpkins when he should have been passing the collection basket.

"Daniel, who do you s'pose they'll send to talk to us? You know you and the minister went to Charlie."

"To talk to us, Marthy? I hadn't thought of that. Surely they'll know we wouldn't have done it if we'd known."

"I'm afraid they will, Daniel. They hadn't ought to lay anything up against us when they know we're old and forgetful—I'm sure the Lord won't; but folks are different, leastwise some are. You don't think, Daniel, they'd put us out of the church, do you? The shame of that would kill me, specially if the children ever came to know. O, I wish they was coming home for Thanksgiving! We'll not have anything to be thankful for this year."

"Don't you worry. If they'd put you out of the church where you was baptized and married and all the children was baptized, for getting old and forgetful, why the Mapleton church hasn't much Christianity in it and we'd better be out than in."

"But, Daniel," she persisted, "if they'd bring it up in meetin' I couldn't bear it, even if they didn't put us out."

"I don't believe they'll do that, either; Preacher Vinton has too good a heart. I don't believe he'd have said much to Charlie Barnes if he'd been here then, considering the mortgage and everything. More'n likely, if he'd happened 'round on Saturday there'd been no hay out to get wet; he ain't afraid of work; Preacher Vinton ain't." But for all his cheering assurances Martha was still unconvinced and Daniel himself was



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She waited until after supper before telling him, and womanlike, cooked the dishes he liked best and heaped his plate until he protested. When he mentioned the funeral she hurried into the pantry for a plate of cookies, that she might not have to reply; but after supper when he had finished with the chronicle and drew the family Bible toward him, she could delay no longer.

"Daniel—" it was scarcely more than a whisper; "Daniel, there—there wasn't no funeral at Mt. Zion today."

"There wasn't, Marthy! Well, now, I want to know! Are you sure; and if there wasn't no funeral, why under canopy was Thornberry's store closed, and the postoffice?"

"They was closed—O, Daniel—" and the sweet voice wavered and broke; "they was closed 'cause this is Sunday," and Martha sank into her old rocker, her hands over her face, and wept silently.

"Marthy!" and the consternation and incredulity in his voice echoed her feelings. "It can't be; we couldn't forget Sunday. Why, I husked corn and hauled in fodder today; I hauled a load of trade to market. What must the neighbors think of me?"

"What will they think of me, Daniel? I churned and baked and scrubbed and sewed."

Both were silent for a time, too wretched to speak, then Martha ventured fearfully: "Daniel, do you remember what happened the time Charlie Barnes hauled in his hay on Sunday?"

"I was thinking of that; but that wasn't half as bad as this; the poor fellow was well-nigh desperate about that mortgage—his was necessary work; it wasn't like this."

far from certain that nothing would be done.

The following week was a trying one for the old couple; and such is the power of one gossiping, mischief-making tongue, that they felt themselves set apart from their neighbors by an invisible barrier.

In spite of his wife's protests, Daniel hitched Billy to the wagon and drove to town Monday. "Wait a few days, Daniel," she counseled; "everybody'll be talking 'bout us today, and I can't bear to think of you being made sport of. There's always thoughtless ones in Thornberry's store. Do wait."

"No," he replied, doggedly, "I'm going today. I ain't no coward, and if I was, waiting wouldn't make things any easier."

When he entered the store, Daniel was acutely conscious of the sudden silence that fell, and knew that the idlers gathered about the store had been discussing him. He greeted them as usual, however, and setting his basket on the counter, inquired of Thornberry if he could use a load of pumpkins.

"Pumpkins, did you say, Uncle Daniel?" put in Lem Jones, who prided himself on being the local wit. "You must ha' raised a sight of pumpkins out your way this year. I heard tell of a man coming to town yisterday with a load, but they didn't sell with a cent. Hope you'll have better luck. If you can't sell 'em for cash mebbe Jim'll trade you a bunch of old calendars. Might keep you from mistakin' Sunday for Saturday," and Lem gave a loud guffaw, for he was ever the loudest laughter at his own jokes.

"Now look here, Lem," interposed Thornberry, who made it a rule to see, if possible, that no customer's feelings

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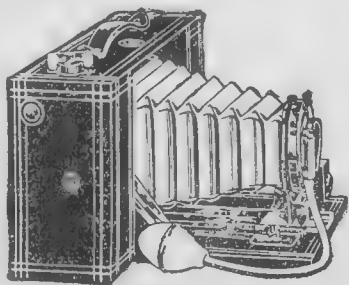
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were hurt in his store; "far as getting the days of the week mixed, I reckon there's others that does that, I know of one man, not a thousand miles from here, that seems to think every day's Sunday—leastwise he ain't done a stroke of work for six months." This thrust turned the laughter against Lem, who was notoriously lazy; and he subsided, being unable to enjoy a joke at his own expense.

The following Sunday was the greatest trial of all. The thought of remaining away from church never occurred to either Daniel or Martha. They would have felt that it was adding another fault to one already committed. Both of them hoped for a powerful sermon, one that would help to straighten their tangle and give them strength to bear the ridicule of the thoughtless or unkind. They had a real affection for the minister and were even prepared to bear his censure with what equanimity they could, if he should feel it his duty to regard their unconscious backsliding seriously; therefore it was a shock to see a stranger in the pulpit.

so when the old man was at church, scarcely knew how to act. He looked at Daniel, who sat, apparently unconscious of the crisis at hand. Jim Thornberry rose, looked from Daniel to Joel, and back to Daniel, then walked slowly forward. "Daniel, the collection!" whispered Martha, and Daniel rose, his head higher and his shoulders straighter than they had been for many a day, and helped to collect the offering as usual.

Daniel and Martha left immediately after the close of the service, instead of waiting as was the custom in Mapleton, to chat a while at the door; and seeing the look on Daniel's face, no one ventured to address them.

They did not discuss the matter much in the days that followed. Once Martha asked if it was worth while for her to make preparations for Thanksgiving. "It's the first time in my life, Daniel, that I've felt as though I'd nothing to be thankful for. The neighbors and the church have turned against us because we're old and forgetful, and the children have failed us when we need them most." Daniel agreed that it was not worth



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After a simultaneous gasp and looks of consternation, which in his ardent the minister failed to observe, the congregation settled down to listen as though fascinated. There was a little stir when it was time to take up the collection. Joel Smith, who performed this office on the rare occasions when Daniel was absent, but had never presumed to do

while, so Thanksgiving eve found nothing on their pantry shelves but one lonely pie and a jar of cookies. The sight of this meager showing instead of the bounteous stores of other years was almost more than Martha could endure, and more than once that day she had fought down the impulse to set to work and load the shelves as usual. But she resisted the impulse and after a cheerless supper the old people sat down to a lonely evening before the fire in their old-fashioned living room.

"What was that, Marthy?" asked Daniel, suddenly, putting down the Chronicle, as the peculiar, grating sound, as of a vehicle being turned too short, reached their ears. "I was sure I heard a buggy at the gate."

Martha went to the window and looked out. Daniel followed and when her eyes became accustomed to the difference between moonlight and lamplight she clutched her husband's arm in excitement, for there were a dozen buggies between the house and the barn and as many more were coming up the lane.

"What can it mean?" said Daniel. To Martha it could mean but one thing and she voiced the fear that had been in

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her heart for more than a week. "O, they're coming to talk to us—about that! I knew we'd have to face it some time, but it wasn't fair for everybody to come." Then they turned away from the window and she saw her husband's face. "O, don't look that way, Daniel; and do be careful what you say! We did do wrong. Remember you're in your own house and don't be harsh. I s'pose they mean well."

Daniel strode into the hall and stood at the front door waiting grimly to receive the unbidden visitors, and Martha followed, carrying a lamp. When he heard footsteps on the walk he flung open the door before anybody could rap, and in a moment hall and doorway were crowded and everybody was crying "Surprise! Surprise!" and pushing good-naturedly past everybody else, trying to be first to shake hands with Daniel and Martha. Very much bewildered, Daniel was borne along with the others into the living room, and while Martha was looking after the wraps he found himself going about the house for extra chairs and lamps.

When the others were seated, Mr. Vinton, who remained standing, began to speak. He went at once to the heart of the matter, but did it with such tact and delicacy that Martha and Daniel felt relieved, not hurt. He told how natural their mistake had been and said that one unconscious wrong was a small thing when balanced against the good deeds of a lifetime. When he ended by telling how deeply Mr. Ballard's sermon was regretted by the entire congregation and

spend Thanksgiving alone, and decided that somebody had to come. The boys couldn't, of course, so we left the house party in charge of Jim's sister—she's a perfect genius at entertaining—and here we are. We didn't know you were having a party and don't want to intrude, but do you suppose there's room for two more plates? We're simply famishing."

"Daniel," and Martha spoke softly as she came down stairs late that night after tucking her two girls in, just as she had done when they were little children; "you'd better kill a turkey first thing in the morning and I'll make some pies and a cake. I thought this was going to be our saddest Thanksgiving, but I believe it's going to be the happiest—we've more to be thankful for, anyway."

A Live Topic

A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, according to "Harper's Weekly," tells of the sad case of a young woman from Indiana who was desirous of attaining social prominence in Chicago.

Soon after her arrival there she made the acquaintance of a student at the university to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently it was at this time she realized for the first time that her early education had been neglected, for she said to a friend:

"I suppose that, as he is a college



Town Bridge, Gladstone, Man.

that they had come that evening thinking that a social time together would dispel any misunderstanding that might have arisen, everybody shook hands again, after which Martha hunted out her longest tablecloth and passed around her entire supply of aprons; for a Mapleton surprise party was not complete without a substantial supper and she found the kitchen table loaded with baskets of Thanksgiving dainties ruthlessly appropriated from the pantries of the entire neighborhood.

"We talked it over at the Aid Society Tuesday," explained Sarah Criswell as she dexterously carved a roast chicken, "and we felt as though we ought to do something to straighten things up for we saw how you took that pesky sermon to heart. Some was for having a committee appointed to tell you how sorry we was, but that seemed sort of cold and strange-like, and when Mary Barton mentioned a surprise party we agreed it would be just the thing, bein' that the children can't come and you're all alone this Thanksgiving."

Seated at the table and looking past the long rows of friendly faces to Daniel, who was his own hearty, hospitable self once more, Martha felt that she ought to ask for nothing further—that she had enough to be thankful for, and to spare; but just then there was a movement behind her and her eyes were covered by soft, gloved hands.

"Guess who I am, mother!" cried a merry voice; then the hands slipped down and rested on her shoulders and Alice's brown eyes were looking into her own. "We just couldn't stay away, mother; here's Harriet, too. We've been perfectly wretched the whole week, thinking of you and father having to

man, I'll have to be awful careful what I say. What'll I talk about to him?"

The friend suggested history as a safe topic. To her friend's astonishment she took the advice seriously, and shortly commenced in earnest to "bone up" in English history.

When the young man called the girl listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to his talk of football, outdoor meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands. She had not done all that reading for nothing; so, a pause in the conversation affording the desired opportunity, she suddenly exclaimed, with considerable vivacity:

"Wasn't it awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?"

"Why, what's the matter?" stammered the student, confused.

"My gracious!" almost yelled the girl from Indiana, "didn't you know? Why, the poor thing had her head cut off!"

Where was Bill?

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper down in Louisiana, and last spring he went to New Orleans to purchase a stock of goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the drayman his wife happened to look at the largest; she uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing the screams, rushed to her assistance and asked what was the matter. The wife, pale and faint, pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "Bill inside."

To the Top of Cathedral Mountain

By Carolyn Cornell

BYOND the western gateway of the Canadian prairie lies a wonderland of beauty, of challenging heights and hollow, undreamed-of depths. A land where fish play in mountain brooks and tarns—where the goats wander unmolested on the crags. A land of unexplored secrets for the curious, of research to the student.

Much do we often complain of the sordid worries of our too commercial age unaware that at our portals is a playground in which fagged brains may be revived; dulled eyes resensitized in the splendor, the sublimity of our Rocky Mountain land.

A stupendous gymnasium we have where in the dim ages Jove hurled rocks like snowballs and heaved a whole continent on his shoulders. Still does that spirit of masculine vigor frequent the place and enthuse all who engage in the arduous sport of mountaineering.

Not only to those seeking physical exercise does this playground appeal. For the scientist it is an unread book of marvels, for the artist a mystic land of beauty and for the novelist a land of haunting romance. Long did this recreation ground lie all unclaimed in our possession. True, its fastnesses were probed by a few so-called eccentrics led there largely by their professions. The average layman fought shy of the experiment—or if he did have a vagrant desire to try his muscles on some of the heights and breathe the thin air at the top and fill his eyes with the panoramic view, he kept that desire hidden

for fear of ridicule. Even if the desire were strong enough to brave that ridicule where could be found the means? A guide had to be hired and the trail packed alone. These were the difficulties that confronted the ambitious in mountaineering until the organization of the Alpine Club.

It was founded by a little group of enthusiastic mountaineers who for years had seen the possibilities of the Canadian Rockies as a national playground. The names in that first membership list were many of high international recognition. Naturally the greater number were Western Canadians but the Eastern provinces and United States were well represented.

The club has held eight annual camps. The membership now of over five hundred names. That means that each of those five hundred has climbed at least one Alpine height—the requisite for membership. Each must have felt a thrill of excitement as the guide carefully knotted the rope around his waist preparatory to covering the glacier. The serious instructions concerning the responsibility of keeping the length of rope between him and the person in front of him would impress on his mind the earnestness of the task. The sharp wind of the frosty height must have cut his cheek as he gazed over the vistas of snow crowned monarchs. Each must have munched his sandwich intersliced with a thick layer of ham—or was it currant jam?—and drunk the cold water dipped from a hollow made in the

virgin snow on the peak. A rare appetizer is a mountain peak and rare good eating were those sandwiches.

Under the aegis of the Alpine Club of Canada are now joined a group of people hailing from almost every quarter of the globe. England, Ireland, Sicily, Brazil, Austria and Newfoundland, every province in the Dominion and many of the states of the Union have now their representatives on its membership. Many creeds and languages but good fellows all and actuated by one common impulse to conquer Nature's bulwarks and drink deep of her rewards to those who pursue her without fear.

Two camps were held this year. The main camp which opened on July 15 was pitched in the large park-like meadow lying between Cathedral and Victoria mountains. Cataract Brook, a sparkling, gurgling leaping, roaring mountain stream tumbles down the valley. Great care was exercised in the choosing of the site and in the stationing of the camp. Small estimation of the pains can be made by the uninitiated. Numerous minute details had to be planned for and executed with precision before ever a guest could enter camp. In this particular the club is particularly fortunate in having as its director a man of immense practical experience in the mountains.

The situation of Camp 1913 was very happy. On one side of Cataract brook was the main camp, dining tent, kitchen and offices. Farther down the stream was the sleeping quarters for the men where they could enjoy an invigorating plunge after the day of strenuous exercise. A rustic bridge spanned the stream to the women's sleeping quarters. The tents were pitched on the deep moss on the hillside bedded deep with spruce boughs. Slumber was sweet with the life breath of the forest things in the no-trills and the lushing of the waters in the ears—pro-

vided a knotty stick did not push through the bedding and insist on immediate attention.

Camp was officially opened on Tuesday, July 15, but for two weeks preceding this a number of men and boys had been engaged in preparations. Imagine the surprise—not to say dismay—of this advance guard when forty unexpected guests arrived on Monday preceding the opening day. All food had to be packed in on ponies and that the Chinamen cooks were able to feed this hungry crowd and at the same time conceal from them the tragic condition of the larder, argues well for the management.

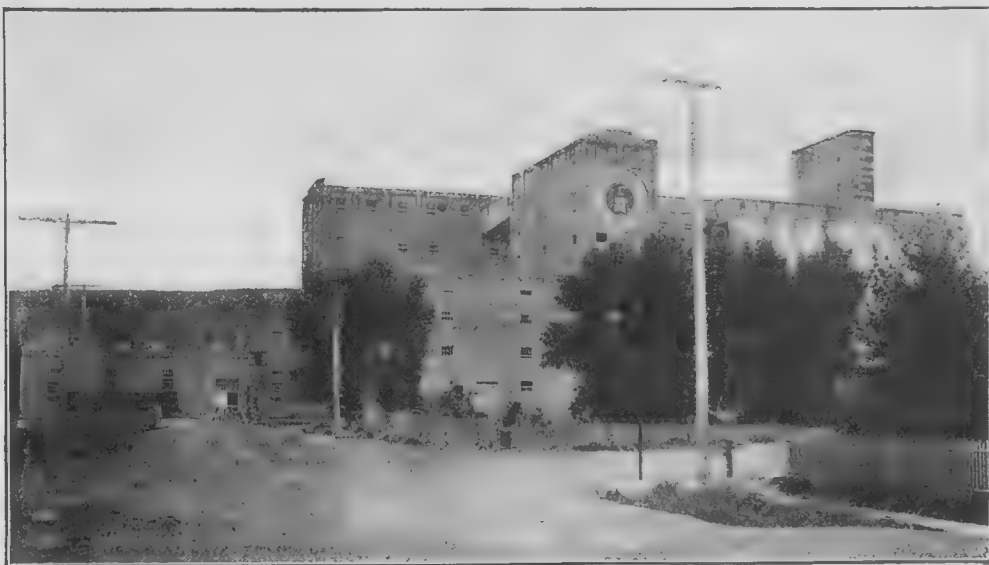
The next few days saw additions to the camp from almost every train from either East or West until the canvas covered one hundred and eighty people.

The first tramp of the season was to Lake O'Hara, a distance of about eight miles from camp. The dullness of the day could not dampen our spirits as we looked into the green depths. In the background Leroy raised his head above a low hung glacier. On the return trip a heavy downpour of rain forced us to scuttle for shelter under the trees. While we were huddled in little groups under the dripping trees three riders on pack-ponies passed us on their way farther up the valley, the water streaming from their yellow slickers and from their ponies' sides.

The following days other short climbs were inaugurated. The watch tower, a solitary pillar of rock which sentinelled the valley on the Eastern side, proved a problem unsolvable after repeated efforts. The bald eagle perhaps has used that vantage point for reconnoitering the surrounding land. Human eye has not looked out from it.

Many of the undergraduates after these days of preliminary scrambling, began to pine for a real mountain on which to try their strength in order to

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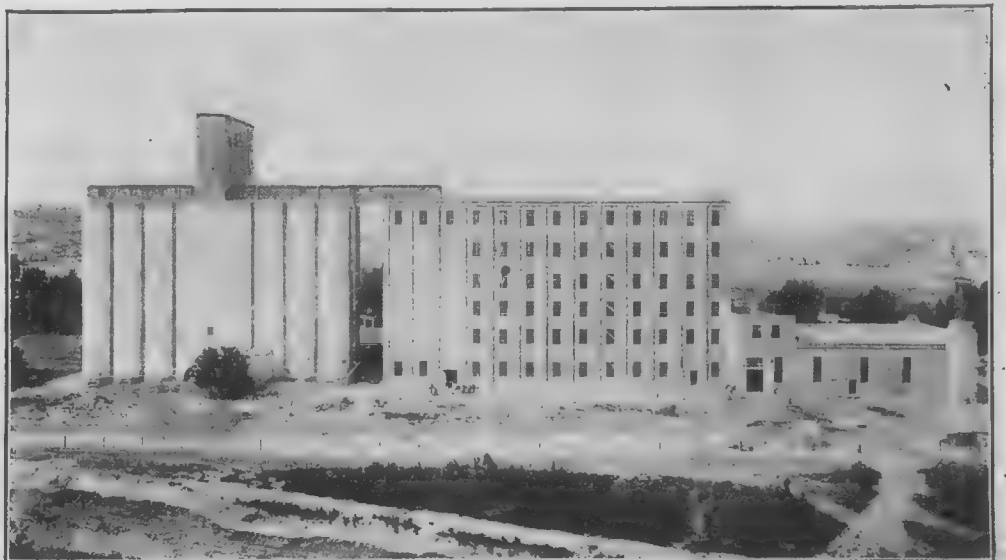
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establish themselves as active members of the club. Cathedral Mountain had been chosen as the official climb but the heavy snows the previous week had made it unadvisable to attempt it until Thursday after the camp opening.

For this day a graduating class was organized. Long before daylight the quiet effective voice of the never tiring director was heard from tent to tent speaking the reveille to the prospective climbers. A hurried toilet in the dim light, a breakfast of toast, bacon and coffee, much excitement about the getting of the paper bag luncheons and then the sharp command to "Fall in." The whole party was placed in charge of a big Swiss guide to whose orders implicit obedience was strictly enjoined. Under him sub-guides were appointed each in possession of a coil of rope which he slung over his shoulder. The inexperienced climbers were divided among the guides.

The first part of the climb was through woods, over fallen logs and stones, sinking sometimes in the spongy moss—but still onward and upward. Many a sigh was drawn by the tender feet with just one long wish to set the sole of the foot on level soil once more. Many rests were taken in this first climb and at last we reached the open. Here like the allegorical "Christian" new obstacles beset our path. Huge

back to mundane matters—and the insistent calls of the inner man. Paper bags containing those thick sandwiches were produced and for the next few moments the view forgotten.

The Venice of the Prairies

(Rt. Hon. Herbert Samuel to the Winnipeg Canadian Club.)

Not unlike the position of Venice is your position here in Winnipeg at the commercial gateway between the East and the West of the great Dominion of Canada. Imports and exports pass through and along this great trade route as the rays of light passing through a lens are focussed upon a particular point. One has only to look at the railway map of Canada to see the lines that are focussed upon this centre.

Your growth has been marvellous in the past, and it is certain to be even exceeded in the future. And as I have compared you to Venice, I may venture to express the hope that, as your prosperity increases, you will follow the example of Venice in other ways, and make your city the cradle of learning and of art, turning a portion of the wealth which you receive each year toward the beautifying of your city.



A Tunnel and Lake in the Mountains

Keeping in Touch

The district visitor went about her work with the same indiscriminating enthusiasm which carried her through her other social and philanthropic enterprises.

At the close of one of her long afternoons of reading some of the latest news and the best books to an old lady of the village the minister happened to make a call just after the district visitor had gone.

After the usual greetings the old lady looked up at him appealingly.

"Can't ye help a body out of a hole?" she asked. "'Tis every day in the week but Sundays she comes now. She means well, and I'm enduring it as best I can, but while I'm being informed what all the world's doing, and following every movement o' them Rosyfelt children, the McCarthy twins and the rest o' Pearson's Place are getting away from me, an' I never heard o' the Halloran baby's teeth till there was three o' them in his mouth, nor if the 'squire's wife has another new bonnet."

Hot-Weather Refuge

A reverend gentleman of Pennsylvania was for a while in a Georgia town as pastor of a new church.

"I suppose you feel the heat greatly down here in the summer, don't you?" queried one of his new parishioners.

"Well, it does get pretty warm here sometimes," admitted the minister; "but every time I feel too warm - think of the visit I once made to Boston, and it sends the cold shivers all over me."



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Winter Sleepers

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. Mortimer Batten

When winter comes, many of the wild kindred of the woods find that their food supply is cut short, and thus they are forced to face one of two alternatives. Unable to survive the cold and desolation of winter in their summer quarters, many of them migrate to far off regions where the conditions of life are more favorable, while others curl themselves in some sheltered nook or corner, and spend the months of famine comfortably sleeping.

For those who sleep away the winter, like the bears, the badgers, the squirrels, and the dormice, nature has made ample provisions. Some wild animals, indeed, have sense enough to store away a little food to keep them going through their winter sleep, and during our springtime rambles through the woods we often find the winter beds of squirrels, the litter of nut shells about the threshold betraying their whereabouts. If we examine the nest, the few nuts remaining in it that the squirrel has not cracked are sure to be bad ones, for the squirrel, being an authority on nuts, never wastes his time cracking those that will not repay his trouble. But really the squirrel is not a true winter sleeper like the others I have mentioned, for he is up and about with the first gleam of sunshine that peers through the clouds.

Fall is a time of plenty for all the winter sleepers. For the squirrel nuts abound; the bears fatten themselves up on the berry crops; the badgers have no difficulty in catching the young mice, trembling in the grass; the dormice have not far to go in search of seeds and grain. Thus while autumn lasts they are able to secrete sufficient fat to keep them going through the period of sleep, for during this period they require little nourishment, as all the functions of the body almost cease. Thus the bear lounges into his winter quarters fat and sleek, but when he comes out months later he is thin and desperately hungry.

It must not be imagined, however, that the drowsiness which comes over these animals as winter draws near cannot be avoided. They sleep because it is their only way of surviving the winter. When kept in captivity and fed regularly they do not hibernate. Neither would they do so in a wild state if it were unnecessary. They would rather pursue their daily affairs out in the open, and should the winter be mild they take advantage of it by continuing their liberty.

The bear, becoming morose and restless with age, dispenses with his winter sleep altogether, and during the months of famine he roams the woods, a demon of ravenous ill-temper. And when one meets a bear it all depends on what time of the year it is as to how he will act. A winter grizzly is likely to be a very awkward customer which the Indians invariably give a wide berth.

Sometimes, too, a bear will rouse from his winter sleep while the snow is still on the ground and game scarce, and it is just at this time of the year when most of the bear tragedies occur at outlying lumber camps. Only a few years ago at the Red River lumber camp two brothers were out for a stroll in the very early spring when they noticed a bear on the opposite bank. It was only a black bear, and both the men had seen scores of black bears before and had invariably found them to be one of the most timorous of woodland creatures. They did not think that this bear had just wakened from his winter sleep, ravenously hungry, to find game scarce, and ere they had time to realize what was happening the bear had plunged into the river and was swimming towards them. It followed them back to camp, where the cook, armed with an automatic pistol, ran to their rescue. He, too, underestimated the ferocity of that springtime bear, and ere he could step aside the brute smashed in his skull with one tremendous blow.

That "there is never any telling what a bear will do" is an old backwoods adage, but, as I have already said, his conduct all depends on the time of year you meet him.

Most winter sleepers give birth to their young during the period of hibernation, and by the time the thawing spring comes the cubs have their eyes open, and are strong enough to accom-

pany their mothers out into the world. A friend of mine once saw a mother black bear and her two cubs who had evidently just emerged from their winter den. The mother was so thin that her coat hung upon her like ill-fitting clothing, and as she hurried along she kept pausing to gulp down great mouthfuls of snow.

What an unsatisfactory meal for the great half-starved mother, and what a lean and desolate world the cubs must have thought she had brought them into!

Fall is the time to take the census of the woods, when the crisp brown leaves betray the whereabouts of the woodland people, and one bright fall evening in

England I was sitting in a wood, listening, when a loud rustling on the bank above betrayed the whereabouts of Mr. Hedgehog. Next minute he came into view, rolling down the bank head over heels almost to my feet. He may have done it just for fun, but anyway he had collected a beautiful overcoat of leaves which would keep him warm during his winter sleep by the time he reached the bottom.

Away in the lonely Yukon I have known men to sleep away the months of deadly cold and darkness. This may sound rather tall, but just imagine yourselves shut up in a tiny shanty for weeks of eternal night. One old Scotchman whom I knew spent days on end in a semi-torpid condition, and he told me he could do with very little food during the winter months, while the Indians of the barren lands often sleep days on end under the snow with no food at all. In the intense cold of these northern regions we find it easy to sleep, and perhaps—who can say?—this is a relic of by-gone ages when man himself sought out the hollow oak when winter came, and spent the months of famine in peaceful slumber!

Finnegan—Oh, yes, Oi can understand how thim astronomers can calkilate th' distance av a stharr, its weight, dinsity and color, and all thot—but th' thing thot gets me is, how th' divvle do they know its name?



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An Old Timer Talks

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans

JUST one house; that is all there was in Winnipeg.

And this startling fact concerning the today metropolis of Canada West bears reference to the years of the long ago date of which is 1839. The speaker by whom this remarkable affirmation was given is Thomas Fidler, at that time a boy of ten years of age, native of Headingly parish on the western bank of Assiniboine river. It is a pleasure to listen to the conversation of this man of the octogenarian years concerning events in the Manitoba of remote period. He will occasionally pause, deep in thought, events forgotten in the abyss of the long years return within the archives of his memory, vivid pictures of days when the yell of the Indian echoed over the great lone land, and the Red River cart rattled upon its prairie trails. Today the shadows of life's eventide are gathering around Fidler in a cosy cottage in the woodland country 'twixt Somerset and Swan Lake, Southern Manitoba.

And Fort Garry, the Winnipeg of today, contained one dwelling house in '39. In this solitary abode dwelt McDermot, employee of the company known as the Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay. McDermot, he who purchased furs down at the Fort, and known by all and sundry from the Great Lakes to the extremities of the Western plains. For years before the pioneer set-

lers had penetrated into the fastnesses of Southern Manitoba. Fidler was resident at the locality now known as Barbour's Lake, he having removed from the parish in which he had spent forty years of his life. Fidler sat absorbed in thought as the writer made allusion to Headingly, once isolated hamlet of Assiniboine's bank, today suburban district of Winnipeg, through which the street car rushes along. In a voice indicative that the remembrances of times remote were being stirred up within him, he said:

"Oh! but it's wonderful, I'd like to visit those old places once more."

Fidler has not visited the city of Winnipeg for thirty-one years; with intense interest he listened to the writer's conversation relative to its amazing dimensions; the wide streets, electric cars, mammoth blocks; and gigantic hotels; enormous railway stations with ceaseless traffic, contrast to the rude vehicles which moved slowly along the Main Street of old Fort Garry.

"Yes," remarked Fidler, "we never thought Fort Garry would get to be like that; why, that street you call Portage Avenue (I've seen pictures of it), was the old trail which crossed Colony Creek, and we had to travel to the Fort that way. I can't realize what it means; it's too much for me."

Wondrous transformation scene! Clatter of the Indian's cart silenced, motor

car and electric street railway traversing this once highway from the plains to the trading place of the hunter and trapper, store within walled enclosure of the stone gateway.

"Have you ever seen many buffalo, Mr. Fidler?" asked the writer. At this question the enthusiasm of the octogenarian became aroused.

"Seen buffalo! Been with parties chasing them over the plains many a time; yes, thousands of bison, we called them that; but it's a long while ago."

That some idea of the date might be forthcoming, Fidler referred to his wife, who from various incidents she was able to remember in connection with the buffalo hunt, stated that the animals could be seen in extreme profusion until about the year 1850; then, after this time, the buffalo diminished in number every year, and at the close of the sixties the appearance of the animal was somewhat a rarity.

"After quite a number of the bison had been killed," remarked Mrs. Fidler, "this was followed by the meat cutting, and the preparation of that into pemmican, which is a very scarce article today; you might see some yet away in the north."

"Were there not many Indian troubles in those times?" enquired the writer.

At this query, Fidler enjoyed a quiet laugh, and after refilling his pipe, said,

"Plenty of them. The Sioux and a tribe, we called these Indians Bungays, were squabbling most of the time. When it came to a regular fight between them, guns which you could buy down at the Fort were used; probably you have seen the kind with the very long barrels. If some of these fighters did not have guns they would use anything they could lay their hands upon. Arrows with a stone point sharp as a knife were one of their weapons, and quite a number of the fighters got killed in these rows. Now that I am talking about this, I can remember seeing a Sioux, it was on the river bank in St. James, cutting a Bungay into pieces just after he had killed him, and then he held up the scalp and gave a loud whoop whilst a lot of Bungays chased after him, but they didn't catch up to him."

"People have said that General Custer once came from the United States into Manitoba, Mr. Fidler; do you know if that is correct?"

"No, he never did come across the boundary line. Of course, we all knew who Custer was: folk said he was always coming to bring in some Indians to drive out those who were here."

For a few minutes Fidler sat in silence; then resumed his talk concerning the troubles of the Indian population.

"Yes, it's about fifty-two years ago," to determine the date of which a family event which had occurred about this time proved of assistance; "some riders from the American side chased a party of Indians, and killed nearly all of them. That fight took place over there," pointing with his finger to the tree-covered butte a few miles away, and which has been symbolical of much history of the long years ago; and that night there was a big dance, at which we saw the scalps which the riders were dangling about in the room."

The writer enquired as to the manner in which disposal of the bodies of those slain in these skirmishes was made.

"If they weren't too lazy they dug a hole, and put them into it; sometimes they were left upon the prairies for wolves to eat up. There are lots of Indians buried around this part that I know of."

This statement of Mr. Fidler is correct, and is corroborated by the fact that in various localities of the portion of Manitoba to which reference is made, very many skeletons have been unearthed. As an example, a farmer who is dwelling in the Aberdeen district, and was digging a cellar a few years ago, disinterred fourteen of such. The writer is cognizant of numerous discoveries of this nature.

"Just forty-five years ago," remarked Fidler, who stated he had recently heard a neighbor speaking of the grasshoppers having made an appearance in the State of Texas. "There was an invasion of grasshoppers into Manitoba when they devoured every growing

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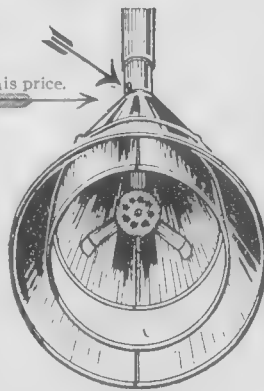
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thing there was to be seen. "No," said he, "we're not likely to forget that year, because we were forced to go to Fort Abercrombie to get flour. But it did seem very strange that the Sunday before the grasshoppers arrived in the Colony (Manitoba was then known by this name), Bishop Anderson preached in St. Andrew's Church about the plagues of the children of Israel, and before the next Sunday the hoppers had come here in millions, yes millions of them, that they even darkened the sun."

An historical fact, vouched for by records of that period.

"How was Christmas time observed in the old days?" the man of eighty-four winters in Manitoba was asked.

"Just about the same as Sunday was," he replied. "There wasn't much in the way of fun, but at New Year's lots of it; then everybody was out for a good time. A whole week of holiday and great preparing of food, which kept the women folk busy for several days; every night a dance somewhere around. Lots of fun in Red River settlement at New Year."

"You happened to speak of a windmill just now, what sort of flour did they make; was it as good as that we buy today?"

"It was, the very best of flour, and although people may think what I am going to say is wrong, down at the Fort you could get the very best of goods. There is no need to think we had nothing but rubbish in the Colony."

"How about churches in your early days, Mr. Fidler; were there any in the country?" the writer asked.

"Why of course there were, in the earliest times that I can call to mind there were ministers here. Presbyterian, Church of England, Roman Catholics. Along the Red River were churches at Kildonan, Middlechurch, St. Andrew's and Mapleton, one at St. James and another at Headingly. St. John's College in Winnipeg has been there for many years, and there was a college over in St. Boniface which my father showed me when I was a little boy."

The memory of Fidler is pregnant with actual fact. The institution to which he has reference is the arch episcopal headquarters of Western Canada's Roman Catholicism, which received its first pupils in 1821. St. John's College dates from a later period; a ladies' school was also located in the same neighborhood. In brief allusion, Mr. Fidler referred to the illustrious men in Manitoban record without the names of whom future history would not be complete. Macbray, of St. John's; Tache, of St. Boniface; Anderson, whose footmarks are indelibly stamped in St. Andrew's; and the saintly Black, the memory of whom will ever remain verdant in Kildonan upon Red River.

When the conversation harks back to the early days in Manitoba and an old-timer is present, the tragic murder of Thomas Scott, the Fort Garry martyr of immortal memory, is certain to form a topic of the reminiscences. Thomas Fidler is one of the few men living today who were present in Fort Garry upon the eventful date, March 4, 1870, when that dark tragedy was enacted. In respect of the disposition of Scott's remains, many theories have been advanced. The version of Thomas Fidler concerning Scott's last earthly resting place, accords with that of other men to whom the writer has spoken on the subject.

"They," Fidler is alluding to the rebels, "put Scott's corpse into quicklime, and people said that a large grindstone was fastened to his neck, after which he was thrown into the Red River near the old Hudson's Bay mill. No, I don't think this ever happened. Scott's corpse was taken across the Assiniboine river and put into a pit which had been dug for it; I always heard this was somewhere south of the Fort, no, I don't know where, but it wasn't far from the Fort. Oh! yes, some folks tried to say that his body was taken out of the river at Selkirk a few weeks afterwards, and buried there. I think they knew better than that, but you could hear all manner of stories at the time."

Fidler furthermore remarked that it was entirely owing to the intervention of Tache that several other men were not shot upon the day Scott met his tragic fate. The venerable Tache was

absent from St. Boniface at the time, and information having been given him of the affair at Emerson, travelled without stop in a Red River cart to Fort Garry, his timely arrival the preventive means whereby further taking of human life was averted.

In speaking of Middlechurch, which in these days can be enumerated a northern suburb of Winnipeg, Fidler remembers the brutal killing of a peddler by some Indians in the early sixties. The scalp of this victim was exhibited by his murderers during the same day at the Fort.

"The Colony was usually peaceful, although it was a do-as-you-like country," said Fidler. "No, I never saw what you would call a policeman, in fact I've never seen one in my life."

That the parish of Kildonan has figured in the limelight of various disturbances is a matter of record. In close adjacency to the limits of that municipality with Winnipeg, the monument to Governor Semple, murdered in 1813, may be noticed at the roadside in Seven Oaks, a short distance from the

car barns in St. Johns. Mr. Fidler can recall a skirmish within this neighborhood in the forties, when he watched the contestants—Indians—through the windows of a windmill, and several men were killed.

"I used to make a trip every year to York Factory, went in June and started back in October. They call it Selkirk now where we started from, then up Lake Winnipeg to Warren's Landing, after that it was boat and portage; yes, and it was hard work, too."

Thomas Fidler is today hale and hearty. He can be termed as marvelous in his walking prowess, for with regularity he trudges to the residence of a daughter, sixteen miles from his home. To Fidler, the three score years and ten of the Psalmist are as a story related in the long ago, and when he is speaking of the old times, there is sometimes a pause, he appears as submerged in the mazes of thought land. It cannot be wondered at, when it is recollected that his memory refers back to times when in the Manitoba of to-

day the Indian chased the buffalo, even over the ground upon which the great city of Winnipeg has arisen, and where on Fidler has seen the smoke of the teepee arising, and listened to the weird sound of the tom tom when the aborigine of Rupert's Land was engaged in the dance of the tribes.

And when the writer was leaving Fidler's abode, the octogenarian accompanied him for a short distance along the road. Pointing to the hill of the tree crown away in the distance, the old man remarked:

"I went there with my father when I was a very little fellow to watch out for buffalo; that's a long time ago, isn't it?"

In bidding him farewell, the writer expressed the hope of calling again at his cottage away in the woods, and expressed the desire that Fidler may live into the years of the centenarian. If agile walk and robust appearance are criterionary of such, it is possible that such will transpire.

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Field of Oats near Gladstone, Man.: 100 bushels to the acre. The men are 6ft. high

Ottawa, Sept. 15.—A bulletin issued today by the census and statistics office of the department of trade and commerce reports the condition of crops and live stock at the end of August, and gives preliminary estimates of the yield of spring wheat, rye, oats and barley as compiled from the reports of correspondents upon the appearance of these crops.

The weather conditions were favorable for ripening and harvesting the grain crops. In Ontario it was nearly all harvested by the end of the month, while in the prairie provinces harvesting operations were about two-thirds completed and it was expected that threshing would be general by Sept. 10.

The average condition of spring wheat is 88.43 per cent. of the standard of a full crop, which is represented by 100; oats, 87.85; barley, 87.07; rye, 80.49; peas, 80.81; beans, 78.67; buck-

88 last year; mangolds are 83 against 84 last month and 87 last year. Pasture has maintained its condition fairly well since last month, the figure being 81 against 82 last month and 92 a year ago.

Wheat Prospects

From the reports furnished by correspondents the following preliminary estimates of yield are based on the areas sown. Of spring wheat the average yield per acre is provisionally placed at 21.41 bushels per acre, which upon an area of 8,990,500 acres makes the total yield of spring wheat to be 192,517,000 bushels. This quantity added to 18,481,800 bushels of fall wheat, as published last month, gives the total production of wheat as 210,998,800 bushels, and for 1911 of 215,851,000 bushels. The yield per acre in 1912 was 20.99 bushels for fall wheat



General view of Bailing Outfit on Ranch of Dominion Live Stock Inspector, near Victoria, B.C.

wheat, 77.81; mixed grains, 89.04; flax, 85.06; corn, 79.78.

High Standard Kept Up

On the whole these figures maintain the high standard set by last month's report and mark an advancement for spring wheat, oats and flax. Compared with the figures at the corresponding date last year wheat is 88 to 84; oats and barley 88 to 88; rye 80 to 84; mixed grains 89 to 87; flax 85 to 88.

Potatoes are 86 against 89 last month and 92 last year; turnips are 84 for both this month and last as against

Oats, with an average yield of 40.98 bushels per acre of 9,646,400 acres, gives a total production of 395,341,000 bushels as against an average of 39.25 and a total of 361,733,000 bushels in 1912.

Barley with a yield per acre of 31.05 bushels and a total of 44,440,000 bushels compared with 31.10 and 44,014,000 in 1912.

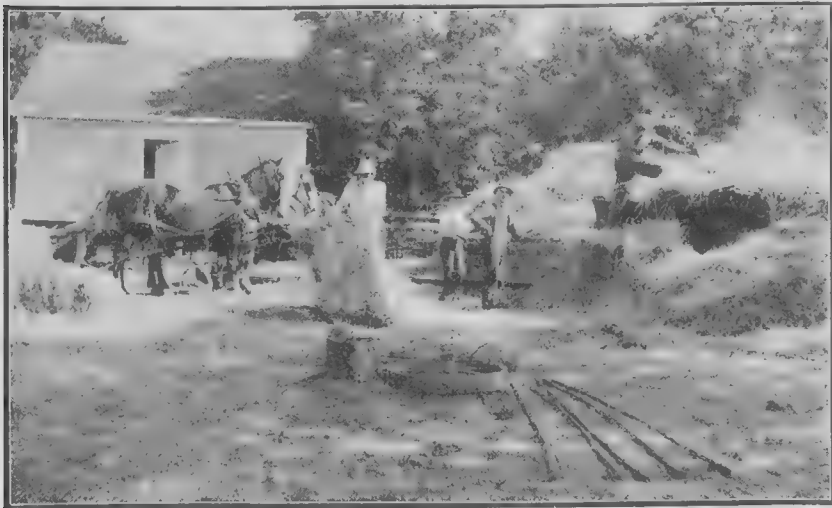
The estimated yield of rye is 2,424,000 bushels for 127,200 acres, being a yield per acre of 19.06 bushels as

against a total of 2,594,000 bushels in 1912.

For the three northwest provinces the total yield of spring wheat is estimated at 188,018,000 bushels; oats, 244,125,000; barley, 28,156,000; rye, 612,000, and flax at 15,056,000 as compared

chancellor of the exchequer in the last Liberal ministry, and who was beyond question a highly gifted man and able statesman, told a story of this kind of simplicity at his own expense.

He had suspected for some time that a manservant in his employ had been



Bailer and Horses at Work on B.C. Ranch.

with the 1912 figures as follows: spring wheat, 183,322,000; oats, 221,857,000, and barley, 26,761,000.

The general condition of live stock is very satisfactory being expressed in percentages of a standard of 100 representing a healthy and thrifty state; 94.27 horses; 91.37 milch cows; 93.54 other cattle; 90.41 sheep and 94.83 for swine.

The Trapper Trapped

Great men very often have not only the quality of absent-mindedness, but a sort of simplicity of intelligence which might be called foolishness in people known to be less gifted than they. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, who was

stealing money from him. At last he resolved to set a trap for the man. Taking a handful of gold coins, he laid them down on his writing desk and went out. Presently he sent this servant to the room to fetch some article. When John had returned, he went promptly to his room to see if the coins had been touched.

On the table, in the place where he had left them, were gold coins. But were there as many as he had left? He did not know, for he had neglected to count them before he laid them down.

"By this incident, you see," said Sir William, in telling the story, "that I was born to be chancellor of the exchequer!"



A sample of a splendidly built and thatched stack on Dr. S. F. Tolmie's (Dominion Live Stock Inspector) Ranch on the outskirts of Victoria, B.C.

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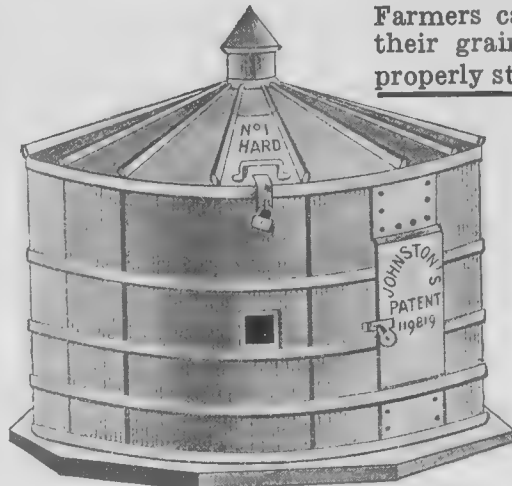
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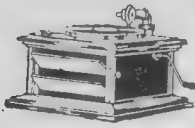
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Imri--I.D.B.

A Story of the South African Diamond Fields.

By Edwin Warren Guyol

IMRI rode up the sun, worrying and beating his ponies along the trail until he reached the crest of the swell. There he dismounted and examined the broken horizon-line through field-glasses. Swarms of tsetses, the South African flies whose bite is so fatal to animals not seasoned to the climate, buzzed around the man and horses, causing an occasional growl from the one, and many an angry stamp of hoof or switch of tail from the others.

After a short scrutiny Imri picked out five horsemen silhouetted sharply against the background of cloudless sky. Plainly as he could see the newcomers, he himself would not be distinguishable to them for another half-hour, as the sun was beating directly in their eyes when they attempted to look in his direction, a little factor upon which he had that morning based his selection of a course across the veldt. From this anxiety to hold this advantage it may be inferred that Imri was not desirous of being the observed of any one who might be following his ponies' hoof-prints; also that he had a fairly accurate idea as to whom he might expect to find when he unslung and trained his glasses.

his possession a diamond must also be prepared to display the government's certificate that it was honestly come by. Kaffir laborers in the diamond mines are such deft thieves that in spite of every precaution on the part of foremen and superintendents they manage to carry away a great number of stones every year; these are bought up by the Illicit Diamond Buyers who occasionally fail to smuggle them out of the country.

Imri piled saddles and packs together in a heap, carefully spread a poncho over them, arranged hobbles on two of the ponies, and turned them loose to graze. Then he did something that was of itself most surprising, as there was no apparent reason for doing it; nor would it have been possible for the uninitiated to form a conjecture that would have even faintly approximated a logical explanation.

The third pony was picketed a few feet from the spot around which the I. D. B. had heaped his goods; Imri walked over to him, carrying a shot-gun into which he slipped a buckshot cartridge. Examining the animal closely, the man stepped back about ten feet, raised the gun, and fired. The entire charge was blown into the heart of the



A Peaceful Scene

Both surmises are correct. As soon as the five men rode into range he recognized them, tapped the glasses into their case, jumped to his saddle, and began urging his almost foundered ponies in the direction of an old deserted sheep corral. Arrived there, he stopped, removed saddles and packs from the backs of his steaming animals, and set about making camp for the night in a thorough, concentrated manner, as if he could have had no other thought or purpose in life.

In appearance Imri was as remarkable as his calm demeanor and behavior must have seemed to any one familiar with the details of what had sent him to this particular section of the veldt a short distance in advance of the five men who were now rapidly drawing near the same crest that he had just ascended. Tall and muscular, he was a specimen of the ruggedness that is developed to perfection by the hard life of the plainsman. His black curling hair, arched black brows, keen eyes, and fiercely aquiline nose betokened Hebraic ancestry; while the dull bronze skin and thick lips testified to the Kaffir who had a share in sending him into the world. He was a Cape Colony half-breed, and like half-breeds the world over had inherited many of the least desirable characteristics of both parents. Therefore, he quite naturally masqueraded as a peddler of trinkets, cheap jewelry, and other notions, as a cloak to his real profession, which was that of an I. D. B.

The I. D. B.—which is to say the Illicit Diamond Buyer—exists only in South Africa, where any one having in

pony, which fell over dead. Imri gave the carcass no more than one look; then in a most leisurely manner he set about preparing supper.

When Denby, lieutenant of the frontier mounted police, with four of his men rode up to Imri's camp, he felt that he was within reaching distance of evidence that would enable him to arrest and convict the wildest and most dangerous I. D. B. known to the authorities.

Denby had kept unremitting watch on Imri throughout the last two weeks that he had spent in Kimberley, and was certain that the alleged peddler had at the moment in his possession some eight or ten diamonds that were unaccompanied by the saving certificates of legitimate purchase. True enough, the half-breed at the very last had succeeded in evading him in some still unexplained manner, and no one knew just where he had been for twenty-four hours prior to his departure. But he was here at any rate; and Denby had almost conclusive proof that certain stolen stones had fallen into the hands of Kaffir Pete, who had been followed by one of Denby's men into Imri's room just before midnight of the Tuesday preceding the latter's disappearance. A full day's start the half-breed had obtained before Denby learned positively that he had left Kimberley, headed in a westerly direction, toward Griqua Town; and it was at the close of their second day on the trail that the mounted police rode into the camp of the I. D. B., confident of returning with their man and his plunder.

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"Well, Imri," was Denby's greeting. "you didn't get away with the shiners. after all. I came near losing you this trip, but I expect 'twas a good thing for me that you slipped me. Now I've got you with the goods on, and I'll make you sweat for the chases you've led me in the last two years. You're under arrest. If you'll be decent about it I won't put the irons on, but if you try any monkey-tricks it won't be so comfortable for you. What do you say to that? Is it a go?"

Imri laughed back: "All right, Denby; but don't be too confident that I've got what you want, 'cause you may be disappointed. I can't make you fellows let me alone and believe that I ain't no I. D. B. Some day you'll see what foolishness you've been wastin' time on, and you'll leave me go about my business without your everlastin' interference. Now, it's too dark for you to do any good tonight, so you might as well let the business go till mornin'. Hobble your ponies and help me get supper, and in the mornin' you can go through me with your usual thoroughness, with the usual result. I tell you, as I've always told you, I ain't got no diamonds, never did have none, and ain't never goin' to have any."

After supper the men sat around the fire and talked of everything under the sun except the work that had brought them together. That by tacit consent was ignored; so they told yarns of the veldt, joked and laughed with the perfect understanding that comes only through long experience. The free-masonry apparent would have surprised and mystified an onlooker knowing only the facts, yet otherwise unfamiliar with the rude sort of honor that recognizes as legitimate all attempts to outwit the law, but prohibits any violation of confidence reposed in one by the man hired to represent that law. Once Denby glanced inquiringly from the dead pony to Imri; and the latter instantly volunteered:

"Going mad from tsetse bites, and I had to shoot him."

When daylight awoke them Denby and his men set about the search of Imri's belongings. In his packs they found the assortment of stuff that usually goes to make up the stock-in-trade of the itinerant Cape peddler, but no diamonds. Careful examination of the half-breed's saddle-bags and coverings revealed nothing in the nature of evidence that he was actually engaged in the purchase and disposal of illegally acquired stones. Every scrap of his clothing and equipment was searched; he himself was compelled to remove all of his clothing—to no effect. Every spot around the camp that might have been utilized as a hiding-place was pried into by Denby and his men, who even scattered and examined the ashes of the camp-fire. When all crevices in the walls of the corral had been searched, Denby said:

"I must say, Imri, it certainly does beat me how you do it. Here we are, as we've been ten times before—certain that you've got the goods somewhere in reach, but not able to find 'em and send you down for the years that you deserve. I know that certain stolen stones found their way to Kaffir Pete; I know that Kaffir Pete was in your room last Tuesday night, although you were not supposed to be there; I know that when we pinched Pete in your room he didn't have a single one of them, and that you could not be found anywhere in Kimberley; I know that you were in town for two days after that, although we couldn't locate you; I'm sure you didn't leave those shiners anywhere between Kimberley and here 'cause there wasn't a place in which you could have cached them; and I know that they are not anywhere about you or your luggage. Blow me if I can make it all out. I do know this much, and that is that I'm not going to lose sight of you for a while yet. You were headed for Griqua Town, and there I'll take you; but I'll have to let you go when we get there unless I can figure out where you put 'em."

At the end of a fifteen-mile trot the party reached Griqua Town. Denby reluctantly released his prisoner, went to a hotel with his men, put his horses up, and started for a stroll around

the town. As he walked he pondered the question of the lost diamonds. The more he thought of them the more positive was he that Imri had cleverly duped him by hiding them in some unusual spot. That the half-breed had them he was convinced. But where had he hidden them? At this point in his cogitations he found himself within thirty feet of the subject of his puzzlement, who was chaffering with a horse-dealer, and he was just in time to hear Imri say: "What's the use of arguin'? You ought to know that I ain't no sucker, and that you can't sell me a pony that ain't salted. What? You talk like a fool. Think a man like me, that's been born an' grown in this country, buyin' horses since he was no bigger'n a karoo bush, is goin' to invest his tin in a green horse? No, sir; you can just show me somethin' else."

"Now," thought Denby, passing on. "it strikes me strange that Imri should have said that. And yet I don't know why he shouldn't have. It's true and natural; but there's something funny about it, and I can't say why. Course, if I was buying a pony and a man wanted to sell me something unsalted, I'd probably say just what Imri did. Yet I seem to feel that there is some reason why he wouldn't have said just those words if he had thought I was so close. Let's see; he wants a pony. Why does he get one here when he's going back to Kimberley soon, where they're enough cheaper than they are up here? He had two pack ponies and a saddler when he started out, and he needs 'em all, 'cause we had to divide up his second pack among us coming in this morning. Oh, yes! He had to kill his other pony out there at the corral on account of the tsetses! They were pretty bad yesterday, and a green horse stood no show. But see here: how the devil is it that Imri was traveling with an unsalted pony when I just heard him say that he is too old a hand at the game—and I certainly think he is—to be caught doin' anything so foolish? That bally bouncer is a wise one when it comes to horses, and I'll be jolly well cussed if I don't believe there's some connection between those diamonds and—oh, the devil!"

Half an hour afterward an observer might have seen Imri following the same course, not knowing that he had a predecessor. On and on they rode, neither aware that he was separated from the other by a matter of only some five miles; each desperately bent on reaching the same point within as short a time as possible. Denby had the advantage because he knew by this time that Imri would return to the camp of the night before as quickly as he could, and that he would travel with greater rapidity should he learn that the lieutenant of police had left Griqua Town suddenly. On the other hand, Imri felt comparatively safe, but did not care to run any great risk of having Denby follow him from town. Therefore, neither gained perceptibly on the other, and Denby was still about half an hour ahead of the half-breed when he arrived at the old corral. Without the loss of a moment he drew his sheath-knife and began probing the gun-shot wound that had caused the death of Imri's pony the preceding day. After three or four minutes of dissection and examination his knife-point struck something hard, whereupon he gave a grunt of satisfaction and ran his right hand into the cavity.

When Imri rode his lather-covered horse into the corral Denby arose from his bloody work, held out his open hand, and said with a laugh: "Just too late, you beastly half-breed. Placer-minin' in dead pony-meat ain't pleasant, but it's profitable when you can strike pockets like this one which I found with nine big shiners in it! You came pretty near gettin' away with 'em, and I guess you would have made a good stake out of these. Good dodge that, blowin' diamonds into the middle of a pack-pony with a shot-gun, and one that the I. D. B. brotherhood will enjoy hearin' about. But when you try it again, after doin' the time I'm going to get you this trip, don't talk too much with your mouth about your horse-sense. It sometimes creates suspicion in the mind of the casual hearer."

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THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon, D.D., Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg

FORGOTTEN

Unless a man can root himself into the very soil of the eternal there is a great danger that he will be forgotten here. They recently found a monument in Westminster Abbey erected to the memory of a man, the record of whose achievement they could not find on the page of English history. It was gone—nay, never had been there. The hero had simply been forgotten; as though the nation should forget Captain Scott and his heroic attempt to reach the South Pole. Several years ago an American periodical recorded a similar event: "A pathetic reminder of how soon we are forgotten is afforded by the removal in New Orleans of a statue of Henry Clay, which has for forty-three years been given a prominent position in the widest and most attractive avenue in that city. It was found to be in the way of the street car company and so is technically 'removed,' but no destination has yet been found for it, and the public does not seem to care. In 1856 popular enthusiasm there for the 'Great Commoner' was not less than that for Dewey today. The erection of an out-of-door statue does not necessarily insure permanent fame. So long as it is not in the way a statue will be allowed to remain, even if its subject has been quite forgotten, as will doubtless be the case a century hence with a considerable proportion of the statues of our National Capital and other cities of the land."

DO YOUR DUTY

The only way to root yourself in the soil of the everlasting is to link yourself with an abiding destiny. Do your duty, come what may. Be faithful, no matter what your station may be. Take yourself seriously, even if others do not. Act with the dignity of a Napoleon, who regarded himself as an emperor, even when his throne was gone. Remember the words of Emerson: "He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now." And the way to be truly great is to do all things in a great fashion. Remember the words of John C. Calhoun addressed to the Speaker of the American House of Representatives: "For many a long year, Mr. President, I have aspired to an object far higher than the presidency; that is, doing my duty under all circumstances, in every trial, irrespective of parties, and without regard to friendship or enmities, but simply in reference to the prosperity of the country."

ADAPTATION

Whether the critics are right or wrong, they have set in motion the little item of current gossip that an Englishman is lacking in adaptation when he reaches the shores of the New World. Perhaps he is. If so, I have no doubt that in due time he will be fully equal to all the demands of circumstances. The man who would be successful must know the order of things, the drift of events, the value of all the materials in hand, and all the possible combinations of incident and accident. There is no turn in the wheel of chance which may not be put to advantage. Mark how a successful orator makes use of every turn in the tide of affairs. Lord Lytton became a great orator in spite of a less than ordinary allowance of personal gifts and talents, and Justin McCarthy says of him: "Lord Lytton did somehow contrive to become a great speaker, and to seem occasionally like a great orator in the House of Commons. He was at the very least a superb phrase-maker and he could turn to account every scrap of knowledge in literature, art, or science which he happened to possess."

DECISION

Questions must be settled and settled, as a rule, at once. We are living in a universe where everything is moving—the train of life is passing—and we must move with the train or be left behind. The man who lacks a talent for decision will certainly fail of great success. He may achieve moderate success as a clerk, bookkeeper, private secretary or stenographer, but he will never shine as a commander of men or events; for leadership calls for decision of character. The French historian adds this comment concerning a great man: "Rabelais had in him nothing of the partisan. He was gifted with the embarrassing faculty of seeing two sides of a question."

ACTIVE HATRED

Give us a man with convictions! Give us the man who can see the difference between right and wrong. Give us the man who has the moral courage to take a stand on every question where the issues are straight between good and evil. Give us a man who does not only smile upon the good but who dares to frown upon that which is bad. What the

times demand is a positive character, clean cut and pronounced. We are told by John Morley in his great biography that the "active hatred of cruelty, injustice and oppression is perhaps the main difference between a good man and a bad one, and that here Mr. Gladstone was sublime."

TRUE POPULARITY

That man is on a fair way to genuine popularity who does not put himself in the way of other men's success, but who seeks to identify himself in every proper and legitimate fashion with the good name and highest prosperity of every true citizen. When a community finally comes to the conclusion that the objects and motives of a man are clean, pure, high, unselfish and generous, they weave a garland for his brow and crown him with the diadem of "popularity." One reason which William Cullen Bryant gives for the good opinion of his contemporaries is "that as a general rule, I have been in no man's way. I have not been a competitor with any man for office or honor, and the feeling of animosity which is awakened by rivalry has had no occasion to manifest itself."

THOUGHT FORCE

I believe that the brain's electricity which we call "thought force" is given in about an equal measure to every child of Adam, but some think while others do not. It is a simple question of the application of thought energy. The man who stays with his subject long enough will think his way through. One man may be swifter in his mental operations than another, but all men possess the same scope of intellectual possibility. He who thinks and waits for thought will not be disappointed. This is the experience of every successful inventor: "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." James Watt wrote (April, 1765) to a friend: "My whole thoughts are bent on this machine. I can think of nothing else."

TOILS OF GENIUS

All great achievement is the result of hard work. Inspirations come suddenly to men who have prepared themselves for sudden inspiration. But an inspiration is only "a diamond in the rough." An inspiration is like a flash of light in a dark road on a dark night. The flash of light simply reveals the way. Inspirations come in a moment, but the realization of our vision, dream, or revelation may call for months of toil, labor and struggle. A penman of the Encyclopedia of Biography affirms: "Seven years the poet is said to have expended in the composition of the Georgics, and they could all be printed in about seven columns of an ordinary newspaper. Tradition reports that he was in the habit of composing a few lines in the morning, and spending the rest of the day in polishing them. Campbell used to say that if a poet made one good line a week, he did very well; but Moore thought that if a poet did his duty he could get a line done every day. Virgil seems to have accomplished about four lines a week; but then they have lasted eighteen hundred years, and will last eighteen hundred years more."

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

No Sunday means no church. No church means no religion. No religion means no morality. No morality means that the foundations of society are no longer secure and that our civilization must take its place with the civilizations of Nineveh, Babylon, Rome and Greece. Therefore a patriotic man, whether a churchman or not, will stand firmly for the observance of the Sabbath. The Christian Evangelist notes that "when General Grant was in Paris, the President of the Republic invited him to attend the Sunday races. He knew that to refuse such an invitation from the President of France would be considered especially discourteous by the French people, and yet he politely declined the invitation, saying, 'It is not in accord with the custom of my country, or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way. I will go to the House of God.'"

ATTENTION AND MEMORY

Certain folks, in an apologizing mood, assert: "I have an exceedingly poor memory." But most men have a very good memory for the things which they wish to remember. The farmer remembers how many hogs there are in the pen. The practical politician can tell you how many doubtful votes there are in his district. The dry goods clerk can find one article out of a thousand when a customer asks for it. Memory — a good memory — is the result of a certain kind of mental concentration which we call "attention." We all remember the

things which we care to remember: Professor Hackett says that Dr. O. W. Holmes, when an Andover student, riveted his eye on the book he studied as though he were reading a will that made him the heir of a million.

PERSISTENCE

The world always makes room for the men and the things which persist. Running water wears smooth the rock. Repeated hammering finally breaks the boulder. We even get tired of the constant appeals of the person whom we almost dislike; and to satisfy them, or to save ourselves future annoyance, we agree to subscribe, or join, or contribute, as the case may be. What can you do with a persistent man but simply permit him to persist, and that—in the last analysis—means his triumph and success. All great men have possessed the gift of persistence: Cromwell said that it was his aim not only to strike while the iron was hot, but to "make the iron hot by striking!"

ONE MAN POWER

The secret of every great success is hid in the soul of man. Every noble work pivots on some one individual. Wherever you find a great demonstration of an idea, theory or suggestion, there you will find the concentration of all the powers of a consecrated soul. The "faithful few" in church, society and state is inspired to its faithfulness by the divine persistence of one person who refuses, absolutely, under any combination of circumstances, to relinquish, for one moment, in the discharge of recognized duties and responsibilities. There is a great truth in the following splendid paragraph by Ralph Waldo Emerson: "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called 'the height of Rome'; and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons."

MARRIAGE

Get a bright, cheerful woman for your wife. Not one of the whining sort. God knows it is hard enough to fight life's conflicts without having somebody at your side who shies at every shadow and whimpers every time the milk can topples over. Nine-tenths of the women who are sick, nervous and worried have beautiful homes, well spread tables, loving husbands and money to spare. Young man, seek for the cheerful woman and pray that she may be kept cheerful. A plain-spoken preacher says: "I know a man who through misfortune lost his wealth. He was overwhelmed. He said to himself: 'I am ruined. I wish I could die—my insurance would help her.' He saw only the worst. He pictured himself as an outcast. 'Poverty talks,' he said, 'but nobody cares to hear what it has to say.' When the truth was finally made known to his wife he expected her to faint dead away. Instead there was a look of devotion and fine womanliness in her countenance, and she said: 'Martin, listen to me a moment. We had nothing when we began. Do you remember how happy we were? We are just where we started. If you think my happiness depends on these things you do not know me. If you don't mind, I don't care a cent. We can always get food and raiment. What more do we need?'"

YOUR FATHER

We hear a good deal, these days, about the beautiful mothers of the present and the past. And not a word too much has been said on "Mothers' Day" about the real "head" and shoulders of the home. God bless our mothers! But should we not have a "Fathers' Day?" Are there not ten thousand noble men within the sound of our belfry chimes who are worthy of all true praise and applause? Let us not forget the noble words of Thomas Carlyle: "It seems very strange as I look back over it all—so far away—and the faces that grew aged, and then vanished. A greater debt I owe to my father than he lived long enough to have fully paid to him. He was a very thoughtful and earnest kind of man, even to sternness. He was fond of reading, too, particularly the reading of theology. Old John Owen, of the seventeenth century, was his favorite author. He could not tolerate anything fictitious in books, and sternly forbade us to spend our time over the 'Arabian Nights' — 'Those down-right lies,' he called them. He was grimly religious. I remember his going into the kitchen, where some servants were dancing, and reminding them very emphatically that they were dancing on the verge of a place which no politeness ever prevented his mentioning on fit occasion. He himself walked as a man in the full presence of heaven and hell and the day of judgment."

We All Know 'Em

There is a man in our town, his like is hardly known,
He never drinks nor smokes nor swears,
and always stays at home,
He never chews nor lies nor fibs nor
does a thing that's wrong,
That's why I write this little verse, to
remember him in song.
He's paralyzed.

There is another man in town who also
is all right,
His wife can always tell you where
you'll find him any night.
He never flirted, praised nor fawned up-
on a maiden fair.
Won't even look at beauty, nor at
wealth of golden hair.
He's blind.

There's a man who lives on Cay-Hill
Street, won't listen to a thing,

The gossips may keep gossiping until
they make things ring,

Won't go to hear good preaching, nor
music, nor the band,

Won't cross the street if Sembrich were
singing at the "Grand."

He's deaf.

There also was a man in town who com-
bines them all above,

And went a step beyond them—wouldn't
even fall in love.

He was a model man for sure, as you
may well suspect,

Belonged to a peculiar class—just one
of the Elect.

He's dead.

Association Sale of Sheep and Swine

"At a recent meeting of the Saskatche-
wan Sheep and Swine Associations, it
was decided to hold a sale of sheep and
swine at Regina on October 29th. This
is the third annual sale of sheep held
under these auspices, and the first an-
nual sale of swine. Both pure bred and
grade females, and pure bred males will
be offered in the sheep classes, and pure
bred males and females in the swine sec-
tion. There is no entry fee for contrib-
uted animals which must be the prop-
erty of members of the respective asso-
ciations, and the management offer an
added inducement to contributors in the
shape of freight and express rates.

These sales are held with the purpose
of enabling farmers to obtain good

foundation stock within reasonable dis-
tances and at a reasonable cost.

The class of stock will consist of sheep
from fifteen to thirty months of age,
and swine from six to eighteen months
of age.

Further particulars, rules and regula-
tions, as well as entry forms, may be
obtained from the secretary, Live Stock
Associations, Department of Agriculture,
Regina.

The Sheep Breeders' Association is
also prepared to furnish farmers in the
province of Saskatchewan with grade
range ewes at cost price."

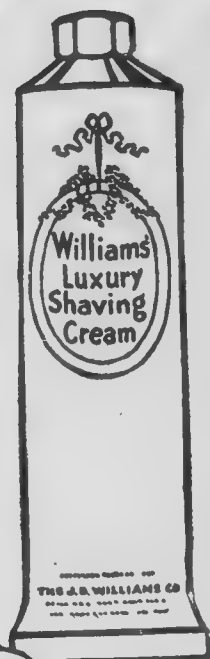
Wife—Was that a Boston girl you
were talking to a minute ago?

Bill—Yes; didn't you hear me
sneeze?

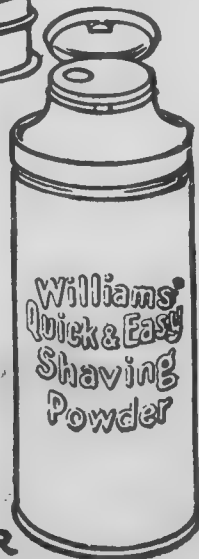
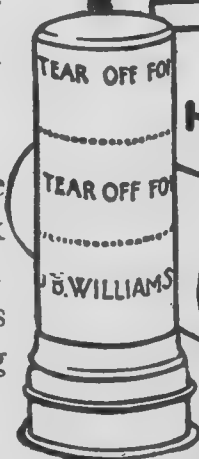
Williams

Shaving Stick

THE
CREAM



THE
HOLDER
TOP



THE POWDER

The box with its convenient hinged cover,
is worthy of Williams' Shaving Stick. No
more could be said for the container of a
soap that has typified shaving perfection
since 1840.

There are three other forms of this soap that produce the
same rich, abundant lather. The Holder Top Shaving Stick
offers a firm grip for the fingers until the last fraction is used.
The Quick and Easy Powder appeals to the man who wants
a perfect shave in the least possible time. Williams' Shaving
Cream in tubes is the last word in shaving luxury.

Special Offer

Men's Combination Package

consisting of a liberal trial sample of Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick, Shaving
Powder, Shaving Cream, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Violet Talc Powder and
Dental Cream. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

A single sample of either of the above articles sent for 4 cents in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Dept. 265 Glastonbury, Conn.

Shoal Lake

The Source of Winnipeg's Proposed Pure Soft Water Supply. Specially Written for The Western Home Monthly by Douglas L. McLean, B.Sc., C.E., Chief Engineer, Manitoba Hydrographic Survey.



THE city of Winnipeg, uniting with the surrounding municipalities to form the "Greater Winnipeg Water District," proposes to secure a much-needed pure, soft water supply from Shoal Lake, which lies some 95 miles east and some 295 feet above the city. To deliver the water from the lake to the city reservoir, it is proposed to construct a permanent concrete aqueduct which, with the other necessary works, will cost in the neighborhood of \$13,000,000. Once constructed, this aqueduct, which may be compared to a large, covered, concrete ditch or trough, will deliver a continuous supply of lake water sufficient in volume to meet all requirements for the next twenty-five years. The difference in elevation between Shoal Lake and the city provides ample grade to deliver this supply by gravity.

Shoal Lake, as stated above, lies some 95 miles east of Winnipeg and forms a portion of the Winnipeg River drainage. It has a water surface of 107 square miles, and the tributary drainage to its outlet at Ash Rapids is some 360 square miles. The major portion of the lake lies within the Province of Ontario, but a small portion of the western shore line lies within the boundary of Manitoba. It is connected to the Lake of the Woods by a narrow outlet called "Ash Rapids." The direction of flow at this point depends on the height of the water in the two lakes, as at certain season the flow is into Shoal Lake from the Lake of the Woods and at others from Shoal Lake into the Lake of the Woods. While the watershed of Shoal Lake is thought by the New York experts reporting to the city to be sufficient in itself to supply all the water required for the next twenty-five years — and this appears to be further substantiated by recent measurements taken at the outlets of the Lake of the Woods by the engineers of the Manitoba hydrographic survey—yet this factor is not important, due to the connection of Shoal Lake with the large water area of the Lake of the Woods backed, as it were, by some 25,000 square miles of watershed. This makes the water supply available practically inexhaustible.

Shoal Lake is well worth a visit, not only because of its importance as the source of this much-needed pure, soft water supply, but also because of the natural, rugged beauty of its shores and the picturesqueness of its numerous wooded rocky islands. A trip much enjoyed was made by the writer early in September in connection with work relating to the regulation of the Lake



of the Woods and the effect of such on the water powers of the Winnipeg River.

By leaving Kenora in a launch, a run of twenty-two miles across the Lake of the Woods brings one to the outlet of Shoal Lake from Lock Lake. Passing through these narrows or outlet into Lock Lake, one will notice rocks piled to make a clear channel-way, and if a close enough examination be made, it will be found that the rocks are highly mineralized, a reminder that a few years ago prospectors swarmed over the Shoal Lake district and that a number of gold mines were opened up and operated in the region. Coming across Lock Lake, Ash Rapids are reached. Here between rocky banks a narrow channel connects the waters of Shoal Lake to those of the Lake of the Woods. At this point remains of a substantial wharf and pier are still in evidence. The timbers of the rock-ballasted cribs show signs of fire which are said to have destroyed the old stopping place or half-way house. The clear water channel connecting the two lakes was at the time of visit some thirty feet wide and about five feet deep. The flow was into the Lake of the Woods, and at that time Shoal Lake was discharging some two hundred cubic feet per second.

Fishing appeared to be good at these narrows and some wonderful tales are told of catches here.

Passing on through into the labyrinth and Shoal Lake Narrows, one is impressed with the rugged wildness of the shores and with the rocky hummocky islands. Unless one were familiar with the district it would be impossible to decide whether they were in the Lake of the Woods or in Shoal Lake, as the appearance of the shores and islands is exactly similar to that of those met with in the Lake of the Woods. In many places the scrub spruce, Jack-pine, birch and poplar growth form a motley setting for the regal though isolated groups of red pine.

Suddenly, as the launch goes forging along, a view of the big traverse bursts into view. It is this vast, open stretch of pitching, tossing, wind-driven water which, bounded with its dim, hazy, indistinct blue shore line, impresses one with the immensity of the lake surface. As one looks across this wide expanse of waters and remembers the rocky shore line precluding any large settlement about the lake shore, it is then perhaps that the desirability of tapping such a lake area for domestic water supply is driven home forcibly. Continuing along to the westward in the shelter of the islands, one sees a cottage, a fishing station, consisting of three shacks and a wharf, and then the abandoned Cameron Island Mine buildings. The large, red buildings, standing alone in the wilderness, give a feeling of desolation which is accentuated by the shrieking of the gulls. From opposite the Cameron Island Mine a run of over three miles brings one to the C. Jaffray Indian School at a total distance of forty miles from Kenora. This school is set on a well-wooded point which has been cleared and underbush to give space for school buildings, residence of Reverend Dodge and also to allow room for a most attractive garden. Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Kay, matron of the school, with their assistants, have much to keep them busy. The fine, large school with its well-kept grounds forms a most pleasing contrast to the rugged wildness of the other portions of the Lake. At this school the city of Winnipeg Bacteriological Department has established a laboratory for testing the waters of the lake. C. E. Aitken (analyst) and E. H. Alexander (assistant) are carrying on this work. They may tell you that in a cubic centi-





metre of water you will imbibe some 200 diatomaceae, 20 or 30 chizomycetes, 20 or 30 chlorophyceae, 50 or 60 cyanophyceae, 1 or 2 protozoa, 2 or 3 rotifera, perhaps 1 or 2 crustaceae, also a few unidentified forms of organisms. Such organisms have much more dreaded names than they have effect on the water as all lake waters contain such microscopic organisms in varying numbers. This work, however, is really an index of the exhaustive nature of the detail being gathered relative to this water supply and shows that every precaution has been and is still being made to secure all data that bears on the question.

Getting away from the technical or bacteriological viewpoint with respect to the water, one finds it a very soft, fairly palatable water, similar to that of the Lake of the Woods. After using the present Winnipeg water one notices the ease with which washing can be carried out and also that it takes much less soap to do the same amount of work.

The Indian school, being only some few miles from the point at which the proposed intake will be built, one becomes anxious to push on. So, leaving the school behind, a course is struck north to reach the entrance to Indian Bay. From this point on a westerly course is held. Passing into Indian Bay, between the islands, one sees a number of Indian camps and shacks. The tepees, the round bark houses, the papooses hung on their cradle boards, the wolf-like dogs, the round squaw carrying up water while her lazy lord sits and smokes, go to make this portion of the trip interesting.

Soon these are left behind and the end of the bay is reached; and here is found the marshy and reedy outlet of the Falcon River. In order to keep any of this muskeg or marshy water from contaminating the pure water of the lake, a channel is to be built to divert the flow of the Falcon River into Snowshoe Bay, so that by the time it circulates into Indian Bay again it will become purified by the natural agencies of the sun, wind, air, etc.

After one has taken this trip they will most likely feel that the name Shoal Lake does not aptly describe this magnificent reservoir. "Rock Lake" would be more significant and would give a better idea of the shore line, islands and tributary drainage.

Comparison is also likely to be drawn with the works of other cities along similar lines. A water supply bringing its water a distance comparable to the Winnipeg supply is that brought by New York City from their Catskill water supply. The writer had the



opportunity two years ago to go over a considerable portion of these works while in process of construction. The water of this particular supply was to be collected in a huge, artificial reservoir known as the Ashokan Reservoir, and from this gathering ground big pipe lines, tunnels, etc., were to carry the water some ninety miles to New York City. Other artificial reservoirs were included in the scheme, and to obtain a supply of 500,000,000 gallons per day it was estimated that the city would have to make an outlay of some \$160,000,000. Compared with Winnipeg water supply project, the Catskill supply presented great engineering difficulties. The creation of a large, artificial reservoir or gathering ground for storing the water, together with providing against sources of contamination about the same, was one of the first difficulties they had to overcome. The work also included the construction of a huge masonry dam 220 feet in height, and the building of miles of concrete dykes and earthen-retaining walls. The inhabitants of the valley had to be moved; the houses of the village taken away; and, in all, some two thousand people were moved from the site. In addition to this, cemeteries had to be established at new points to take care of the ones that would be flooded when the reservoir was filled. Railways had to be re-located and public highways diverted. From this large, artificial reservoir or gathering ground a pipe line was laid to New York City and to connect with the Croton water supply. Wherever possible the gravity type of aqueduct similar to that proposed for the Winnipeg supply was used; but in many places it was impossible to make use of this type of construction, and huge, costly, steel pressure pipes cased in concrete had to be laid across the valleys, while expensive rock tunnels were driven through the mountains. One of the best known of these tunnels dives down under the Hudson River and, crossing beneath, carries the Catskill water across to the aqueduct along Storm Mountain. There were many other details which presented engineering problems and, compared with this work the Winnipeg aqueduct does not present any great construction difficulty. Other water supplies might be also compared to Winnipeg's proposal for tapping the Shoal Lake supply and each comparison would further impress one with the very many desirable features of the Shoal Lake supply, but the greatest advantage is one appreciated by all, viz. — the fact that by this water supply pure, soft water will be obtained, and this in quantities sufficient for every purpose.



THE PHILOSOPHER

CANADIANIZE THE FOREIGN-BORN

There is no more pressing duty which our country claims from every true Canadian than the duty of doing his part in the work of Canadianizing our foreign-born people. The way to secure this effectively is to have a strong public sentiment insisting on it. And in strengthening that public sentiment each of us can help, and so do good service to Canada. Upon our Dominion authorities, our Provincial authorities, and various local agencies, religious, educational and otherwise, rests a great responsibility in this connection. Our new citizens of foreign origin will be what Canada makes them. They can be educated to a high standard of citizenship. We Canadians whose mother tongue is English are not perfect ourselves, by any means. And in doing our duty in the matter of Canadianizing the newcomers of foreign origin, whose mother tongues are foreign, we may be able to make ourselves the better Canadians, raising our own standard of citizenship higher.

TEACHER

It is important that parents should realize the actual necessity and practical value that underlie the co-operation between parent and teacher that is based on acquaintance. The teacher has important work to do—there is no work in the world that is more important. And parents who understand rightly the importance of that work do not say: "We pay the teacher to teach our children—we do our duty," and let it go at that. They visit the school, and see the teacher at work. Have you ever stopped to think that teaching involves the investment of some capital, hard work, disappointments and wakeful nights? Have you ever tried to "think yourself into skin," as George Eliot expressed it, of a tired teacher, after a trying day's work, perhaps after the visit of some angry parent, and feel the throbbing of the temples, the heaviness of the heart, the nervous tension throughout the whole body? Do not judge one teacher by another. It is with teachers as with every other class of people. Many often suffer for the indiscretion or ignorance of a few. Parents will do well to go to the teacher of their children in a mood of sympathy and friendliness. In this way the school can be made to yield its fullest measure of value.

AS TO THE SIZE OF FAMILIES

The official figures of the latest census in Great Britain show a considerable increase in the number of one-child homes. In London alone there are 5,114 families with only one child in each. A controversy has arisen over the question whether the tendency thus disclosed is to the advantage or the disadvantage of the nation. On the one side it is argued that the one child has a better chance to develop into a superior human unit—though, as is within everybody's observation, this is by no means what happens in every case. On the other side it is argued that all the children in the larger family may grow up to be fine men and women. Large families are to be seen everywhere in which all the members are splendid specimens of humanity. In the homes with only one child, it sometimes happens unfortunately that the pride of the family is weak, physically or otherwise, and there is apt to be a tendency to spoil him, or her. Of course there are large families of by no means superior physique or mentality. The same can be said of the small ones. It is an absurdity to imagine that in the one child are concentrated all the good qualities that might be distributed among several. Four children of a family may be ordinary, average human individuals, and the fifth may turn out to be a genius in intellect or a person of exceptionally strong physique, or both.

THE BOY WHO HAS TOO MUCH

In looking over the newspapers that come to his desk, the Philosopher has found occasion for thought in a paragraph telling of a boy in Virginia who walked thirty miles to see a circus. He spent a day crossing the Alleghenies, a day seeing the strange, new sights, and a third day returning to his home, with his mind full of vivid and lasting impressions. Pity him? By no means. Pity rather the boy who has so many and varied pleasures and amusements that before he is out of his boyhood years his capacity for innocent enjoyment is largely exhausted and he has more worldly knowledge than is good for him. Of the two, the boy with the restricted opportunities, who walked over the Alleghenies to see a circus may well be regarded as the more fortunate.

"A LEADING PROBLEM OF CIVILIZATION."

One of the subjects very fully discussed at the recent International Medical Congress in London, England. Of that discussion the London Times said that there were never before "under one roof so various, authoritative and unanimous statements upon a leading problem of civilization." The last preceding International Medical Congress held in London was 1881, and at this year's Congress, Sir Thomas Barlow, President of the Royal College of

Physicians, who was President of the Congress of 1881 characterized as "astonishing" the progress made since 1881 in the British Army and Navy in the matter of abstinence from intoxicating liquors. He attributed it very largely to the example set by the officers. An eminent German physiological chemist spoke of the progress in temperance made in Germany, and quoted the Emperor's saying that in the next naval war the winning navy would be a "sober" one. A French bacteriologist, a recognized world authority, spoke of the poisonousness of alcohol, a physician from Copenhagen told of temperance progress in Denmark, and one from Vienna of temperance progress in Austria. But the most interesting contribution to the discussion was made by a Chinese physician, famous in his own country, who said that when a doctor in China, who had been trained in Europe or America, orders alcohol, he is likely to be ordered out of a Chinese house. He pointed out that in a few years the opium smokers in China had been reduced from more than 50 per cent. of the entire population to less than one per cent., and he wanted to know why the Western world could not do as well in respect of alcohol as China had done in respect of opium. All of which may be said to furnish its own comment upon—to repeat the phrase of the London Times—"a leading problem of civilization."

IN REGARD TO READING ALOUD

"How many daughters of men, who will faithfully practise singing with throats never made for song, could become an everlasting joy to their friends if they would apply themselves with half the zeal to the art of reading aloud?" This question, in a weekly paper, has forced itself on the Philosopher's attention. Few arts are nowadays more neglected than the art of reading aloud. Indeed, no other art is more neglected. And yet there are few arts more easily within the reach of the average thoughtful man or woman. A person may not be able to write effectively, or to speak with eloquence and fluent power of convincing, or to sing, or to draw music from an instrument. But most intelligent men and women are capable of becoming reasonably good readers for ordinary purposes. Yet how few there are who actually are able to read aloud in a satisfactory manner? Even lawyers and other public speakers, including preachers, are often far from being as good readers aloud as they should be. Not every person can become a really good reader, for there is a kind of music about reading aloud which many persons are incapable of realizing. But most persons could acquire the art of reading aloud in a manner at least acceptable and entertaining. There should be vastly more of reading aloud than there is. It is profitable for all concerned. It increases interest in what is read, provokes discussion, increases knowledge and brightens the intelligence.

AS OF OLD, SO IT IS NOW

Self-praise is a failing as ancient as any other human fault. It was practised of yore in the lands watered by the Euphrates and the Nile, and it is not unknown along the banks of the Red and the Saskatchewan. So we need not feel surprised that there has been found wrapped round the breast of an Egyptian mummy three thousand years old, a document which says

"I have done good upon earth. I have honored my mother. I loved my father. I was loved by my brothers and sisters. I was a friend to the weak. I collected corn for the poor. I gave clothes to the naked. I have not harbored injustice, nor oppressed those over whom I was master. I have not spoken evil against any. I have made sacrifices for others."

It is possible, of course, that this man may have been all he said about himself, and it is to be hoped he was, for that would mean that he was a model citizen, an ornament to humanity, a person of value in his time. It is also possible, of course, that he was not responsible for the document found wrapped round his chest. It may have been the fashion to bury such documents with prominent citizens in ancient Egypt. Possibly the document was part of the funeral requirements of the ancient Egyptian religion. But if this worthy Egyptian of long ago was responsible for the record of his virtues that has now been brought into the light of day, after more than a million sunrises and sunsets since he was laid in the tomb, it seems fair to conclude that in life he probably spent much of his time in calling his neighbors' attention to his virtues.

FASHIONS PAST AND PRESENT

The follies of fashions have been a theme for moralists and humorists since the days of the first Egyptians who wrote and pictured and built. Those ancient records found along the Nile are full of sarcasm at fashion's expense, and the prophets of Israel likewise lifted up their voices against the evil tendencies of the fashions of their times. For thousands of years there have been evil fashions at which earnest exhorters to righteousness have launched severe de-

nunciations, and there have been ridiculous fashions at which the shafts of satire have been aimed—but only to fall blunted. This is by no means the first age in which the pleadings of the preachers to the sense of self-respect or modesty of those appareled in the extreme mode have been in vain. Shielded and serene in the consciousness that they are in the mode, the devotees of fashion walk unheeding on their way. The delightfully funny thing about those who are dressed in the extremity of the fashion is that they never, or hardly ever, have any idea that their styles will come to be looked on as ridiculous. The beaux and belles of London in the fourteenth century strutted and minced on shoes with long points that turned up; the men's shoes had their points chained to their knees. To go back considerably less than a century, consider the crinolines that ballooned around the women during the earlier decades of Queen Victoria's reign. Looking at ancient prints showing the fashions of past generations, we laugh at them as ridiculous. But they seemed fine to their wearers. How will the extreme styles of the present day be regarded a hundred years from now?

THE YELLOW PEOPLE AND THE WHITE

That the Japanese have made it a part of their programme for the future to occupy British Columbia, is the assertion made by Mr. F. B. Vrooman, a resident of that Province, in a speech which is quoted from an article in the Fortnightly Review. "Our Province," says Mr. Vrooman, "is becoming Orientalized, and one of our important questions is whether it is to remain a British Province or become an Oriental Colony." He points out that there are three Oriental races demanding entrance—the Japanese, the Chinese, and the East Indians. Yet the Japanese, as the Fortnightly points out, refuse to allow a foreigner to own, or even work, a mine in Japan, or to engage in fisheries, and tolerates no foreign workmen other than those skilled workmen needed to teach Japanese workmen how to make goods cheaper than they can be made in white men's countries. Japan, too, is squeezing every Western interest out of Japan, Korea and Manchuria. The matter of equality of rights is the whole crux of the difficulty between Japan and the white men's countries washed by the Pacific. Japan's complaint is, in reality, that discrimination is exercised against immigrants of Japanese nationality. Japan objects to restrictions being set up against Japanese, from which Europeans are exempt. In short, Japan insists that she shall rank with white nations, and that whatever is granted to them must be granted to her, and that any ban against her must be made a ban against them likewise. She points out that in excluding all foreigners from landholding and from working in Japan, she is not only within her national rights, but is making no discrimination between one white nation and another. That the problem, as it presents itself on the Pacific coast of this continent, is a serious one, is not to be denied. The Canadians of the coast hold the same strong feelings and convictions in this regard as their cousins over the border in California; both are as determined as the Australians are to keep their country a white man's land. The Hindoos, of whom a great inflow is now threatened, are no more welcome than the Japanese. The fact that the Hindoos are British subjects, some of whom have served in the British uniform, makes them, rightly or wrongly, no more welcome in British Columbia than if they came from a country not alone foreign but hostile. What is to be the outcome?

ANCIENT AND MODERN VAMPIRES

Not so long ago in a Russian village several members of a large family died within a few weeks. The survivors, believing that the head of the family who was the first to die, had returned as a vampire and was preying upon his relatives, disinterred his body, cut off the head and drove a stake through the chest, by way of preventing his further activity. Strange reading, surely, in these days. Yet it is natural enough that primitive, ignorant people should imagine a supernatural agency of malignity to account for catastrophes otherwise unexplainable. The real vampires that take the lives of human beings in civilized, as well as primitive, communities, we know to be certain well defined diseases—the tuberculosis vampire, the cancer vampire, and others. All these take their toll of humanity, and against them the forces of science and humanity are waging a conflict of ever-increasing effectiveness. We have the advantage over the ignorant Russian peasants that we know our enemies. Especially in the case of the warfare against tuberculosis has there been widespread dissemination of the knowledge of how to carry that warfare on. But it must not be forgotten that many of our people are still ignorant of the cause and prevention of this and other fatal diseases—as ignorant, almost, as the Russian peasant who exorcises vampires with garlic shoots, garlic being a herb reputed a sovereign remedy against vampires' visits.

Heart to Heart

This is not written for offence, or from a desire to display superior knowledge; it is written in defence of the tired, busy house-mother, who tries to be economical.

Don't make new garments out of half-worn articles! It is the "falsest of false economy!" Old skirts, coats, cloaks, and even men's light-weight clothing, can be turned, washed, re-dyed, if necessary, and fashioned over into something that pays; but cotton, flannelette, and such like, never can. In the first place, no one wants to discard clothing half worn, and when worn too much the remains are only fit for dust-cloths, lamp-cleaners, etc., etc. Seriously speaking, do not do anything that is not worth while. Spend the time in a nap of sleep, or just sit still and don't even think. Our thoughts tire us often far more than the work we do. We worry, plan and scheme, in our minds, until our brains are a scrapheap. Take a minute or two off, and do or think of something entirely outside your rutted track. A peep into a book, a bit of verse, a joke or witty story (and the magazines are not half funny enough sometimes), or some interesting article, that will send your thoughts flying in new spaces. Open your kitchen door, and breathe deep. You can always see something interesting there too, if you look for it, no matter where you live, especially at night, look up to the quiet stars, and draw new strength from their glory. From my kitchen door after dark, between and over the roofs of some low buildings, I can see the winking flash of Flint Island Lighthouse reflected against the sky. Wink, wink, wink, like some great eye watching our little petty earthly vexations. By the way, have you not often tried some new recipe or "household hint," and had just awful results? The other wash day I put a bit of "lemon peel," warranted to "give clothes a beautiful white appearance" in the tin where I boil my pocket-handkerchiefs. I suppose I should have peeled the yellow rind off first; but, anyhow, the directions did not say, so I popped a generous portion in, and they were a beautiful shade—all right—of "yellow!" I learned my lesson though! That was "a frost on the lemons" sure—for me! I have tried "blueing" in the clothes boiler, with fairly good results. Not too much of it, or the results will be as disastrous as my trial of the "lemon-peel." But clothes do get such a color in winter! What with freezing, half drying, hard water, and short days. I would welcome any hints or helps in that line. I use a lot of household borax—that is a good friend when you have to wash in hard water.

Washing handkerchiefs is a disagreeable task, so I soak them well and boil them in an old biscuit tin by themselves, with some good washing powder, then rinse well and blue, and one feature of wash day is made easier. Every house-keeper should have a washing machine. It pays! The "goddess of the kitchen" deserves every convenience that can be properly afforded. It pays—in health, strength, nerves and longevity, and gives more time for relaxation and mental refreshment.

A Vesper Prayer

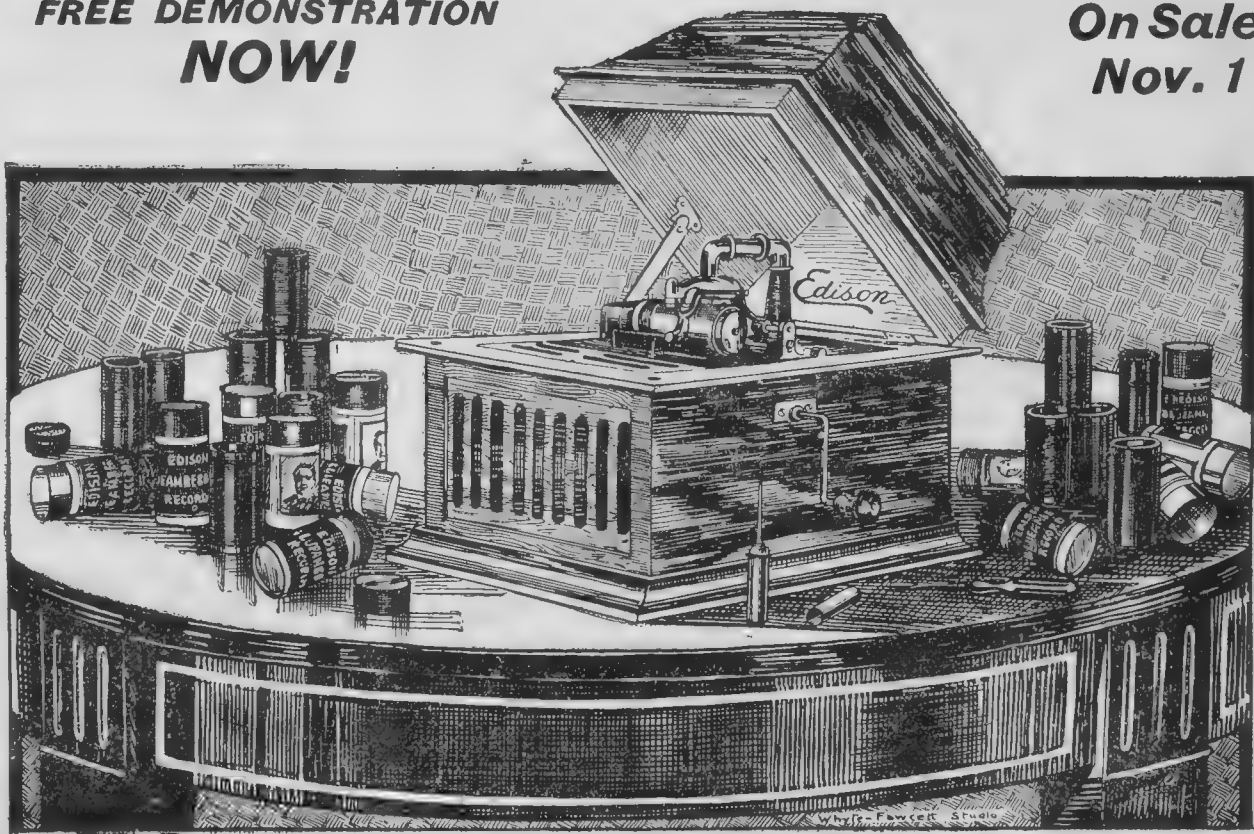
(By Minnie Leona Upton.)

The day Thou gavest me
Has now returned to Thee
Bearing the deeds with which I filled
each hour.
Lord of our deeds and days,
I ask Thee not for raise—
I pray for peace!
So much I meant to do,
When the bright day was new,
So many hearts I longed to help and
heal,
Now as the splendors die
From out the vesper sky,
I humbly kneel.
Give me the power to feel
For hearts that I would heal.
Give me the power to see with sight
like Thine;
But most of all, give me
The power to love like Thee,
O Love Divine!

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We cannot sell this new Cabinet Phonograph Outfit till Nov. 1st, 1913, but we can and will give you a

Free Demonstration in Your Home

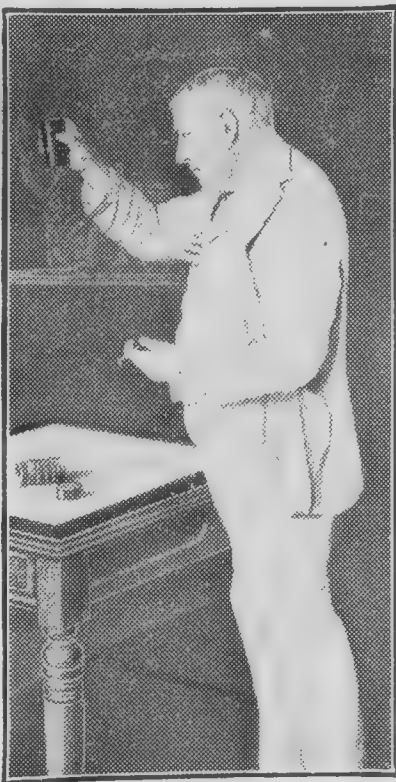
Mr. Edison has here produced a Phonograph the Superior of any Machine at Any Price heretofore shown but we are authorized, on the first few thousand Outfits, to quote a price so ridiculously low as to be almost unbelievable, lower than any cabinet ever shown, even lower than the Horn Machines, whose place they are taking.

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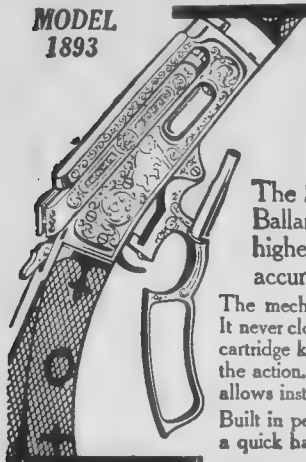
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind.

I was very sorry that constant travelling prevented my writing anything for the September number of *The Western Home Monthly*. I am not so vain as to think that readers of the Monthly cannot live without my

A Word column, but I always of Apology. feel sorry when anything prevents my talking to

my readers. In my journeys, which covered practically the whole of the three western provinces, I ran across a number of readers of the Monthly, and all of them were good enough to say kind things about the *Woman's Quiet Hour*. It was cheering to know that it had been helpful to anyone. I came back from my trip, which included 1500 miles of driving and motoring, with an even greater respect than I had before, for the courage and pluck of the women of the West. 1913 has not been an easy year. Money has been very tight, and when money is tight, it is the woman in the home who feels it more keenly than anyone else, and yet I did not

Co. and I would strongly recommend it to anyone who wants to add a really valuable book to their home library. We have no land in Western Canada that corresponds to such land as is described in this book, but we have situations which require almost equal courage and perseverance and I am sure that this story will appeal strongly to Western women.

* * * * *

During September, Winnipeg was favored with the Dominion gathering of Associated Charities and Corrections. I was very busy and unfortunately unable to attend the sessions with any regularity, in fact I only

Charities heard one address and Corrections: quite through, but that address was given

by Superintendent Finlay of the Prison Farm at Toronto, and it rejoiced me to find that he was doing what has always seemed to me the most sound and reasonable thing to do, namely he



Namakan Lake. Rainy River district. This lake has many beaches in length, of beautiful yellow sand, which will some day be pressed by the pattering feet of thousands of tourist and holiday makers from Western Canada and Central States. On line Canadian Northern Railway.

find a woman who was bitter, or even critical. Many of them have faced the most trying situations with a splendid courage that might put many of those in more favored circumstances to the blush. I only hope that through this coming winter I may find from month to month something of cheer and courage to say to the women who are doing so great a work for our country. I met with a number of cases which very strongly bore in upon me the need of the dower law or some form of protection whereby a woman can guard herself from having her home sold, not because her husband is dissipated or unkind, but because he is bitten with the bug of "more and cheaper land" in a new district. Not a few of the men and women who left comfortable homes in Manitoba a few years ago on this quest of more and cheaper land in Saskatchewan and Alberta have bitterly rued it. Had the women had some power over the sale of the old homestead, it would never have been done. I hope I do not harp upon this string too often, but it is impossible to go about the country and see the burdens which are thrust upon women in homes, without being profoundly impressed with the need of their being more amply protected as to matters financial than they are at the present time.

While I was on the road I bought one day Sarah Comstock's book—"The Soddy" and was tremendously impressed by it. It is a story of The Soddy, the struggle to redeem the arid lands of the United States, and is possibly one of the finest tributes to the courage and fortitude of women that has ever been written. It is issued by the Doubleday Page

was making his prisoners work for wages, and taking the money earned by them and supporting their families while they were serving terms in prison. I know that the labor unions object to this but I cannot see that they bring forward any really substantial argument against it. When men or women commit crimes, it is necessary for the good of society that they be punished for them, but there is no valid reason that I can see why their families and society should be punished also. The families are punished by being deprived of one who should be the breadwinner, and society is punished because it must support the family while the man is serving his term. This has always seemed to me absolutely without reason. Mr. Finlay frankly admitted that he had no legal authority for what he was doing but he was doing it and it was a success. There are many men in our pris-

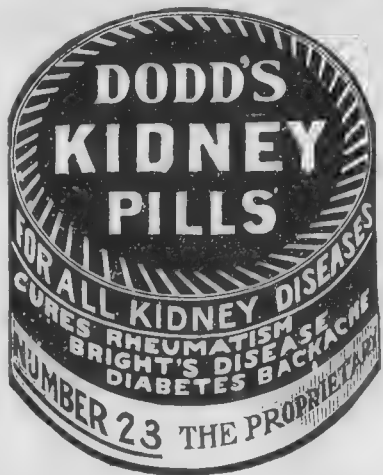
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"The wonderful power of Personal Influence, Magnetism, Fascination, Mind Control, call it what you will, can surely be acquired by everyone no matter how unattractive or unsuccessful," says Mr. Elmer Elsworth Knowles, author of the new book entitled: "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of the Eastern Yogis, and describes a simple though effective system of controlling the thoughts and acts of others; how one may gain the love and friendship of those who might otherwise remain indifferent; how to quickly and accurately judge the character and disposition of an individual; how to cure the most obstinate diseases and habits without drugs or medicines; even the complex subject of projecting thoughts (telepathy) is explained. Miss Josephine Davis, the popular stage favorite, whose portrait appears above, declares that Prof. Knowles' book opens the door to success, health, and happiness to every mortal, no matter what his or her position in life. She believes that Prof. Knowles has discovered principles which, if universally adopted, will revolutionize the mental status of the human race.



The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world, and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of the 100,000 copies is being conducted by a large London institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. No money need be sent, but those who wish to do so may enclose 5 cents (stamps of your own country) to cover postage, etc. All requests for the free book should be addressed to: National Institute of Sciences, Free Distribution Dept. 838 D., No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E., England. Simply say you would like a copy of "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces," and mention The Western Home Monthly.

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ons in the West who are serving sentences for drunkenness, theft and minor offences who are constitutionally lazy, in fact, that has been their undoing. They are sentenced to hard labor and are made to do it. Then why should not that hard labor produce an income which will go to the support of their wife and children. Mr. Finlay said that a number of men were farmed out to do work, one as a carpenter, another as a blacksmith, and so on. They were under sentence and came to the prison farm every night. He collected their wages which they earned, and saw that their families received them. after a suitable deduction for the cost of the men's food. In connection with these cases he told us that the fact that they were doing good work and furnishing money for their families had been a wholesome element in the regeneration of these men, and that they seldom came back to the prison farm for a second term, and quite a number of them had continued to hold the jobs which they had worked at while they were still prisoners.

It is a great thing for Winnipeg that it has come to be recognized as a Convention city. The gathering together of bodies of men and women who are enthusiasts along the line of social service work particularly, stirs the life of

expressed, but there is something in it. I am sure, just as there is something in the man or woman who makes a beautiful garden in a district where heretofore gardens have not been made. It is not necessary for the owner of the garden to give away all the results of his or her labor. The very fact that the garden is there will stimulate others to do likewise. Miss Neufeldt was very earnest in her plea that those who took up the work of social service in any form should be trained. She pointed out that no one would want a doctor who was untrained, and yet the work of social service was to heal the body politic of diseases far greater and more difficult to cope with than the individual human body could ever suffer, and why should the man or woman who undertakes this work dream that they can accomplish it without adequate training. I think this is a very strong point. For example, why profess as Christians to believe that the teaching of the children in the Sunday school is more important to their welfare here and hereafter than the teaching of them in the public schools, yet teachers without the slightest training are not only accepted



Jean Lake. The gem lake of the Quetico reserve. The forest surrounding the lake is in its primeval condition. Forest fires not having scarred the beautiful slopes.

the community when they come to it. In Winnipeg, not perhaps wholly as an outcome of this convention, but partly so, the Dominion Social Service League has been formed, with the Rev. J. S. Woodsworth as its secretary, and the lines on which it proposes to work cannot help but be beneficial, especially in looking after the enormous number of non-English speaking immigrants that are continuously coming to our Canadian shores.

One of the most interesting personalities among the speakers was Miss Neufeldt of Toronto. She is by birth a Russian Jew, but has been interested in social service work and has a settlement of her own in Toronto, though by the way, she objects to the term "Settlement." In some ways I sympathise with her outlook. She objects to the large building which usually goes to make up a settlement house on the ground that it is not teaching the people to make the best of what they already have. Her idea seems to be to have a common meeting place. She thinks that the public schools should be largely utilized for this purpose, and that these should be free to all people in the neighborhood. Various lines of educational and social work could be carried on at these school houses, and there would be nothing of

Miss Neufeldt, the pauperising element: in fact, to reduce it to plain English, the work of Miss Neufeldt's settlement is to create an atmosphere which will at once encourage and stimulate the poor people in the neighborhood to better things. I am afraid that this is a little vaguely

in Sunday schools, but untrained people are constantly urged to take up this work. Young men and young women are set to teach classes in a Sunday school that no one would dream of entrusting with a class in a day school. In this particular, the Christian Church has been far from consistent.

I think my readers this month will be pleased to have a picture of Lillian Laurie, Mrs. A. Vernon Thomas. This is the best and most characteristic picture I have ever seen.

Lillian Laurie. is taken in her own cosy home at 45 Arlington Street, and she is sitting at the table at which she has written many of the articles and stories which have endeared her to Western readers. She is making rapid progress as a writer of stories for the American magazines. I would that Canadian magazine owners could see their way to pay such prices as would enable our Canadian writers to keep their wares at home where they would be more easily available for our own people. At the present time it does not pay to write for Canadian magazines, and anyone who wishes to make an income from their pen must necessarily send their best efforts to our friends across the line.

I know that every reader of the Quiet Hour will rejoice with Pearl Pearl Richmond in the post-session of a dear little daughter, born to her on September 18th. Her other little girl is between five and six years old.

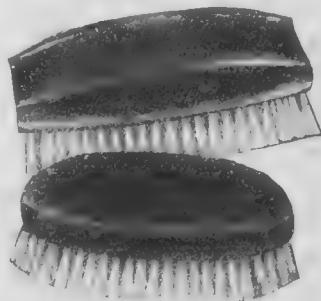
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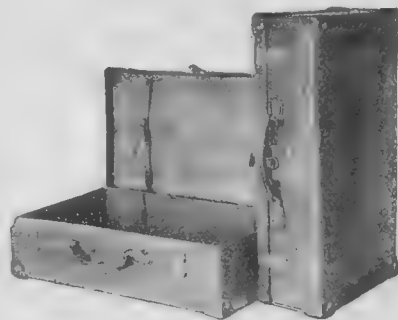
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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

True of All Western Cities and Towns

The stork was much busier than the old man with the scythe in Calgary last month. "Advance Calgary!"—Calgary News-Telegram.

The Growth of Port Arthur

In three years Port Arthur has increased its school population by seventy-five per cent. Let's take a census right now.—Port Arthur News.

Comic Opera Proceedings at Peking

China's Republican Government seems to furnish material for another comic opera conceived in the spirit of "The Mikado."—Vancouver Province.

A Word Ever In Season

Be kind to the immigrant and helpful wherever possible. His brawn and brain are aiding mightily in making Canada a nation.—Saskatoon Phoenix

No Stretch To It

The washable banknote has arrived, but the variety which will stretch as far as you want it still remains an unrealized ideal.—Lethbridge Herald.

Roosevelt Going to Brazil

Col. Roosevelt is going to Brazil and everything in the jungles that would rather not adorn a glass case in a famous institution should flee upstream.—Minneapolis Journal.

The "American" Language

There are a great many ways of speaking the English language and the latest proof of this is a sign to be seen in London over a store—"American spoken here."—Kingston Standard.

The Warfare of Political Parties

Mr. Foster found Australia torn by party wars. Canada has a few small rents of that sort herself with one Federal and nine Provincial arenas in which war may be waged.—London Advertiser.

Sir William Speaks to the Point

Sir William Whyte says we have been going ahead too fast; but that of the essential stability of Canada there is not a shadow of doubt. That is a good statement of the case. The remedy is to produce more and speculate less.—Toronto Globe

Another German Dirigible Disposed Of

The loss of another German dirigible calls attention to the futility of the efforts made of late to tabulate the aerial strength of the various European nations. There might almost as well be a census of soap bubbles.—New York Tribune.

Imaginary Peaks in the Rockies

Mounts Brown and Hooker are again shown to be non-existent. These imaginary peaks of the Rockies have long since been classed with the mountains of the moon, whose melting snows were supposed to cause the regular floods of the Nile, now known to come from tropical rains.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

Farmers From the States

A trainload of United States farmers having a total of three million dollars, has arrived in Winnipeg for settlement in the West. The United States is getting to be quite a handy little adjunct to Canada.—Montreal Herald.

Safeguarding a Name

The city commission of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is having the name of the town copyrighted so that no other place can steal it. The precaution seems to be unnecessary. Tulsa is not a name to rush after, such as Medicine Hat, Rat Portage, and the like.—Medicine Hat Call.

Disrespect to a Bust of the Kaiser

It may be high treason for a dissatisfied subject to turn the bust of an Emperor so that its face is against the wall, but it seems to be high folly for a Government to jail the offender. The punishment creates sympathy for the punished in such a case.—Montreal Telegraph.

Anglo-Saxon "Folly"

Four Armenians sat in a Manchester park the other day watching the bowling-green, says the "Manchester Guardian." Their calm faces betrayed no curiosity. But when some one paused by them to watch the game, the oldest Armenian rose and put a polite question: "Sir, please do they pay money to do that?" "Yes, they pay money." A flash of amazement passed over the Armenian faces. One could see that, for the first time, they realized the folly of the Anglo-Saxon race.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Millionaire Mother Goose Affair

At the Mother Goose ball given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish at Newport, R.I., the guests wore jewellery valued at \$12,000,000, according to the reports in the newspapers. To guard this accumulation of showy wealth the grounds were surrounded by a cordon of police, while scores of detectives scanned the people coming and going. Firemen also were stationed about the place. The event thus proved itself to be an entertainment of the fairy tale type in name only. In the nursery books the good fairies do the work of the policemen.—Duluth Herald.

"Uneasy Lies the Head"

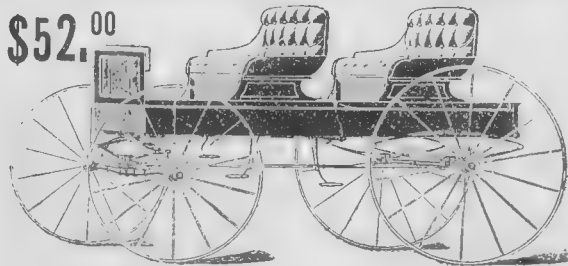
A German princeling is reported to have been "nominated" to the throne of Albania. "Uneasy lies the head," etc., and it is difficult to imagine a man more uneasy positioned than the leadership of a people whose chief occupation, at any rate whose chief interest, lies in murderous feuds. Imagine the Highlands of Scotland as they were in the middle ages, with the McIntoshes and Camerons ever at war, and other clans or party of clans following suit. Imagine the introduction into this hurly-burly of warring religions, not two but three, all bitterly opposed to each other. Imagine, further, that two foreign nations are perpetually intriguing among these distraught Highlanders trying to win clans over to their respective sides. There you have the condition of Albania at the present moment, with this additional complication—that those who have been included in the territory of Montenegro, Serbia, and Greece will be perpetually kicking against the pricks.—London Evening Standard.

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Body—Swell sides, concave risers, bent spindle seat, steel corners. **Gear**—15-16 inch, fifth wheel. **Wheels**—7-8 inch, screwed rims, 39 inch front, 43 inch rear, Sarven patent. **Painting**—Body and seat black, gear carmine or green. **Trimming**—Genuine leather full length rubber mat and storm apron. **B130**—Complete with shafts, special.....

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The regular price would be fully \$40 to \$60 more than is quoted here. End of season is the reason we are offering at these extraordinary low prices as we do not want to carry this stock over until next spring. We have only a limited number at these prices and as these vehicles will be 20 to 30 per cent higher next year it certainly will pay you to purchase now. Don't wait until they have all gone and then wish you had purchased one.

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Nobody could be any fairer than this, we want to have the opportunity of placing a MONARCH RANGE in your home because we are sure we can save you considerable money. Remember, you purchase direct at factory prices and this means \$10.00 to \$35.00 saved on a range when purchased from us.

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Fire box has three sections, back extra heavy, extended pouch for burning wood, heavy Duplex grates, and has a long front damper, which gives ventilation to entire fire box ensuring a bright burning fire and a perfect baking oven. The High Closet is right up-to-date, has nickel towel rail, two sides shelved, check draft damper in pipe, tea shelves and full nickeled ends. The Reservoir is built on the contact principle now being adopted by all the reliable makers of high grade ranges. Is made of copper and will heat water to boiling point in a short time. Many other points of superiority fully described in Our Big Catalog and a complete line of HEATERS and RANGES from \$4.75 to \$52.00.

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Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux, Sturgeon Creek

October is the general shipping month, for the up-to-date farmer, as the prices are excellent then, and the Winnipeg dealers really prefer to handle well-fattened stock alive, and certainly offer good prices for good birds in the spring chicken class; 15 cents per lb. alive means a nice profit to the producer.

Turkeys are worth 17 cents per lb. alive, but, of course, turkeys gain so much in weight when they can roam in the fields, after the grain is stacked or scratched around, where the threshing has been done, that it hardly pays to sell them until really cold weather comes to stop their rambles.

Of course, dealers will buy well-fattened and properly dressed chicken, crated to present a nice attractive appearance. If a shipper finds any trouble in the receipt of his birds, there are a number of reputable dealers who will be glad to take shipments and pay cash for them. I will answer any queries cheerfully in regard to the poultry market which I keep in touch with.

well-grown bird of one of the utility breeds, viz., Barred Rocks, Wyandottes, "Rhode Island Reds," or Orpingtons, are suitable for fattening as table fowl. These breeds stand our Western winters well, and are therefore ideal for the Manitoba farmer, as they will produce as many eggs in twelve months as any known breed of smaller fowl.

This I have seen tested more than once. I have seen Barred Rocks and the famous White Leghorns placed side by side, and given the same good care, and at the end of the year the Rocks scored for the better laying, careful record being kept.

There is a great deal in keeping a good egg-laying strain of any of the utility breeds of fowl.

The time to prepare the winter quarters for laying hens and pullets is with us, and a few hours' work in cleaning, whitewashing, mending windows and patching up draughty cracks and corners may save a peck of trouble later

Classified Column

For the benefit of our subscribers and readers who wish to sell, buy, or exchange, we publish this column and hope it will prove of service. The rates are 3c per word per insertion, cash to accompany all orders. Minimum charge 50c.

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MAGIC POCKET TRICK and illustrated catalogue 6c. stamps. Magic Dept., 12-249 West 38th St., New York. T.F. 10

16 VELVET PIECES—Different colors for fancy work, postpaid 22 cents. Standard Garment Co., London, Ont. 10

25 BEAUTIFULLY COLORED postcards 10c. hundred 35c., catalog free. Awdrey, McCreery & Co., Wallaceburg, Ont. 10

FOR SALE—Chopping Mill and fuel business. Must sell on account of sickness. Profits and business good. W. H. Farringer, Kerrobert, Sask. 11

ON ACCOUNT of sickness, a 335 acre farm in Alberta must be sold below value; 3 miles from railroad \$15,000; terms. A. Mueller, Bridesville, B. C. 10

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell" and the life after death, over 400 pages. Only 25 cents postpaid. W. J. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont. 10

FOR SALE—Victoria Orchards. Dozen fine real photos, all different of orchards in bloom and in fruit, in vicinity of Victoria the Beautiful, for \$1.00. T. W. Palmer, Lake Hill P.O., Victoria, B.C. 10

A LARGE number of books, Theological, Historical and otherwise, belonging to the Estate of the late Rev. Canon French, are to be disposed of at reduced prices. Anyone wishing to purchase the same can apply to Miss A. M. French, Emsdale, Ont. An inventory of titles will be forwarded on application. 10

CAMEOS—Are again being worn by all well-dressed women. We have something entirely new; a handsome hand-inked Cameo Brooch, set with 8 finest quality brilliants; only \$1.00 postpaid; worth double. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Howard Merchandise Co., 524 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Agents wanted. 10

HELP WANTED

WANTED A BOY OR GIRL agent in every town and city. No money required. Apply to Box 3, Martins, N.B. 10

NURSES—Wanted young women to work in a training school as nurses for the insane. Address P.O. Box 117, Worcester, Mass. 12

AGENTS WANTED—To sell our Menthol Inhalers for catarrh and headache. Sell quickly, big profit. Hurth Chemical Co., Dept. B., 198 Bleeker St., Toronto, Ont. 10

LADIES WANTED—Do artistic, congenial needlework at home; make from three to five dollars per day decorating cushion tops. Armour Art Co., Dept. C, Bredalbane Block, Winnipeg. 10

EARN AT HOME AT LEAST \$50 a week. New business. No competition. Make corsets to measure; any style. Free booklet. Perfection Corset System, 7235 Rogers Building, Vancouver, B.C. 10

MEN WANTED—For Canadian Government Railway Mail; Postoffice and other positions. Excellent salaries. 3 weeks' vacation. Many appointments coming. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for full information and free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 183 Rochester, N.Y. 10

MISCELLANEOUS

STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F. 10

WOMEN MADE BEAUTIFUL by a copyrighted New Life to the Skin Method. Price 50c. Special to Western Home Monthly readers, 25c. postpaid. Address, Edw. C. Coles, Salmon Arm, B.C. T.F. 10

WE WILL PAY YOU \$120.00—to distribute religious literature in your community. Sixty days work. Experience not required. Man or woman. Opportunity for promotion. Spare time may be used. International Bible Press, 182 Spadina Ave., Toronto. 10

IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on "Heaven and Hell" and the life after death, over 400 pages. Only 25 cents postpaid. W. M. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto, Ont. 10

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR successfully removed by electrolysis. Mrs. C. M. McCarechy, Suite 5, Credit Foncier Bldg., Regina, Sask. 11

SMOKELESS GUNPOWDER—Full directions for making and using, 50c. No danger, costs 10c. lb. Cupid Chemical Works, Cupid, Okla., U.S.A. 10

WANTED—Householders to send for free sample of wonder cloth—the newest and best polishing cloth on the market. Walter Bailey, 456 Hastings St., E. Vancouver, Can. 10

HELPFUL LITERATURE FOR BIBLE study, free on application. Sec'y International Bible Students Association, 59 Alloway Avenue, Winnipeg. 10

START FOR YOURSELF and earn a big wage during the winter months. My books tell of many opportunities in business and handicraft needed in your town. C. Pederson, Elbow, Sask. 10

BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS—We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write today for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—ALL FREE. Dugdale Co., 117 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D.C. 10

TRICKS AND PUZZLES

Ours are the finest. No cheap trash sold. 25 cents brings you \$1.00 worth of tricks, apparatus, magic secrets and books. Our three catalogs included FREE. Catalogs and liberal sample, 5 cents to cover postage. Gilbert Novelty Co., 11129 Crescent St., Morgan Park Sta., Chicago, Ill. 10

FRUIT AND FARM LANDS

A BARGAIN FOR CASH—A ten-acre fruit ranch in the Okanagan Valley. L. Lake, Westbank, B.C. 12

FARMS WANTED—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property. Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn. 5-14

HOW TO MAKE AN ORCHARD in British Columbia—Send 25 cents for book written by J. T. Bealby, B.A., the prize-winning B.C. fruit grower. Full information for beginners or experienced growers. International Securities Company, Limited, 844 Somerset Building, Winnipeg, Canada. T.F. 10

CASH FOR YOUR FARM OR BUSINESS—I bring buyer and sellers together. No matter where located if you want to buy, sell or exchange any kind of property or business anywhere, write me. Established 1881. Frank P. Cleveland, 1481, Adams Express Building, Chicago, Illinois. 4-14

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

ATTEND Elliott Business College, Toronto. Canada's popular commercial school; enjoys extensive patronage; offers unexcelled advantages; graduates assisted to choice positions. Write for our magnificent catalogue. 1-14

STUDY AT HOME and fit yourself for a good position. We teach: Beginners' Course, Matriculation, Teacher's Examination, Civil Service, Chartered Accountancy, Complete Commercial Shorthand and Typewriting, Advertising, Journalism, Special English, Elementary Art, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, Electrical Course, Engineering (Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Marine, Locomotive, Automobile), Agriculture, Stock Raising, Poultry Raising. Ask for anything that interests you. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. W.H.M., Toronto, Canada. 10

WILD ANIMALS WANTED

FOXES, FOXES, FOXES—Wanted to buy live black, silver cross and red foxes; also bear cubs, mink, marten, fisher, beaver, sandhill and white cranes, and other live birds and animals. Portage Wild Animal Co., Box 223, Portage la Prairie, Man. 10

GRAIN, ETC.

MILLING OATS WANTED—Highest price paid. Send sample. No delay. Drying plant in connection. The Metcalf Milling Co. Ltd., Portage la Prairie, Man., P.O. Box 83 10

CATTLE FOR SALE

HEREFORD CATTLE AND SHETLAND PONIES—Pioneer prize herds of the West. Pony vehicles, harness, saddles. This farm and stock complete for sale. J. E. Maples, Poplar Park Farm, Hartney, Man. 10

REGISTERED YORKSHIRE SWINE—A few choice Boars and Sows—April litters—fifteen dollars each. From best strain in Canada. R. E. Bingham, Marquis, Sask. 11



A good herd on a farm near Gladstone, Man.

After some years' residence on the farm, however, where we raised a great deal of poultry, I remember how pleased we were to get a chance to sell birds alive during the busy fall season, but the prices offered a dozen years ago were very much lower than now, and didn't pay so well. The shipping facilities are better also.

Prof. Herner, of the M. A. C., has done some splendid educational work throughout the West, teaching better poultry farming. His circular, No. 15, will be sent out in response to a postcard anywhere in Manitoba, free of charge, and should be in every poultryman's hands, dealing as it does with crating and fattening chickens, the best breeds for table birds and fattening for same, killing and dressing and marketing of fowl.

This is a fattening ration highly recommended by the professor: "Two parts of finely ground oats, with hulls, sifted out, one part finely ground barley, one part finely ground wheat." This is a cheap food, as any farm produces all three grains, and the busy man who does not want to fuss will surely grind all the grains together in his crusher, when crushing oats for his horses. The mash is made into a batter by mixing butter milk. Start in by feeding each bird one ounce for a meal or two, then increase the ration, at the rate of one ounce for each four birds, until they are on full rations, which will be about 20 to 30 ounces of mash a meal for every 12 birds. Feed twice a day at regular intervals, and make them eat up clean at each feeding, allowing them 30 minutes to feed. Then remove any surplus, give charcoal once a week in trough, but water is only needed in hot weather if the crates are kept in a cool room.

Twenty-one days in the fattening crate is long enough to finish off a spring chicken. Of course, only a

on. Attention to these little details spells the difference between success and failure in winter egg production, when "below zeros" are registered.

Last season a small notch was broken in one of the hen house windows, and not pasted over early in the winter before really cold weather had set in. I noticed a fine cock had a nasty cold, and found he roosted just opposite that little notch in the window, and it took me all winter to cure him of the frog in his throat. At the 13th annual exhibition of the Headingly Agricultural Association on September 13th dressed poultry (both ducks and chickens) was quite a feature; the exhibit of birds was good, and they were well dressed and made an attractive showing, garnished with crisp parsley.

The Colonial Intelligence League, with headquarters in London, England, have started a somewhat novel undertaking in the Okanagan Valley. Miss Sykes, who is travelling throughout Canada in the interests of the League, has purchased 15 acres near Vernon, B. C., from the old Cold Stream Estate, formerly Lord Aberdeen's big ranch. A hostel is being built here, and the ground prepared for gardening, small fruits and vegetables are to be the main crops. A staff of three skilled gentlewomen, graduates of English agricultural colleges, are taking up poultry keeping, bee keeping, gardening and dairying. Next spring these ladies will be in readiness for girl students—women who are graduates of agricultural colleges at home, who wish to take "a post graduate" course in Canada in these branches before embarking their capital in individual enterprises in the West, the students doing all the manual labor themselves. The Princess Patricia Ranch is starting under happy auspices, and already many applications have been sent in by intending students.



"My Chum"

*Life, Innocence, Health
glow from my Chum's rosy
cheeks - a splendid tribute
to Palmolive's beautifying
qualities. Complexion
perfection from babyhood
throughout old age, thanks
to Pride and Palmolive.*

How Palmolive Alone Works These Cleansing and Beautifying Wonders

*Palmolive has been termed the
Different Soap.*

When we learned that Palm and Olive oils were responsible for the wondrous complexions of famous historical beauties, we sent to the far-away land of palm and olive groves for these oils. Then we learned to blend them in soap, making countless improvements and finally realizing an Ideal—a perfect soap—after 38 years of striving.

The Olive and Palm oils alone give Palmolive its delicate green hue. *It is more than mere soap.*

No other soap is so pure, so effective in cleansing and beautifying the skin. Its soothing, invigorating qualities have made Palmolive a household word in millions of homes.

Palmolive lathers freely in either hard or soft water.

Every cake is hard-milled so it wears down to wafer thinness. Thus Palmolive lasts much longer than others. Price 15c the cake.

*Send two 2-cent
stamps for sample.*

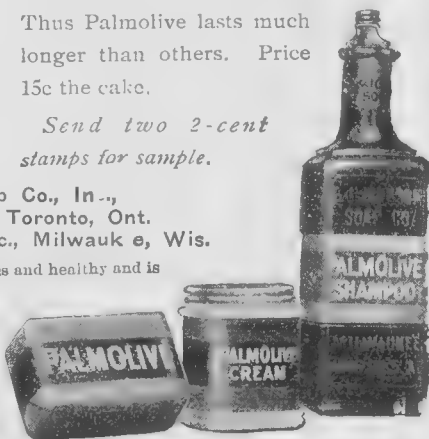
B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc.,
155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Palmolive Shampoo makes the hair lustrous and healthy and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price, 60 cents.

Palmolive Cream cleanses the pores of the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Soap. Price, 50 cents.

N. B.—If you cannot get Palmolive Cream or Shampoo of your local dealer, a full-size package of either will be mailed prepaid on receipt of price.



Woman and the Home

'On Growing Old'

Mrs. K. McQuarrie, Lower Caledonia, N.S., sends us the poem 'On Growing Old,' recently asked for:

They call it going down the hill when we are growing old;
And speak with mournful accents, when our tale is nearly told,
They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used to be.
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But is it going down? 'Tis climbing higher and higher,
Until we almost see the mountains that our souls desire:
For if the natural eye grow dim, it is but dim to earth.
While the eye of faith grows keener to discern the Saviour's worth.

Who would exchange for shooting blade the waving golden grain?
Or when the corn was fully ripe would wish it green again?
And who would wish the hoary head, found in the way of truth;
To be again encircled with the sunny locks of youth?

For though, in truth, the outward man must perish and decay,
The inward man shall be renewed by grace from day to day.
Those who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root.
Shall in their old age flourish and bring forth their chosen fruit.

It is not years that make man old; the spirit may be young,
Though fully threescore years and ten, the wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded in His blessed Word of truth.
That they who wait upon the Lord shall e'en renew their youth.

And when the eyes now dim, shall open to behold the King,
And ears now dull with age shall hear the harps of heaven ring;
And on the head now hoary shall be placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old.

The Care of the Hands

How to Keep Them Looking Young and Pretty.

The majority of women neglect their hands. They pay great attention to their faces, which attention does not always repay them with good looks, and leave the hands, which always appreciate a little care, to look after themselves. This is an absurd proceeding in the main, because an ill-kept hand is a fatally ugly accompaniment to a well-kept face. The nails are, of course, the most important feature of the hand, and require careful attention. They should be cut regularly, as their growth demands it, their shape being regulated by the shape of the fingers. It is a mistake to trim them up to a point—the proper line is one which follows the curve of the fingertip. The skin at the base of the nail must never be cut, or it will become hard. In most cases all that is necessary is to push it down with the towel or finger nail after washing.

Neglected hands can be quite easily improved. Wash them with hot water and soap, so as to remove any adhering dirt. Put a handful of oatmeal into a bowl large enough to admit both hands. Three-parts fill it with boiling water, stir well, and leave it until it is lukewarm. Soak your hands in it for five minutes, wipe them, and trim the nails. Dip the end of an orange stick (bought in little bundles at any chemist or hair-dresser) into vaseline or cold cream, and gently press down the cuticle at the base of the nail. Rub the hand over with a little lemon-juice, allow it to dry, and then rinse in lukewarm water.

The skin of the hand often presents a bad appearance. This is caused by bad circulation, and is remedied as follows:

Soak the hands in water as hot as can be borne for five minutes. Dry them rapidly, and rub thoroughly with olive oil. Then run the fingers of one hand over the back of the other, picking up and rolling the skin. This treatment, repeated several times, restores the circulation and gets rid of the skin-bound appearance which is so disfiguring.

It is very unwise to wear tight gloves or gloves with fingers shorter than those of your hand. Such gloves speedily impede the circulation, and cause the skin to become red and tough.

When sweeping, dusting, gardening, or doing any sort of rough work protect your hands by wearing gloves. This is not vanity, but merely common sense. Brittle nails is a malady from which many a gardening woman suffers. A little cold cream, vaseline, or butter just smeared on the nail and under it before work is started will prevent this condition of things.

The woman with thin, scraggy hands will find gloves worn at night a great help. Some emollient cream should be well rubbed in before the gloves, which should be very large, are put on the hands. For keeping the hands soft and white a lotion made of equal parts of lemon juice, glycerine, and spirits of camphor, rubbed into the skin whilst it is still moist from washing, is very effective.

Our Mothers

The strength of a nation lies in its mothers. The Spartans recognized this, and trained their girls to be brave, to endure hardships, to be self-sacrificing and pure, and their sons were sent out into life, strong, vigorous, chivalrous, and fearless.

Behind every invention, heroic deed, poem, or story, stands a great soul, and back of this greatness is the mother who formed the character and was the inspiration and power.

The greatest place in the world is not in kings' palaces or in beautiful temples, or where the laws of the nation are made, but in the homes of the people, where, by night and day, women tend little children and train them. Unconsciously we uncover our heads when we meet a mother with her little child. She may be young, she may be poor; she may be inexperienced, but she has power to work mysteries and perform miracles! In sickness and in health, in toil and in ease, at home and abroad, she lives for the life that is grafted upon her own, scornful of pity, conceiving of no higher honor than by and by to lean upon the arm which she has made strong by her strength, and to trust to the heart which has been made pure and true by her own purity and fidelity.

So she lives her life. "Drudgery," silly people call it, but unto her who is wise it is a holy mystery.

So she lives her life. "In a prison house," unknowing ones may say; but unto her whose eyes have been opened to see mysteries, and far into the future, it is a queen's domain.

And then one day, when the world may have forgotten her work, because it was so commonplace, she stands up and puts judges and statesmen, and inventors and poets, to shame, for she has done what they cannot do. She has given a man unto the world, to rule it, or a woman unto the world. Her ministry is above ordination. Only Christ's can compare with it—Great Thoughts.

Advantages of Economy

A large class of wives and daughters handle very little money. These women are not supposed to be needy, they are generally placed in comfortable homes, with tasteful wardrobes, bountifully spread tables, and, to the casual observer, no apparent lack in their surroundings. But the house-mother knows how many times she reckons over the household supplies to see what articles can be left unbought.

SPECIAL FALL OFFER

WEEKLY FREE PRESS and PRAIRIE

FARMER, Winnipeg - - \$1.00

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg 1.00

REGULAR Price - - \$2.00

SNAP OFFER

Both for One Year

\$1.00

This offer does not apply to those living within the City of Winnipeg limits or in the United States of America. It holds good, however, to Great Britain.

1913

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg.

Find enclosed \$1.00 for which send the Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer, Winnipeg, and The Western Home Monthly to the following address for one year.

It is little money which causes so many women to haunt the bargain counter (says the "Family Doctor.") It gives interminable shopping in the search from shop to shop to find the best article for scanty means. And these vexations are not the worst which come to her with little money. She must bear with what grace she can imputations upon her taste when she selects perforce some cheap common thing in preference to the more elegant one which a beauty-loving nature may cry out for. She must often curb with a stern hand her natural generosity of spirit, and forbear giving to the friend or cause she loves, or at most strive to content herself with a meagre, almost shabby, token.

"I never have had enough money with which to run my household comfortably. I have had to plan and contrive in order to get something out of every penny in the shilling," said one, considered a fine housewife and manager (and she was), who lived in fine style in a handsome mansion.

It brings lines all too soon to women's faces, and gives to many eyes an all too wistful expression. But it also helps to develop valuable qualities which some women would never have shown.

It sharpens invention, ingenuity, and carefulness, and like many a disagreeable thing in life, teaches patience and self-denial.

Amusing the Children

A successful indoor game for children, of from 7 to 12 years of age, is made by means of the famous barley candies, says

There are souls in bitter bondage
Beating 'gainst their prison bars;
Will you stretch a hand to lead them
To their freedom 'neath the stars?
Ears that catch no heaven-born music,
Hearts oppressed by doubts and fears,
Will you make your life an echo
Of the music of the spheres?

These are gifts no gold can purchase,
Gifts the poorest will not spurn
Words of sympathy and healing,
Love which gives without return.
Will you, with your Lord and Master,
Shield the outcast, stand alone?
Or with falsity and harshness
Cast the hard, unyielding stone?

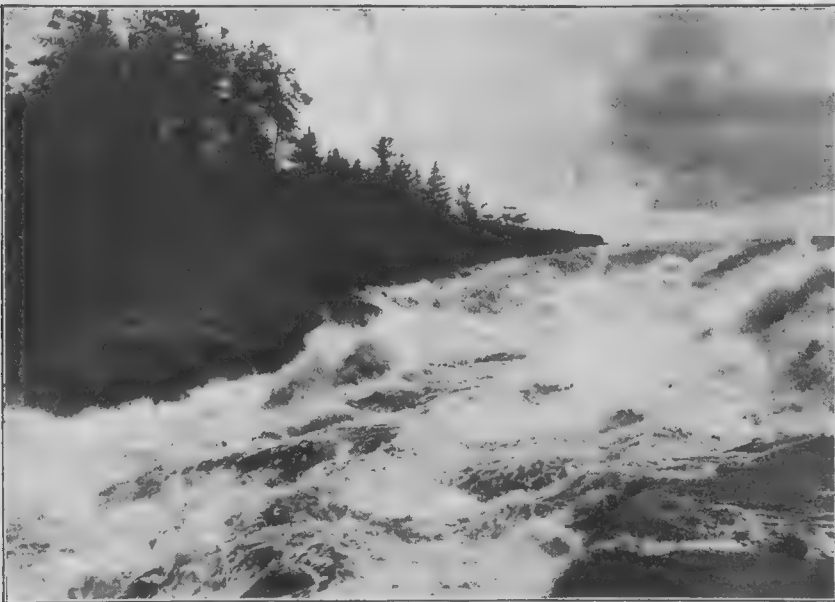
There are souls all round about you,
Drinking deep, with fevered rage,
Of the streams that thirst createth,
Yet its pangs can ne'er assuage.
Will you lead the purer fountains,
To an atmosphere more true,
By your life and conversation
Show the Christ reborn in you?

She was Never Pleased

After a slight accident to a boating party an aunt by marriage in the family took her nephew to task for his unsympathetic behavior.

"When your mother-in-law fell into the water why didn't you help to get her out, George?"

"My dear Aunt," replied George, "you know very well that nothing I could ever do would please her."



Curtain Falls. Got its name from an Indian story which stated that there was a passage-way behind the falls by which the river could be crossed dryshod. According to the Indians' notion every fall had a recess at the back, in which the spirit of the falls lives. The higher the falls the bigger the recess and the greater the spirit tossed up the turbulent water. On line Canadian Northern Railway.

"Good Housekeeping." These represent both animals and toys and are very inexpensive as well as wholesome. The game consists in putting several of these candies into a dish and covering the whole with a napkin. Each child comes forward in turn, draws a candy, concealing it from his comrades. He then retires to an adjoining room, examines his candy and decides how best to act out what it represents. He comes back to the room and acts it, the other children guessing what he represents. At the end, the children vote as to who was the most successful in his acting, and a simple prize is his reward. I remember one child who drew a candy cat; instead of meowing as might have been expected, she curled herself up in a little heap, began to purr and lick her paws and wash her face in a very clever imitation. The children were all delighted, and she received the prize.

Let your Light so Shine

By Frances Lockwood Green

There are burdened souls and weary
In the world's great thoroughfare;
Could you know how much you hinder
By the gloomy looks you wear!
While the golden sun is shining
From high heaven's empty blue,
In God's world are light and beauty,
Shall the darkness be—in you?

An old Southern ducky was presented with triplets and was so elated over the event that he called in everybody to see them. Among the visitors was an Irishman.

"Say, boss," exclaimed the old man, "what you think of that?"

"Well," said Pat, looking the babies over carefully and pointing to a healthy-looking one. "I would keep that one."

In Search of a Collar

Among the prominent men of New England there was none, perhaps, who wore a larger collar than Tom Reed. One hot day in the summer of 1901 Reed was in Portsmouth, and, having to wait over for a train, he decided to make an impromptu toilette, changing his collar, etc. So he hied himself to the nearest haberdasher's and began a general survey of the collar display in the store.

"Waited on, sir?" queried one of the clerks.

"Not yet," responded Reed, and then added, "I would like a collar."

"What size?" piped the clerk.

"Size 20," answered Reed.

"We don't keep collars so large, but I think you may be accommodated three stores above."

Reed went, and found the third store above. It was a harness shop.

A REPUTATION THAT COUNTS

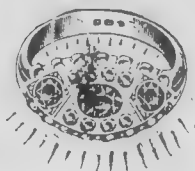
WATCHES and RINGS

Direct from the Old Country

The value of a reputation-guarantee when purchasing a watch, ring, or other article of jewellery, cannot be overestimated.

By dealing with a firm of established repute you can be sure of the value of your investment. Over 250,000 delighted purchasers have written to H. Samuel in praise of his exceptional bargains in jewellery, watches, plate, cutlery, etc.—bargains that for 70 years have held a reputation for sterling value and lasting wearing quality. The examples below are typical of over 3,000 rare offers described in H. Samuel's **BIG FREE BOOK**—send a postcard for it by next mail.

H. Samuel's world-famous bargains, of guaranteed quality, are delivered safe and sound to anyone, anywhere, for a Full Month's Trial—money back if dissatisfied.



\$8.50

Set with 3 fine sapphires or rubies and 8 diamonds in 18-ct. gold mount.



\$4.50

Massive buckle Keeper Ring, richly carved in 18-ct. gold. In 9-ct. gold \$2.15



\$12.75

Fine large Diamond and Sapphires or Rubies, in 18-ct. gold mount.



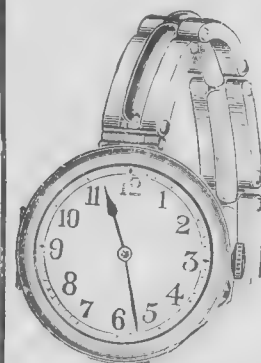
\$23.50

18 ct. half-hoop claw-set Diamond Ring, mounted with 5 beautifully cut and polished stones.

One of 250,000 Testimonials

Mr. G. W. Brooker, C.N.F. Royal Naval College of Canada, Halifax Dockyard, writing June 4th, last, says:

"5 years ago I purchased one of your 'Acme' Levers. It has been in constant use, 3 years in England and 2 in Canada. The change of climate has not affected it."



\$12.00

HUNDREDS OF AMAZING BARGAINS IN STERLING SILVERWARE, ELECTRO-PLATE, CUTLERY, ETC.

GEM-SET BROOCHES, PENDANTS, BRACELETS, SCARF PINS, in astounding variety.

GOLD WATCH BRACELET

A splendid time-keeper, high-grade jewelled movement, in beautifully finished gold self-closing Bracelet.

Another Striking Letter

Mr. A. R. Downing, Spy Hill, Saskatchewan, writing recently, says:

"I have carried one of your . . . watches 8 years in England and over 2 years in Saskatchewan. It keeps excellent time both in summer and in winter."

CASE OF FISH-EATERS

Six pairs of hand-somely engraved sterling silver-plated Fish-Eaters, complete in case. Exceptional value.

\$3.00

H. SAMUEL'S World-Famed "ACME" Silver Lever

Fully jewelled three-quarter plate lever movement, with H. Samuel's exclusive patented improvements. Keyless or keywind. 7 years warranty. MASSIVE SOLID SILVER ALBERT FREE!

\$6.00



"LUCKY" WEDDING RINGS

Latest court styles, in 22 ct. solid gold. Sold by weight \$2.50, \$5, \$8.50, upwards. Ring size card in the Free Book.

GEM-SET EAR-RINGS

Latest design in real gold, hand-somely set with fine Amethyst and Pearl.

\$2.00

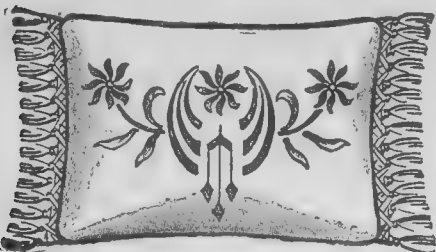
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Design 206

TINTED IN SHADES OF BLUE, BROWN AND GREEN

GIVEN Pillow Top and Back

This handsome conventional design pillow given away absolutely free in order to introduce Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss into every home. Pillow Top is made of Pure Linen Russian Crash; stamped and hand tinted ready to be embroidered. Outfit sent free and prepaid if you send us 35 cents to cover the regular retail price of 6 skeins of Belding's Pure Silk Royal Floss to commence the work with and 5 cents for postage. Outfit includes:

One Pillow Top, size 17 x 22 inches, stamped and hand tinted on pure linen Russian crash.

One Pillow Back.

One Easy Diagram Lesson, showing you just exactly how to take every stitch.

Six Skeins Belding's Royal Silk Floss.

ALL SENT FOR ONLY 35c. AND YOUR DEALER'S NAME.

HOW TO GET THE COMPLETE OUTFIT.

Just enclose 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer. This exceptionally attractive offer is made to introduce BELDING'S PURE SILK ROYAL FLOSS into every home in Canada, and may be withdrawn any time.

SEND TO-DAY. Do not delay. Just send 35 cents in stamps or silver and the name of your dealer and we will send you the entire outfit. Write TO-DAY.

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LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE FREE

I Will Reveal Your Past, Present and Future Like An Open Book

I want you to let me send you free a test reading of your life. I will point out the way to success, marriage, love, health, wealth and business affairs. I will open your eyes by making for you wonderful revelations of past, present and future and by telling you secret facts known only to yourself. I will prove to you that psychometric astrology is an accurate science; it will tell you of changes to come and mistakes to avoid, whether friends are false or true. It will answer questions about present or future marriages, divorces, friendships, etc. It will tell you what profession to follow, and how to serve your full measure of success and prosperity.

If you are in trouble, perplexed, or at a loss what to do to secure your greatest desire, I want you to let me help you. I have taught many the way to success and happiness. A well-known actress says she owes her success to me. I foretold the future for a prominent politician. My system of astrology found a fortune for a successful business man. I will send you full details of these and other cases. What I have done for others I can do for you.

Send me your full name and address, stating whether Mr., Mrs., Miss, and exact date of birth; put 2c. postage on your letter and enclose 10c. stamps (not coin) to cover part expenses of typing, return postage, etc., and I will send you specially prepared free test reading at once. Write plainly. Address Professor Raleigh, Apt. 330 C. 47 Bedford St., London, W. C., England.

CANCER



R. D. Evans

BRANDON

MAN.

Attractive Embroideries

A handsome cushion and centrepiece to match is illustrated here, and the coloring is Oriental and effective. Shades of red, green and blue are tinted on a linen colored background, the ends of the cushion and scarf are finished with an effective fringe matching the linen in color.

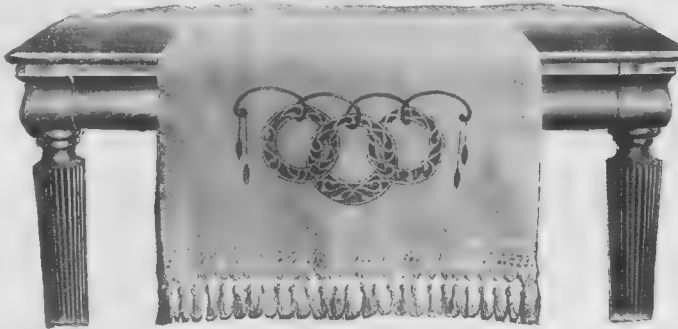
The embroidery on these designs is easily worked in over and over satin stitch, the colors

being indicated by the tinting, after the design is embroidered every portion is outlined with black, this brings out effectively the rich tones of the silk.



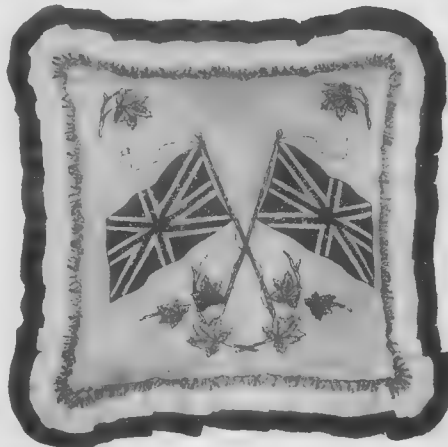
No. 5246

Cushion front and back\$.75
Fringe to finish\$.75
Silk to embroider.\$1.50



No. 6611

Table Scarf 23 x 54\$1.50
For fringe and silk see cushion quoted above.



No. 5232

Cushion front and back ..\$.60
Silk to embroider\$.75
Ribbon frill\$1.00
Name of any town stamped. 25c extra.

No. 1424 illustrates an always popular cushion, which will interest many of our Masonic friends. The emblem is tinted in Masonic colors while the scroll work, which fills in the corners, is embroidered in browns. A cord of a rich blue shade finishes this cushion.



No. 1424

Masonic front and back\$.60
Silk to embroider\$.75
Cord to finish\$.55

The Hot Roll doily is a hemstitched square of fine linen stamped with a suitable design, and the illustration shows how this is folded into shape. The design is embroidered solidly in white, using padded satin stitch and these doilies are an attractive addition to the household linen furnishing.

Readers will please understand that the prices quoted on this page are for the stamped or tinted articles ready to embroider, we do not quote on embroidered or made up pieces, supplies are priced separately and if required all materials can be sent to complete any of the designs.

No. 503

Hot roll doily\$.40
Thread to embroider\$.10

All articles will be sent postpaid on receipt of the prices quoted. Please mention the article as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Allow at least three days from the time the order is received, for filling. For further information, address The Needlecraft Department, Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Montreal.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

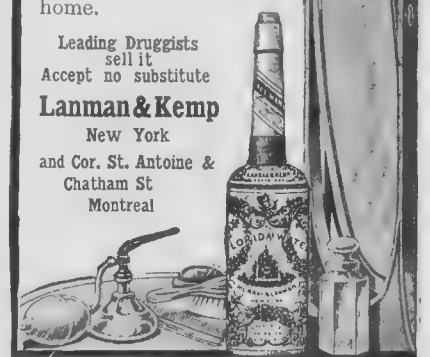
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In Lighter Vein

Some Schoolboys' "Howlers"

During a Scripture examination in a Sheffield school the master received a very original piece of information from one of the lads. The teacher was dealing with the subject of Jacob's vision of the ladder which reached to heaven, and on which angels ascended and descended. Presently he asked, "And where was Jacob lying whilst he saw this wonderful vision?"

"On the ground," answered one of the boys.

"Just so," said the master. "But how was he lying?"

"With his head on the kerbstone," responded the lad.

A few inspectors have such a kind, friendly, and familiar way with them, that their official visit to a school savours more of the nature of a treat than an examination. A certain gentleman of this type once put a class of village scholars quite off their guard by his blandness and affability. After having passed a few words with the master, he stepped into one of the classrooms just like an ordinary "visitor," stood before the boys, chuckled one of them under the chin, and began as follows:—

"Now, Tommy, suppose that you and I were playing marbles. At the start, you have ten, and I have eight." The boys all pricked up their ears with interest. They thought it was the beginning of a story.

"Well, when the game is over, you have won half my marbles. So I want you to play again, in order that I may win some back."

The boys hunched still closer up. "In the next game, I win half the whole number of marbles you have. Now, Tommy, my question is this: how many marbles have you got left?"

Then Tommy, utterly disgusted, suddenly drew his face away from the inspector, leaned back in his desk, and exclaimed:—

"Well, I'm blowed; then it's a sum arter all!"

This reminds me of a very ingenious answer I once received whilst conducting an examination on the commercial relations of England and France. After touching on the imports and exports of the two countries, I came to the subject of their treaties, etc. Presently, I said:—

"Now, boys, we have heard a great deal about the Entente Cordiale. Can any boy tell me what is meant by it?"

One little fellow in the back part of the class immediately raised his hand.

"Well?" I said.

"It means, sir," he replied, "that when you meet a Frenchman and you get a talking to him, you must not mention Waterloo, except he is asking you the way to the station."

The Story of His Life

A lady who went from Michigan to Minnesota for her health, says "The St. Paul Pioneer Press," seemed proud of being an invalid. She lost no opportunity of stating that she came to recuperate. She did not hesitate to enter into conversation with any person with whom she came in contact, giving advice, climatological or physiological, to invalids, and seeking the same from those of robust constitution. Her conversation was always prefaced with the introductory inquiry so common to visitors: "Did you come here for your health?" She thus addressed a stalwart, ruddy-visaged young man at a dinner-table a few days since, and the following conversation ensued:

"Yes, madam, I came here probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had no use of my limbs; in fact, my bones were but little tougher than cartilages. I had no intelligent control of a single muscle nor the use of a single faculty."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished auditor; "and you lived?"

"I did, madam, although I was devoid of sight, was absolutely toothless, unable to articulate a single word, and dependent upon others for everything, being completely deprived of all power to help myself. I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and have scarcely experienced a sick day since, hence I can conscientiously recommend the climate."

"A wonderful case!" said the old lady; "but do you think your lungs were affected?"

"They were probably sound, but possessed of so little vitality that but for the most careful nursing they must have ceased their functions."

"I hope you found kind friends, sir."

"Indeed, I did, madam; it is to them and the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but unfortunately my mother was prostrated by a severe illness during the time of my greatest weakness."

"How sad! Pray, what was your diet and treatment?"

"My diet was the simplest food possible. As for treatment, I depended entirely upon the life-giving air of Minnesota, and took no medicine except an occasional light narcotic when very rest-

less. My improvement dated from my arrival."

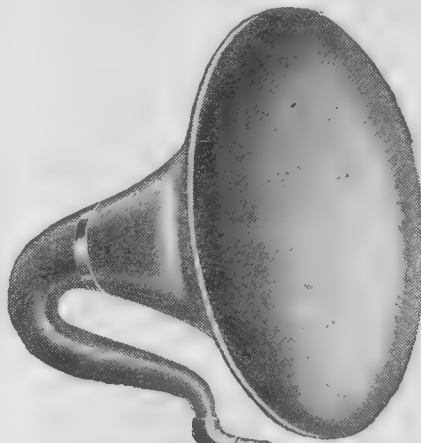
"Remarkable, miraculous! Surely, sir, you must have been greatly reduced in flesh."

"Madam, I weighed but nine pounds. I was born in Minnesota."

How Johnny Loved His Pets

"Has my son been kind to dumb animals today?" asked a doting mother of her four-year-old boy.

"Yes, indeed, Mother; I let your catary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."



Mr. Edison's Pet and Hobby

He realizes the wonderful value of his phonograph as a cementer of home ties and a maker of happy homes. And for this reason he worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model, and his friends have induced him to take the first vacation he has had in over a quarter of a century. Just think of it; over twenty-five years of unremitting work on many inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected—then a vacation.

Wonderful NEW Edison Shipped FREE

Write today for our new Edison catalog that tells you all about the wonderful new model Edison with Mr. Edison's new Model R Reproducer and the new parlor grand equipment. With this catalog we also send full explanation of our free shipment offer.

The Offer

We will send you the new model Edison Phonograph and your choice of over a thousand records on an absolutely free loan. We want you to have all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, also the sacred music, etc., etc., by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organs, the brass bands, the symphony orchestras, the choirs of Europe's great cathedrals, the piano and violin concerts, virtuoso—all these we want you to hear free as reproduced on the new Edison. Then, when you are through with the outfit you may send it back to us.

The Reason

Why should we make such an ultra-liberal offer? Why should we go to all this expense and trouble just so you can have all these free concerts? Well, we'll tell you: we are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When you get it in your town we know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so we are pretty sure that at least some one, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these new style Edisons (especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms as low as \$2.00 a month). But even if nobody buys there is no obligation and we'll be just as glad anyway that we sent you the New Edison on our free trial; for that is our way of advertising quickly everywhere the wonderful superiority of the New Edison.

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and learn all about the wonderful New Edison. Learn how thousands of people are entertaining their friends by giving Edison concerts—learn how the boys and girls are kept at home and all the family made happy by the wonderful Edison. No obligations whatsoever in asking for this magnificently illustrated catalog, so write now.

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The name Mason & Risch can be found on the finest Pianos in every City, Town, Village and Hamlet in Canada, where they have won the kind of prestige most worth while.

Musicians of note, colleges and conservatories all over the country have a warm spot in their heart for the Mason & Risch—just ask them!

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when the damp cold without and the dry heat within doors make hands and face red and chapped—

NA-DRU-CO Cucumber and Witch Hazel Cream

gratefully soothes and quickly heals. Apply it at bedtime, or before going out, and however dry or delicate your skin may be, you can laugh at exposure.

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

Our Western Home Monthly girl readers provide a very interesting feature of our magazine. They write us letters full of problems, ambitions, affairs of girlhood, appreciation as well as pathetic appeals for advice. We value these letters and give every one special attention. One girl writes me that while on the train she met two Winnipeg young men. When she reached her destination they asked her to correspond with them. She asks me—"Is it proper?" No—a girl is running a great risk by corresponding with strange young men. More tragedies result from correspondence than most people realize. Men and women would give fortunes to recall letters written in the emotional period of youth. A girl should never commit herself in any way by letter. I have in my possession letters that express various moods of girlhood fancies and dreams—some are bitter with tragedies resulting from careless correspondence. Letters that are written to other girls are quite as dangerous. When friendship ceases as it often does, then do secrets and family affairs unfold before the public eye with most tragic results.

STYLE-WORSHIPERS.

The tendency of the age seems to have produced a deplorable heathenish form of idolatry. Women are fast becoming a race of style-worshippers. Paris is laughing at us in her sleeves and in fact all Europe is ridiculing our lack of good sense in not having mind of our own enough to distinguish the difference between the dress of gentility from that adopted by the underworld. Modesty in dress seems to be a thing of the past and women appear before the male sex in costumes that are indecent and disgusting.

Some of our best magazines are offering prizes for styles of hats and gowns designed by our home artists. Why can we not adopt Canadian styles? Why can we not have an individuality that is distinctly Canadian? When we go down street wearing a Parisian gown, a hat designed in Vienna, a pair of American boots, French gloves, Brussels trimmings and carry a Mexican hand bag, how much is there really Canadian about us especially when we ape the manner of another race? While we have been developing the industrial world we have largely lost sight of fine distinctions and morality. Women tear the clothes off one another's backs to get first place at a bargain counter of laces.

Conspicuous consumption, conspicuous waste, conspicuous pleasure, conspicuous leisure, and conspicuous dress seem to be the code of laws set by the rich, and painfully do the poor try to follow this code. The five-dollar-a-week girl reaches into the pocket of her five-hundred-dollar Persian lamb coat for her purse to pay the street car fare and her chum wears a slit in the bottom of her dress revealing twelve inches of lace ruffles quite as white and rich as the millionaire woman who rides by in her limousine. What does it all mean? It means that the woman of wealth, who adopts her style of dress is responsible to a certain extent for the soul-character of her wage-earning sister. Let me urge my girl readers to turn to the pages of history and develop a taste for hero-worshipping.

THE SLOW GIRL.

A great many girls lose their positions because they are too slow. They do not seem to realize the value of wasted time. I know girls who accomplish ten times the amount of the slow girl and have ten times more leisure. Every move counts. They have time for work and time for recreation as well. The busiest women of my acquaintance have time for recreation. I really believe they get the most fun out of life. A

minister said the other day that if he wanted something done he would ask the busiest women for they seemed to have more time. It is all a matter of economizing time. The most successful business men have the power of accomplishing the greatest amount of work in the least time. Employees think the employer has the easiest time. He does more hard thinking and hard work in five minutes than the unsuccessful employee does in a whole day. During the summer I watched the building of a house back of my home. The mortar mixers, bricklayers and carpenters were continually fretting over their work and striking for more wages. They complained to the foreman because he was paid more than they were. Finally he exclaimed: "If you make your services as valuable as mine you will be paid the same!" I have heard a great deal this summer about so many men being out of employment, yet I have watched man after man leave work on this house because they wanted five cents more an hour—when they were getting good wages. Every morning unemployed men on their daily morning walk applied for work but refused it because they wanted five cents more. Then each loafer would go home to his suffering family and probably tell his tired wife who had washed all day that he could not find work.

Efficiency should be the letter of credit required of every immigrant girl—if the word would mean only the ability to value time. Half of life's failures are due to wasted time. Successful women have spent the evenings of their girlhood in useful study that trained the mind and at the same time developed physical strength that the girl of late hours who spends her evenings in the search of artificial entertainment can never hope to have. The girl who needs to earn her living must use her brains.

A young woman entered a store three years ago. She was not attractive but she remembered the tastes of her customers. The girls who had been in the store made fun of her for not entering into their foolish gossip. They ridiculed the immigrant girl. But while the other girls listlessly served their customers she studied the situation, watched her customers, got every bit of information she could along her line of work and resolved to lift herself to a position where the others would admire rather than criticize her.

In one year from the time she entered the store, this immigrant girl was receiving the largest salary in her department. While others were complaining that the heads were chosen by favoritism this girl found her opportunity by using to advantage the time that the other girls wasted.

TAINTED HAPPINESS.

Two questions have come to my desk lately: "If by living a lie you can make another human being happy is it not justifiable so to live?" and "Is there such a thing as tainted happiness?" Men and women of history from Biblical times to the present age have proven that one is not justified in living a lie, and there is no such thing as tainted happiness. Snatching happiness at the awful price of hypocrisy and silence ferments the soul. George Eliot tested tainted happiness and in every one of her novels she pictures the tortures of a character—a victim of tainted happiness. Lady Macbeth worked for tainted happiness and her heart was so sorely charged that in the hour of remorse she exclaimed:

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy."

And Macbeth cried in despair:
"I have lived long enough: my way of life

F

This BEAUTIFUL 8 piece SILVER SET, consisting of SIX TEASPOONS, BUTTER KNIFE and SUGAR SHELL, is one of our most popular premiums. We have sent out thousands of sets and never had a complaint. We give them FREE for selling only \$3.00 worth of the loveliest PICTURE POST CARDS, VIEWS COMICS, FLORAL, also THANKSGIVING, XMAS cards and booklets: VALENTINE and EASTER in their proper season. These cards are of such fine quality and ARTISTIC coloring that you will have no trouble selling at 6 for 10c. and win the lovely SILVERWARE, and you can also win a FLASHING ELECTRIC DIAMOND PIN without having to sell any more cards, and you will be surprised how easily you can win, in addition to the SILVERWARE and ELECTRIC DIAMOND PIN, the MAGNIFICENT WATCH, LADIES' OR GENTS' size, stem wind and set, according to our big advertising plan, which will be sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE the same day we receive the \$3.00 for the cards. Write to-day and we will send the cards.

Address COBALT GOLD PEN CO., Dept. 8, 34 Toronto, Ont.

Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old
age.

As honor, love, obedience, troops of
friends.
I must not hope to have; but in their
stead, curses."

Shakespeare makes every one of his
characters that pursues tainted happi-
ness suffer the penalty of their disobe-
dience of the Divine law.

INDIVIDUALITY

During the summer I have been both-
ered with all kinds of book agents sell-
ing various works on the Bible. They
tell me that we are growing away from
the Bible, hence a movement is on to
make it more interesting. In recent
years there is an inclination on the
part of ambitious commercial men and
women to chew and digest our literary
food. There is danger of making the
classics too easy. It takes away the
satisfaction of accomplishment. If we
read the Bible as we should, it is the
most interesting book in the world. A
veil thickens before the brain if we read
without thinking and reasoning. The
true teacher makes Shakespeare so in-
teresting that the student does not want
helps to interpret the characters. "Lean
on thy own understanding." I fur-
nished a room this summer. When I
asked the clerk for a certain shade of
brown he replied: "'They' are not us-
ing that shade this year. This is the
proper shade." I exclaimed: "I do not

Can the brain keep cool and the heart
keep quiet,
When the blood is a river that's running
riot?
And boys will be boys the old folks
say.
And the man is the better who's had his
day.
The sinner reformed; and the preacher
told
Of the prodigal son who came back to
the fold
And the Christian people threw open
the door,
With a warmer welcome than ever be-
fore.
Wealth and honor were his to com-
mand,
And a spotless woman gave him her
hand,
And the world strewed their pathway
with blossoms abloom.
Crying 'God bless ladye, and God bless
groom!'

There was a maiden who went astray
In the golden dawn of her life's young
day.
She had more passion and heart than
head,
And she followed blindly where fond
Love led.
And Love unchecked is a dangerous
guide
To wander at will by a fair girl's side.
The woman repented and turned from
sin,
But no door opened to let her in.



Two Royal Dukedoms will be united by a marriage between Prince Arthur of Connaught and the Duchess of Fife. Prince Arthur is the only son of the Duke of Connaught, and first cousin to the King. The Duchess of Fife is the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Fife, and is His Majesty's niece. She was born in 1891, and inherited the Dukedom on the death of her father in January, 1912.

care what 'they' are using. I want this
shade. It is my room and I want it
to suggest individuality." We are de-
veloping into living copy books. A pro-
fessional comes to our homes and plans
all of the furnishings, others cull our
reading matter for us, while another
class of artists tell us what we must
eat and drink, until we cry out in des-
pair:

"My kingdom for a real man or a
real woman—one with honest individu-
ality."

THE TWO STANDARDS

There are two kinds of young women
—the world calls one good the other bad.
I know many who are cruel among
the first class and I know many who
are good and beautiful among the sec-
ond class. Those of the first class have
never made an error morally but they
have hearts as cold as the winter snows.
They are themselves stainless, yet they
bear cruel malice toward their erring
sisters. They judge their sisters harsh-
ly and ignorantly because they have
never been tempted like their sisters.

The girls or young women of the
second class perhaps in an hour of emo-
tion stepped by the wayside. Yet in
their sufferings they rise with aims so
noble and merciful that they become
strong in the power to heal the woes of
others—yet society locks them out while
it welcomes those of the former class.

From time to time I meet girls of
the second class and I admire their
strength of will that has brought them
from depths so deep to heights so heav-
enly. Yet society sees the depths only.
One poet gives us two portraits.
"There was a man, it was said one time,
Who went astray in his youthful prime.

The preacher prayed that she might be
forgiven,
But told her to look for mercy—in
Heaven.
For this is the law of the earth, we
know:
That the woman is stoned, while the
man may go.
A brave man wedded her after all,
But the world said, frowning, 'We shall
not call!'

THE DAUGHTER

Berenger wrote for the inscription on
the tomb of a woman who died unmar-
ried: "She was never a mother, yet
many sons arose and called her blessed."
To her father and mother and brothers
and sisters the daughter may be the
greatest of blessings. Many a sister
has been the confidante of the secrets
of her brothers and saved them from
fatal dangers. George Eliot has fur-
nished us with a beautiful picture of a
daughter's devotion in Romola who
cherished and assisted her blind father.
There are in Western Canada many sis-
ters who have given up every precious
hope of individual life for the sake of
a brother or sister who never recognize
the enormous debt of gratitude which
they owe to the sacrificing sister. Some
of these sisters tell me of their lonely
lives after the others have gone and
left them in the old home—or have
turned the older sister out in the world
to earn her living. Since she has given
the best of her life in service for others
she can earn little among strangers.

I feel that there will come a time in
the lives of ungrateful brothers and sis-
ters when they will suffer according to
the degree of ingratitude that they in-
flict.

A Big Success



The housewives of the
West were quick to appre-
ciate the extra value of
the 3 lb. Green Label tin
at \$1.20—Simply because Green Label
Quality of Red Rose is a fine-flavored
and rich tea—also a strong tea that goes
farther and proves cheaper than the
tea in any dollar tin.

Red Rose Tea "is Good Tea"

In the 1 lb. package we would suggest your
trying the 50c. quality of Red
Rose—It's a stronger as well
as a finer-flavored tea.

RED ROSE TEA IS NEVER
SOLD IN BULK.

N.B.—Coffee users will find Red
Rose Coffee as generously good as
Red Rose Tea.

351



Write for our Illustrated Fur Catalogue. IT'S FREE

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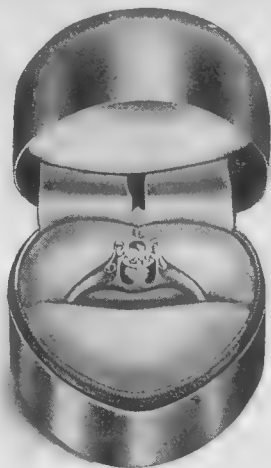
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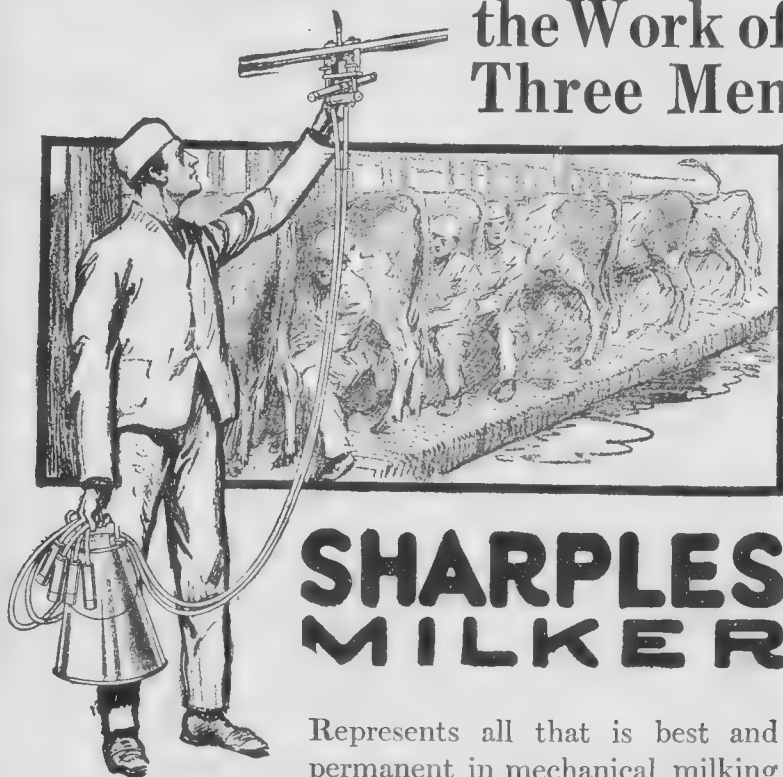
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Temperance Talk

A Socialist Appeal

The following stirring address has been issued in fly sheet form, and is being widely circulated by the Abstinent Socialists of Switzerland:

Comrades, we protest against war.

We protest against the capitalist speculation and capitalist imperialism, which causes wars.

We protest against the senseless expenditure of human life and popular resources.

Forget not, comrades, to protest against another mass-murdering, not less horrible than that of Balkan battlefields.

Forget not to protest against the murdered alcohol. Every tenth man dies directly from it. More surely than shrapnel or machine-gun it decimates our ranks, if less apparently, none the less terribly. It stimulates to the most unspeakable barbarism and violence; men are made cripples, women abused, children neglected and corrupted through it.

but are these really necessary parts of a town's prosperity?

Does it make property more valuable or boost the business of the grocer or butcher, or sell more boots and shoes or dry goods?

Does it keep the children in school, or make the homes happier?

Does it make better workmen for farm or shop or factory?

Where does it help anyway?—"Connecticut Citizen."

Bar Room Work

After she had had her "papa" arrested because he beat her and threw her out of his home when she refused to give him money with which to buy liquor, little ten-year-old Pauline Bennett, 2839 Quinn street, assumed the duties of counsel for the defence in the Thirty-fifth street court yesterday, saved the defendant from a six months' sentence in the bridewell, and finally succeeded



Will you protest only against the great powers of destruction, at which, for the present, you can but hurl your scorn and hatred?

Why not rise against a power, whose fearful operations are comparable to war—against a power which you are able now, at this moment, to effectively injure?

Why not lift your arm against alcohol, the destroyer of your happiness, the ally of your enemies, the enemy of your efforts, the pitiless torturer of your women and children?

Comrades, we call on you in the name of solidarity and justice to take up the fight against alcohol.

Protest against this support of capitalism, this destroyer of human happiness, by cutting loose from it.

Long live the proletariat which demands not merely a new life, but which knows to evolve from itself new power of life and new forms of life?

Does Licence Help a Town?

We sometimes hear people say that it does, though not as often as we used to.

If you live in a licence town, just sit down and think it over for a few minutes and decide who it helps.

Probably it does help the saloon keeper and the brewer and the wholesale liquor dealer to buy fine clothes, handsome houses, automobiles and things like that, but what about their customers? Are they helped in those directions? Probably it does help the courts to business, the jails to boarders, the asylums and almshouses to inmates,

in having her father, Peter Bennett, a blacksmith, paroled to her home for one month.

"He struck me in the nose and started it bleeding when I refused to get him some money for drink," the girl testified. "He even struck mamma, and he threw me out of the house in the cold. I went to the police station, where I got a policeman and had him arrested."

"You are the meanest brute that I ever heard of," said Municipal Judge Newcomer, turning to the defendant; "What have you to say?"

"I was drunk, your honor, and did not know what I was doing."

"That is no excuse," replied the judge. "I am going to send you to the bridewell for six months, and if I ever hear that you have been intoxicated again I will impose a heavier sentence."

At this remark the girl's eyes filled with tears, and she stepped toward the bench, still clinging to her father's coat.

"Judge, please don't send him away," she pleaded. "He's a good papa when he's sober. Mamma has to take in washing and she needs his help. I just know he'll be a good papa if you give him another chance."

"Well, I will parole you to your daughter for one month," decided the judge, speaking to Bennett. "Then if I find that you have been drinking and not working, I will impose sentence on you. You make good with your daughter now. You should be proud of such a brave child."

"Oh, thank you, judge," said the girl. "I'll take him right home to mamma, and I'm sure he'll be a good papa." — Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Mightiest Tree of the Canadian Forests

And Some Adventures Beneath It By Bonnycastle Dale

As you approach the shores of British Columbia, across the tempestuous seas of the misnamed Pacific, you see high-flung mountains clothed to their base with heavy forests. The glasses peer eagerly for the nests of

the white pebbly spit, and we felt that in this embryo village there were enacted all the joys and sorrows, all the loves and hates, the pride, the passion, the charity, the envy, that makes or mars the life of this animal of so brief



A mighty Douglass, B.C. Fir in the foreground. The group of figures are at the base of a Cedar

those very intelligent, selfish, social animals called Man. At first the great dark woods that cover all the west coast of Vancouver Island seem as virgin as they were when the haughty Don Juan de Fuca sailed along these straits that now bear his name. Not a house, not a clearing, is visible in all the dense mass of fir and hemlock and cedar that creep down to the very coast line, stopping only when high tide mark is reached.

"Is that big island uninhabited?" asks a travel-weary globe-trotter at my elbow, as we rise and fall, and dip and roll in the huge swells that run up the straits. I was glad to be able to answer a vigorous "No."

"Wait a wee bit, and I will show you a whole crowd of those nests you are looking for." We were almost to Race Rocks before the opportunity occurred.

an existence. An intervening point intruded, and the pastoral scene faded from view like a dream of the night. Bold, rugged coasts now met our view. Mighty barrier rocks carved into cave and runnel, smooth elbow and shattered bluff. Past the far-famed Race Rocks we sped; soon we disembarked at the Outer Wharf of the Capital City—Victoria, British Columbia.

"I wonder how long it has stood there?" said my assistant, as we rested on the ancient carpet spread beneath the forest giants. The magnificent bole of a mighty Douglass fir reared its vast bulk up into the high branching canopy that formed an impenetrable green roof—some two hundred feet above—over this lonely scene. From other measurements that we had taken since we landed some weeks ago, I knew this centuries-old vegetable had reached its



A B.C. Sawmill

True, we had seen one or two clearings in the dense green of the forests. Now, across a sheltering spit, we looked northward to a scattered panorama of field and pasture land, house and barn, church and school. There was the first settlement in the New World we had seen—just a few hundred acres wrested from the luxuriant hand of Nature—a delightful spot it looked across the sparkling waters of the inlet, behind

full vigor, its full height of about three hundred feet. Six times with outstretched arms the laughing lad girdled it and breathlessly announced that it was "thirty-six feet around the foot."

I rested, calmly smoking, lost in wonder at the height of this old forest. Fritz was busily digging for some ground rodent at the roots. "What are you looking for, laddie?" I queried.

"Oh, just the toes!" He was pedantic;

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Victorian Oct. 21	Pretorian Oct. 18	Sicilian Oct. 19
Corsican Oct. 28	Grampian Oct. 23	Ionian Oct. 26
Virginian Nov. 4	Scandinavian Nov. 1	Pomeranian Nov. 2
Tunisian Nov. 11	Hesperian Nov. 6	Scotian Nov. 9
Victorian Nov. 18	Pretorian Nov. 15	Corinthian Nov. 16
	Grampian Nov. 20	Sicilian Nov. 23

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and I had once learnedly instructed him to call it "the base" of the tree. Thus we idled, lost in wonder.

Oh, the solitude of it! Not a bird or beast, not an insect or a reptile, disturbed the oppressive silence. All through this thickly-grown, natural park were charming vistas; but of life there was no sign.

This silent grove stood here before Vancouver sailed. Cook was not yet born. Columbus had not voyaged across the mysterious western ocean. Races now spoken of as nameless roamed the wide plains of the centre of the continent. Rome was the Imperial City. The cliff dwellers then dwelt in their most primitive burrows. These all—all have passed away; and still the silent grove—scarred with the burdens of progressive centuries—stands steadfast on its diorite foundations.

My fellow pigmies ask me: "How know you?" Ask the boy at my side. He was with us as we delved, in a perfect river of shells, beneath the roots of one of the noble firs. Whole tribes of coast Indians—descendants of those



The Dump, B.C. Lumber Industry

Oriental peoples that once, storm driven, or wandering over the then Isthmus of Behring, settled on this wild coast—had lived and died here. This was, in modern parlance, a kitchen midden—a refuse or dumping place for the tribes that used these shores for their fishing grounds. Here was a sinuous mound several hundred feet long, a dozen feet high, fifty feet wide, containing all that remained of these once numerous people—save the few scattered descendants that exist along these shores today. On top of this now grass-covered shorebank grew giant firs of five, six, seven hundred years of age.

With sharp sticks and willing hands a perfect river of shells flowed down the disturbed face of the "kitchen midden." Layers of time-bleached clams, layers of sea urchins, layers of salmon bones so delicately beautiful in their decay that a puff of the vagrant wind blew them afield like so much vapor. Now we found stratas of elk bones, bones of foxes and of small furbearers. Down we went—through the iron age, past the rude bits of the copper age, down through the period when they formed their weapons of stone; and further down still—and well preserved, too—were bits of carved and polished bone that filled the place of tool and weapon in days when our own forefathers used warclubs instead of automatics. And beneath it all—what? The skull of a native, flattened from eye to crown, so old that no work I have read on ethnology can place him to my satisfaction. So I think the record written in the earth tells that the firs are close to a thousand years old. We pictured all that is left of this ancient one and reverently committed it to the good old mother earth again.

But away!—away with these scenes of primitive life, with these uncut forests and dry bones, with these relics of an unknown people. Man—the city dweller, the luxurious, the money-maker, must have—money. So he waves his magician's wand, and lo! these solitary places are filled with shouting men and kicking horses, and panting engines; and the mighty firs, that sheltered many diverse or kindred peoples in times gone by, disappear as before a cyclone. And the bald rocks, eroded by the great precipitation, rear their ice-scarred heads from a tangle of dry, withered boughs and limbs.

Man, planning carefully, builds tracks to carry the logs to tide edge. Here he booms them in "swifters." Short rafts holding a few score logs—then the "western trade" wind, and a high tide, ignoring such puny efforts, sweeps along and off to sea goes the results of many a month's hard work. If not reclaimed, these derelict rafts form one of the most dreaded perils of the seas. A big ship, plunging down an ocean billow, with everything drawing—or with full speed ahead—strikes one of these monster fir logs end on—and another, and an unwritten tragedy of the ocean has taken place.

But, luckily, only a tithe of the fir logs are lost at the dumping place. The swifters are chained one to another, until a long raft is formed, and a powerful ocean tug slowly pulls them towards the huge sawmills that line the sides of the sheltered inlets and coastal rivers.

On one such a trip we were the guests of a typical tug captain, tug owner, beachcomber. We were towing up the straits and into and down Puget Sound. The captain had a curious bunch of fir tree tips, with a big stuffed owl stuck among them, just over the wheelhouse. The night fell dark and still. We could hear the tide making in eddies and gurgles, and it helped us on our way. Two or three times the captain had left his mate at the wheel and had walked back into the darkness. Suddenly he came running lightly forward, slipped into the wheelhouse and took his rifle from the wall, and beckoning me, darted out and climbed on top of the house. Here he made short work of the artificial nest and owl, and a big brass searchlight came to view. Directing its lens towards the back of the distant raft, he switched on the current, and darted the long, white ribbons of light backwards and forwards across the end of the last "swifter." There—in the blinding glare of the powerful light—stood the dark

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figure of a man with hand still upraised caught in the very act of cutting a link to let the last bag open and the hardwon logs escape. "Bang—ping—g—g—g—bang! Ping—bang—ping!" sang the rifle. The dark figure was now scampering along the "boom" stick to his fishing boat. "Bang—ping"—three times more the rifle woke the echoes along the dark sound, but, luckily for the timber thief, the tug was dipping a bit on the gentle swell and rolling on the inpouring tide.

"Some bad eggs in that owl's nest by the way they go off, eh?" laughed the captain, as he muffled the searchlight again in its odd covering. "If there's one, there's a hundred thievish pirates of beachcombers along this sound" (he had been one himself if rumor was not a lying medium): "and I bet before the summer's over I'll scare every one to cover."

Later, at the huge sawmills of British Columbia with a capacity of half a million feet and over, in a day, we saw the huge logs boomed ready for the haulway. At the pile-driven loading piers lay the ships and tramps of all nations—save our big southern neighbor. Huge lumber carriers in all the pride of their full rigs, snowy mountains of canvas when you meet them going down the Straits, were engulfing one and two million feet and over into

Take the roof of the house or barn, for instance: Think what is dependent upon the roof. All the furnishings of the home with possibly many treasured possessions as well as the very life of the individuals are protected from rain or snow storms, lightning and other destructive elements by the indispensable roof.

The barn, with its stored-up wealth of field and its valuable livestock, finds its preservation without the roof. Yet strange to say, in view of the importance of the roof, it is given so little consideration.

There are those who think that it doesn't matter much what the roof is made of, and content themselves with this self-esteemed reasoning until the leaks compel quick action.

This is the sure fate of cheap roofing, yet such people are deluded by the attractiveness of low initial cost, not figuring the risk they run to the contents of the building or the time and labor it takes to make frequent repairs.

In the long run, however, there dawns upon them the truth of the old adage, "The best is always the cheapest."

Then they get wise and begin to look around for the roofing to fill their needs.

This state of mind invariably leads them to the choice of roofing made of Trinidad Lake asphalt, for Trinidad



A Coast Sawmill B.C.

their capacious holds. On top of these huge "deck loads" are built and firmly chained. Many and many a deck load gets no further than a few hundred miles out into the Pacific, if the flotsam and jetsam of the west coast of Vancouver Island can be believed.

My camera carrier and I have walked for a full mile along the beach without ever stepping off the logs and square timber, posts and boards, shingles and laths that literally covered this wild foreshore. I think one of the most graphic sights there was the great foreshoulder of an oak-ribbed ship that lay, rock tormented and wave twisted, on a reef point. In the mass of broken and riven timber lay an electric light globe with the delicate platinum wires uninjured. We marvelled greatly at this, but not more so than at the life preserver the lad picked up. It was marked with the name of a well-known passenger steamer, one that then plied to Californian ports. This wretched life destroyer was filled with "tullies"—flags, or common rushes—instead of cork.

Ask the grinning flatheaded skull we reinterbed beneath the tall firs behind us if ever, in their days of savagery, there equalled the thought-out commercial cruelty of the ultra civilized animal—Man.

The Economy of Good Roofing

Among all the things we use in our advanced civilization it is a curious fact that some of the most important contributors to our comfort we give the least attention to.

Lake asphalt is reckoned as "Nature's everlasting waterproofer."

And judging from the durability of Genasco Roofing, which is made of Trinidad Lake asphalt, this would seem to hit the nail on the head.

Science has suggested the method of using this natural asphalt in roofing so as to preserve its durability through all conditions of weather in any climate on the globe. And the man who looks for roofing that will do its full duty without giving him periodical trouble finds what he is looking for when he strikes Genasco.

It is unfortunate that it is possible to imitate the surface-appearance of natural asphalt roofing so completely that many people are inveigled into accepting it merely upon its looks; but the man who is on his guard and satisfies himself that he is getting roofing made of genuine Trinidad Lake Asphalt can rest assured that he has made a profitable investment.

Helping the Minister

A young minister unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday-school asked, to gain time:

"Children, what shall I speak about?"

A little girl on the front seat, who was in the habit of reciting at entertainments, had committed to memory several declamations so that she was always prepared for any occasion. Sympathy and interest shone in her face as she held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired:

"What do you know best?"



GUNS

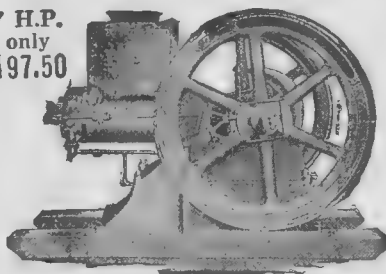
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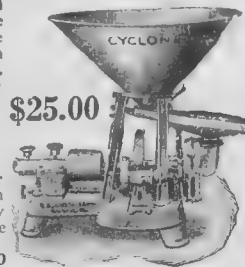
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Let us send you an English paper, and "The Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will be gladly furnished on application.

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Address **The Western Home Monthly** Winnipeg, Man.

Children

My Own

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase:
Now the vast temple floor,
The binding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon Thy footstool green
Content am I to be.
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of Thee.
—Lucy Lacom.

Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!
was all Mr. Redwing had to say.
Farmer Brown's boy hitched up his
trousers and looked over the Green
Meadows. There was no one in sight
excepting Mr. Redwing. You see, all
the other little meadow and forest people
had become so afraid of Farmer Brown's
boy and his dreadful gun that as soon
as he appeared they straightway hid.
The only reason that Mr. Redwing hadn't
flown away as soon as he saw Farmer
Brown's boy was because his heart was
so full of happiness that he couldn't be-
lieve that any one could possibly want
to hurt him.

Presently Farmer Brown's boy
whistled to Bowser the Hound, who was
running about pretending that he was
trying his very hardest to find the tracks
of Reddy Fox. "Well, old fellow, can't
you find that fox?" asked Farmer
Brown's boy.

Bowser the Hound looked up in his
master's face and wagged his tail. Then,
he looked off across the Green Meadows
toward the far away Old Pasture on the



A Clover Field at Gladstone, Man.

Farmer Brown's Boy Gives Up

Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!
A blackbird up in a tulip tree!
The whole day long
He sang this song:
Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!

As he said this Farmer Brown's boy
pointed his gun straight up at Mr. Red-
wing, sitting on the very topmost twig
of a tall tree singing for joy because over
in their cradle in the bulrushes, on the
edge of the Smiling Pool he had four
little babies. For just a minute Farmer
Brown's boy looked along the barrel of
his dreadful gun and then—why, he put
the gun down again.

"I could shoot you just as easy as can
be, Mr. Blackbird, but I guess I don't
want to," said he. "I'd miss that beauti-
ful song of yours, and it wouldn't do me
a bit of good just to know that I could
hit you, because I know it anyway. All
I want is to get that fox who stole my
pet chicken, but it looks as if I'll have
to keep right on wanting. I've hunted
the Green Meadows all over and I've
hunted the Green Forest all through,
but no Mr. Fox. I've found the house
where he used to live, but he wasn't at
home when I called, and he hasn't been
there since, for every day I have been to
see."

Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!
sang Mr. Redwing.

Farmer Brown's boy grinned until all
the little freckles on his face seemed to
run into one big freckle. "What do
you know about it?" he asked.

Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!
sang Mr. Redwing, just as he had before.

Farmer Brown's boy chuckled. "I
believe you could tell me a whole lot
if you only would," said he. "Has
good?"

edge of the mountain. "Bow, wow,
wow!" said he.

Farmer Brown's boy looked over there,
too, and a sudden thought came to him.
He reached down and patted Bowser's
head. "I believe you're right, old
fellow," said he. "I believe that fox has
left the Green Meadows, and I shouldn't
wonder but what he has gone up to the
Old Pasture. Some day we'll have a look
for him there. Now, I guess we'll give it
up on the Green Meadows and in the
Green Forest, and we'll go home and put
the gun away."

Fee, fi, fo, fum, fiddle dee!
sang Mr. Redwing from the topmost twig
of the tall tree.

Ten Good Rules

Here are ten good rules for a boy to
remember:

Never put off till tomorrow what you
can do today.

Never trouble another for what you
can do yourself.

Never spend your money before you
have earned it.

Never buy what you don't want be-
cause it is cheap.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst
and cold.

We seldom repent of having eaten too
little.

Nothing is troublesome that we do
willingly.

How much pain the evils have cost
us that have never happened.

Take things always by the smooth
handle.

When angry, count ten before you
speak, if very angry, count a hundred.

NEW CENTURY WASHING MACHINE



The Washer of the Present and the Future

Scientists tell us that some day no person will do hard manual labor—machines will do it all! The first great step has already been accomplished, as far as household work is concerned. The New-Century Washer, not only takes all the hard manual labor away from washing, but it washes clothes better than such work has ever been done before. The water tap furnishes the power, the New Century does nearly all the rest.

Washing machines are not new but the New Century is. The other kinds did some of the work, the New Century does almost all the work. The others gave trouble, the New Century saves trouble. The difference is in the patented and exclusive features of the New Century. Ask your dealer about them or send to us for full information.

CUMMER-DOWSWELL, LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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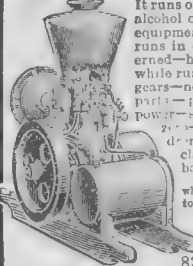
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4 Dresses \$1

Plain colored cashmerette, red, cream, navy. Age 1, 2, 3, 4. For fall and winter. A great bargain. Order at once. Include 18c for postage.

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20 Reasons Why You Should Investigate the **SANDOW** Kerosene Stationary ENGINE



It runs on kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, alcohol or distillate without change of equipment—starts without cranking—runs in either direction—throttle governed—hopper cooled—speed controlled while running—no cams—no valves—no gears—no sprockets—only three moving parts—portable—light weight—great power—starts easily at 40 degrees below zero—simple, ready to run—children can operate them—5-year iron-clad guarantee—15-day money-back trial. Sizes 2 to 20 H. P. and a postal order for free catalog, which shows how Sandow will be useful to you. Our special advertising proposition saves you one-half cost of first engine sold in your county. (167)

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Reduces Strained, Puffy Ankles, Lymphangitis, Poll Evil, Fistula, Boils, Swellings; Stops Lameness and allays pain. Heals Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Boot Chafes. It is an **ANTISEPTIC AND GERMICIDE** [NON-POISONOUS]

Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Pleasant to use. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Describe your case for special instructions and Book 5 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind reduces Strains, Painful, Knotted, Swollen Veins, Milk Leg, Gout. Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. Price 21 per bottle at dealers or delivered.

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HIGH GRADE PIANOS
Made on Honor
Sold on Merit

Tone so unusually rich that it thrills you to the very depths. Our wonderful construction and "Reso" Vibrating Sounding Board is the cause of this. Send for full information.

Fowler Piano Company
Corner Edmonton and Portage Avenue
Winnipeg Man.

Sunday Reading

When Folks Come t' Our House

Ever' one 't comes t' our house talks jist the same,
"Hullo, li'l girl," they say, "en what's your name?"
"Why, what a pritty name!" they say, en then,
Bimeby they ast me what's my name again.
En then when I feel silly for thum, why They say, "Oh, dear, I do believe it's shy."
Then mebbay, after while, they ast me, "Praps I'd like to come en sit up in their laps." En when I say I don't they coax en coax.
As ef I ought to want to sit on folks.
En then they say, "How old am I?" en "Oo!"
They say, en lift me like it hurts thum to.
En "What a nice, big girl I am!" as though Bigness is niceness. 'Cause it isn't so.

occasionally confined and allowed to sleep off the effect of his potions. Theft is unknown and doors are never locked.

New Every Morning

The Master teaches us to pray for our daily bread. Yesterday's supply will not avail; neither will yesterday's supply of grace. We must live by the y and draw on our loving, inexhaustible Father in heaven every morning for strength equal to the day.

I have often said, and repeat it here again, that no Christian is strong enough to carry today's duties with tomorrow's anxieties and worries piled on the top of them. New every morning comes opportunity; new every morning comes the sweet promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee"; new every morning comes the Master offering to lead us; and ere long, if we are faithful, another morning will break on us with unclouded splendor where there will be no need of the sun, for the glory of God



Fruit Trees in Blossom, Victoria, B.C.

Lazy Man's Paradise

If it be a crime to be lazy, Ruatan, the largest of the five Bay Islands, must be full of criminals, for this island is surely the lazy man's paradise. The Bay Islands form a little chain some thirty miles off the coast of Spanish Honduras, one of the most beautiful and prolific spots in the world. About three thousand people, mostly Carib Indians, inhabit it, and they are lazy because there is no need for them to work.

Cocoanuts form the mainstay of the people, and there is nothing easier to grow. To start a grove a man merely burns off a piece of land and plants the nuts in rows twenty-five feet apart. In from four to five years the trees are a dozen feet high, and are beginning to bear; after that the planter is provided for life.

When the native needs anything at the shop all he has to do is to gather together some nuts and exchange them for what he requires.

Other fruits grow just as freely as the coconut, and without the slightest cultivation.

In other respects also the island is attractive. The climate is singularly equable, the thermometer never having been known to fall below sixty-six, or rise above eighty-eight. Being part of Spanish Honduras, the island is under the government of that republic. There is no friction between the officials, their simple duties being confined chiefly to the collection of customs. There is no military establishment, and the only jail on the island is a small one-room hut, in which a native, who has indulged too freely in native brandy, is

doth lighten it, and there shall be no night there.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

Daisy Dreams

Scores of field daisies—fast going to seed!
Thrown in the fence corner—only a weed;
Tell me your message! Just whisper a word!
What was it ye murmured, when fluttering winds stirred?

Short is your life; brief and bright your glad day!
Shining like stars in the midst of the hay,
Soon too will cease, this warm throbbing heart!
We'll be joyous like you, nor fear to depart!

Bending low to the storm, when troubles arise,
Soon smiling again with face to the skies,
Could we be like you, with hearts good as gold,
Pure white like your petals, our lives would unfold.

So sunny and blythe, like gay country girls,
Dearly you're loved, Daisies, Marguerites, Pearls!
Flowers white and golden, leaves softly green,
Name, blossom and jewel, all fit for a queen!

Sara A. Randleson.

This Wife and Mother

Wishes to tell you FREE How She Stopped Her Husband's Drinking

By all Means Write to Her
and Learn how She did it.

For over 20 years James Anderson of 496 Elm Ave., Hillburn, N. Y., was a very hard drinker. His case seemed a hopeless one,



but 10 years ago his wife in their own little home, gave him a simple remedy which much to her delight stopped his drinking entirely.

To make sure that the remedy was responsible for this happy result she also tried it on her brother and several of her neighbors.

It was successful in every case. None of them has touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since.

She now wishes everyone who has drunkenness in their homes to try this simple remedy for she feels sure that it will do as much for others as it has for her. It can be given secretly if desired, and without cost she will gladly and willingly tell you what it is. All you have to do is write her a letter asking her how she cured her husband of drinking and she will reply by return mail in a sealed envelope. As she has nothing to sell do not send her money. Simply send a letter with all confidence to Mrs. Margaret Anderson at the address given above, taking care to write your name and full address plainly. (We earnestly advise every one of our readers who wishes to cure a dear one of drunkenness to write to this lady today. Her offer is a sincere one.)



Give me a Chance to Cure your Rheumatism—FREE

Mr. Delano took his own medicine. It cured his rheumatism after he had suffered torture for thirty-six years. He spent \$20,000 before he discovered the remedy that cured him, but I will give you the benefit of his experience for nothing.

If you suffer from rheumatism let me send you a package of this remedy absolutely free. Don't send any money. I want to give it to you. I want you to see for yourself what it will do. The picture shows how rheumatism twists and distorts the bones. Maybe you are suffering the same way. Don't. You don't need to. I have the remedy that I believe will cure you and it's yours for the asking. Write me today. F. H. Delano, 328-J Delano Bldg., Syracuse, New York, and I will send you a free package the very day I get your letter.

THE LABEL

On your paper will tell when your
subscription expires.

Send in your renewal NOW

Give them Bovril

Because the Body Building Power of BOVRIL has been proved to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Saskatchewan Sheep and Swine Sale

There will be held at the EXHIBITION GROUNDS, REGINA, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29th, 1913, commencing at 1-30 p.m., an Auction Sale of

Pure Bred and Grade Sheep and Pure Bred Swine

This Sale will be held under the auspices of the Saskatchewan Sheep and Swine Breeders' Associations. Assisted freight and express rates on contributed and pure bred animals. Grade ewes will be supplied at cost.

For further information write the

SECRETARY

Live Stock Associations, Department of Agriculture
REGINA



BULBS

Winter Fragrance and Spring Loveliness
TULIPS, HYACINTHS, NARCISSI,
CHINESE SACRED LILY, SCILLA
SIBERICA, LILIES, Etc.

These Bulbs are for Fall and Early Winter planting—they cannot be obtained in the Spring.

WRITE FOR AUTUMN CATALOGUE and ORDER NOW
Have your name added to our mailing list for Spring Catalogue of Tested Seeds.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED.
WINNIPEG.
CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE

Discouraged by Drink Habit

The drink habit is a discouraging habit both to the drinker and to the drinker's family. Drinking men promise themselves and their families that they will stop drinking, yet always fail to do so because the craving for drink is stronger than the will power to resist. If you are discouraged by repeated failures to stop drinking, investigate the

Neal Treatment

which is a safe, sure, harmless vegetable remedy that removes all craving, all desire for alcoholic stimulants of any kind in three days—without the use of hypodermic injections. The Neal Treatment positively leaves no bad after effects.

The Neal Treatment for the Drug Habit is as effective as the Neal Treatment for the Liquor Habit but takes longer.

Write for "A Little Journey to the Neal Institute," by Elbert Hubbard.

Neal Institute

405 Broadway
Winnipeg, Man.

2244 Smith St.
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820 Thirteenth St.
Calgary, Alta.

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

The Living Present

Over my head the stars, distant and pale and cold;
Under my feet the world, wrinkled and scarred and old;
Back of me all that was, all the limitless past,
The future waiting beyond, silent, untenanted, vast:
I at the center of all that has been or that is to be—
The world lying under my feet and the stars looking down at me.

Babylon lies in dust; never a sentinel calls
With fear on his parted lips from any of Nineveh's walls:
Troy is only a name; Caesar is deaf to praise—
Back of me spreads the past in numberless yesterdays!
Under my feet the world; over my head the sky,
Here at the center of things, in the living present am I.

Out in the far beyond, waiting for God's good time,
Splendid cities may rise, heroes may be sublime;
The past may measure against the future that is to be
As a fleeting day compares with a storied century;

marked to the author, "How strange it is to think that these great souls whose words are a beacon-light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals." A few days before, Mr. Bryce heard Mr. Darwin say, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, "And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves."

I'm Growing Old

My days pass pleasantly away,
My nights are bless'd with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
I have no cause to mourn nor weep:
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold.
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,



Prophets unborn may see with a vision that shall be clear.
But the future is dumb, and I, dowered with speech, am here.

I stand at the end of the past, where the future begins I stand;
Emperors lie in the dust; men may live to command;
But greater than rulers unborn and greater than kings who have reigned
Am I that have hope in my breast and victories still to be gained!
Under my feet the world, over my head the sky—
Here at the center of things, in the living present am I. —S. E. Kiser.

Pointed

In the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Ipswich, the following quaint lines can be found:—

"Mary Burgess, died December 25, 1825, aged 58.

Reader! pass on, ne'er waste your time.
On bad biography or bitter rhyme;
For what I am, this cumbrous clay ensures.
And what I was is no affair of yours."

I'm growing fainter in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careless of my dress,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing wise, I'm growing—yes,
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing taste,
I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my growing waist,
I see it in my growing heir;
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That even in my vaunted youth
I'm growing old!

Ah me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears;
And every boon the Hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the Years;
E'en Flattery's honey'd words declare
The secret she would fain withhold.
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years whose rapid flight
My sombre muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings
The light that beams from out the sky.
Those heavenly mansions to unfold.
Where all are blest, and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

Greatness and Modesty

The modesty of two great men is pictured by Mr. James Bryce in his "Studies in Contemporary Biography." Speaking of Dante, Mr. Gladstone once re-

A Real Asthma Relief. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has never been advertised by extravagant statements. Its claims are conservative indeed, when judged by the cures which it performs. Expect real relief and permanent benefit when you buy this remedy and you will not have cause for disappointment. It gives permanent relief in many cases where other so called remedies have utterly failed.

Fashions and Patterns

The Western Home Monthly will send any pattern mentioned below on receipt of 10c. Order by number stating size wanted. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Simple drapery makes an important feature of autumn styles. This dress is most becomingly handled and provides fullness and folds of the most fashionable sort. The skirt consists of only two pieces arranged over a panel. The trimming strap over the front combines with the box-plait of the waist to give becoming continuous lines. As it is shown here, the dress is made of white charmeuse satin with trimming of lace but the trimming and the material both can be varied to suit different needs. In place of the plaited lace, a plain panel of contrasting material can be used and the same material can be utilized for collar and cuffs. Crepe de chine with moire trimming would be handsome.

For the 16-year size, the dress will require 6¾ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ½ yard 18 inches wide for the collar and



7972 Draped Semi-Princesse Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

With Two-Piece Skirt, Three-Quarter or Long Sleeves.

cuffs, 1 yard of flouncing 18 or ½ yard of plain material 21 for the panel. The skirt is 1 yard and 14 inches in width at the lower edge.

The pattern of the dress 7972 is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

No prettier frock for early autumn could be found than this one. It can be made of simple material and be utilized for school, or it can be made of something dainty and lighter in color and become suitable for afternoon occasions. The fronts are lapped one over the other, and the right front of the blouse can be turned back to form a revers, or buttoned over and faced to give a trimming effect. The blouse and the skirt are joined and closed at the left of the front so that the dress is easy to adjust. The plaits in the skirt provide comfortable fullness. Girls wear washable materials until really cold weather and all throughout the



7974 Girl's Dress, 6 to 12 years.

With 'our-Piece Skirt, Long, Three-Quarter or Short Sleeves.

autumn gingham, linen and the like will be pretty made in this way, but the model also is a good one for challis,

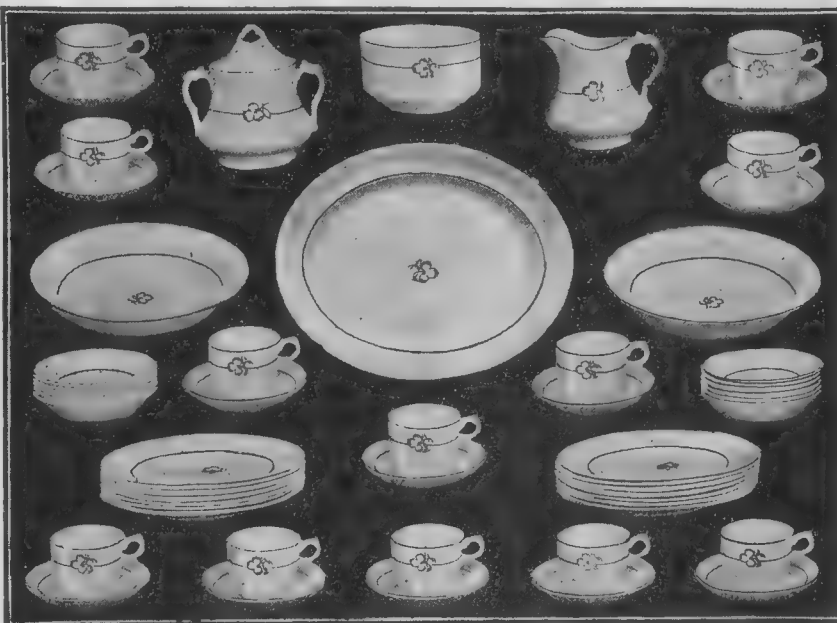


7967 Fancy Blouse with Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

With or without Shirred Chemisette. To be worn over any skirt.

55-PIECE DINNER SET

We want every farmer's wife in Western Canada to have one of these Beautiful Dinner Sets



You can have one of these Sets without it Costing you One Cent!

At considerable expense The Nor'-West Farmer has secured a quantity of these beautiful White and Gold Dinner sets, and we are going to give them away to the farm women of Western Canada if they will do just a little work for us. This actual reproduction is from a photograph but cannot, of course, begin to do justice to the set. Each piece is edge-lined with gold, and with a sprig in the centre. There are 12 cups and saucers, 12 dinner plates, 12 fruit dishes, 2 vegetable dishes, 1 large meat platter, 1 bowl, 1 cream jug and 1 sugar bowl with top—an ideal selection for the country home. This set of dishes would cost you from \$8.00 to \$9.00 at retail in the country, but we are going to send one of them to every farmer's wife or daughter (bachelor or homesteader, too) who will send us the subscriptions of five farmers, living anywhere in Western Canada, who are not now taking The Nor'-West Farmer. There isn't a woman, if she could see them, but who would like one of these sets. If you want one tell us where you saw this advertisement and we'll explain our proposition further. Address:

The Nor'-West Farmer Ltd., Winnipeg, Man.

The Subscription Price
of The
Western Home Monthly
is

\$1 for one year
\$2 for three years

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg

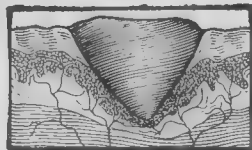
Gentlemen:

Enclosed find \$ for which send me the Western Home Monthly for years.

Name.....

Address.....

We have a few vacancies for subscription agents. The work is pleasant and profitable. Write us for particulars.



A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

Month after month one goes on putting with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

Then the B & B wax in the heart of this plaster gently undermines the

corn. In two days the corn comes out.

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.

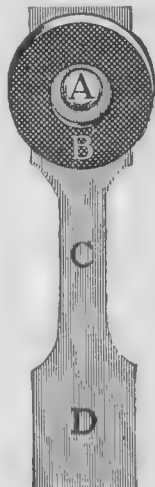
A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. (254)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



A GREAT SPECIFIC FOR WEAK MEN.

All men suffering from Varicocele, Weakening Drains, Nervous Debility, Depression, Brain Fag, Neurasthenia, Bladder Weakness, and all forms of Seminal Weakness or Premature Decline of the Vital Powers, etc., should test the unique Restorative properties of

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I am a woman.
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I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 - - - WINDSOR, Ont.



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Moles, Warts and Small Birthmarks are successfully and permanently removed by Electrolysis. This is the only safe and sure cure for these blemishes. Thick, heavy eyebrows may also be beautifully shaped and arched by this method. There are several poor methods of performing this work, but in the hands of an expert it may be done with very little pain, leaving no scar. I have made this work one of my specialties, and with fifteen years' experience, the very best method in use, and a determination to make my work a success, I can guarantee satisfaction. Write for booklet and further particulars.

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French serge and other similar fabrics. For the 10-year size, the dress will require 5 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 for the trimming.

The pattern of the dress 7974 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

There is a charm about the tunic costume which every woman recognizes and unquestionably it will be worn extensively throughout the season. This one can be utilized both for daytime and for evening wear. When the shirred chemisette is used, it is quite appropriate for afternoon occasions. The tunic consists of one piece gathered at the upper edge. The blouse is the favorite one with kimono sleeves. It is exceedingly effective made of two materials, but, as a matter of course, one can be used if preferred. There is a lining over which the parts of the blouse are arranged. When the round neck is wanted and the shirred chemisette is used, the center portions can be applied over it or can be omitted.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3¼ yards of material 27, 22½ yards 36, 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 18 inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding 7 inches wide, and ½ yard 44 inches wide for the shirred chemisette.

The pattern of the blouse and tunic 7967 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

Girls are wearing draped skirts quite as well as their elders, and this one is very pretty. It is simple and child-like, yet it takes the fashionable folds. There are four pieces but only two seams, as the front and back pieces are finished and lapped one over the other. The blouse also shows the fashionable lapped effect and is exceedingly attractive. The kimono sleeves are most graceful, and will be extensively worn throughout the season. If liked, under sleeves can be added, and the neck can be made high.

For the 12-year size will be needed 4½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards 36, or 2½ yards 44, with 1 yard 18 inches for the guimpe portion.



7987 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.

With Four-Piece Draped Skirt, with or without Under Sleeves, with Round or High Neck.



7966 Girl's Balkan Middy Dress, 8 to 14 years.

With Four-Gored Skirt, with or without Under Waist.

The pattern 7987 is cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

All the long waisted or Balkan effects are liked by school girls. This dress is admirable for early fall. It can be made with the blouse and skirt of contrasting material or of one material throughout. Linen and the many cotton fabrics of similar weight are especially desirable. The skirt is made in four gores, but is laid in plaits that provide comfortable fullness. It can be attached to an under waist or to a belt. The blouse is entirely separate. As shown here, the blouse is made of white linen and the skirt and trimming of blue linen serge.

For the 12-year size, the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27 or 36 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide; the skirt and trimming 2½ yards 27, 1¾ yards 36 or 1½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the dress 7966 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.

The loose blouse suit is one of the newest for small boys. It is pretty and it is becoming. It means very little labor for the mother and it leaves the youngster free and happy. This one is made with plain trousers, and the blouse drawn on over the head, there being only a slight opening at the front. In one view, two materials are used; in the other, one throughout; and both styles are correct. Galatea and linen, madras and the like are materials most in use, but later we shall see serge made up for the cooler days.

For the 4-year size will be needed 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 1½ yards 36 or 44 for the blouse, with 1½

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion, as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

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A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write today for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, WINDSOR, Ont.



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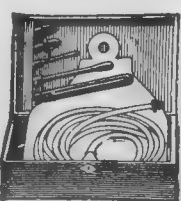
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UNIVERSAL SPECIALTY CO.
Box 2704. Montreal.



7986 Boy's Suit, 2 to 6 years.

yards 27, or $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 or 44 for the trousers.

The pattern 7986 is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper, on receipt of ten cents.



7973 Boy's Middy Suit, 2 to 6 years.

With or without Shield, with Short or Long Sleeves.

The Balkan idea is to be found in boys' suits as well as in girls' dresses and it is so becoming and so attractive that mothers are certain to welcome it. This little suit can be worn with or without the shield and made with short or long sleeves as may be preferred. It is comfortable as well as fashionable, and, consequently, will appeal to the boy as well as to the mother. The two views give quite different suggestions for treatment, and both are in good style. The white suit shown here is made of galatea with trimming of blue braid. In the back view, plain white linen is combined with colored linen serge, and the older boys will like wool serge with the coming of cooler weather. The trousers are in the regulation knickerbocker style finished with waist-bands. The shield is separate and is adjusted under the blouse.

For the 4-year size, the suit of one material will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 in. wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44; or, 2 yards 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 for the blouse and $1\frac{1}{4}$

yards 27, 1 yard 36, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 44 for the trousers and trimming as shown in back view.

The pattern of the suit 7973 is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years. It will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this paper on receipt of ten cents.

Did the Handsome Thing

In a volume of reminiscences just published, a minister relates his experience with two weddings in the same town on the same day, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. "The first wedding fee I received was two guineas. After the second wedding the best man came into my private room and thus addressed me:

"What's the price, parson?"

"Anything you like, or nothing at all," I answered. (I have frequently received nothing.)

"Now," said he, "we want to do this thing up in style, but I have had no experience in this business, and do not know what is proper. You name your price."

"I suggested a moderate sum.

"Pshaw," he said. "That's nothing. We want to do something handsome."

"Go ahead and do it," I said. Whereupon he reflected a moment and then asked me how much I had received for the wedding of the morning.

"Two guineas," I replied.

"His face brightened at once. Here was a solution of the difficulty.

"I see," he remarked, "I'll give you a rise." Whereupon he handed me a five-pound note."

A Scotch minister and his servant, who were coming home from a wedding, began to consider the state into which their potatoes at the wedding feast had left them.

"Sandy," said the minister, "Just stop a minute here till I go ahead. Maybe I don't walk very steady and the good wife might remark something not just right."

He walked ahead of the servant for a short distance, and then asked:

"How is it? Am I walking straight?"

"Oh, ay," answered Sandy thickly, "ye're a recht—but who's that who's with you?"

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10; others say Eve 8 and Adam 8 also, total 16; but if Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total will be 90; now, if Eve 81 and Adam 812, the total would be 893; then if Eve 81 1st and Adam 812, the total would be 1623; or again, Eve 814 Adam, Adam 81242 oblige Eve, total, 82,050; though we admit Eve 8 14 Adam, Adam if he 8181242 keep Eve company, total 8,182,056. All wrong. Eve, when she 81812 many, and probably felt sorry for it, and Adam, in order to relieve her grief, 812, therefore Adam, if he 81814240-fy Eve's depressed spirit hence both ate 81,896,864 apples.

Upon a certain occasion General Sherman was the guest of honor at a banquet, after which a reception was held, says "The Boston Herald."

Among the people who filed in to shake hands with him General Sherman noticed a face that was very familiar, but which he could not place.

"Who are you?" he asked in an apologetic aside, as he welcomed the guest heartily.

The man blushed and murmured behind a deprecatory hand: "Made your shirts, sir."

"Ah, of course," exclaimed the General loudly, and, turning to the receiving committee behind him, he said:

"Gentlemen, allow me to present Major Schurtz."

Miller's Worm Powders do not need the after-help of castor oil or any purgative to complete their thoroughness, because they are thorough in themselves. One dose of them, and they will be found palatable by all children, will end the worm trouble by making the stomach and bowels untenable to the parasites. And not only this, but the powders will be certain to exert most beneficial influences in the digestive organs.



Try this treatment for whitening the skin to-night.

Four famous beautifying treatments

Begin tonight the treatment below best suited to your skin. Use it persistently and regularly and your skin will gradually take on that firm texture and velvety smoothness you have always coveted for it.

1st—For very tender skins. Wash with Woodbury's Facial Soap in the usual way, rinsing the lather off after a very short time.

2nd—For sluggish skins. Rub a warm-water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap into the skin. Leave it on about five minutes. Then rinse the face with lukewarm water, and rub it gently for five minutes with a piece of ice.

3rd—For hard, dry skins. Just before you retire, rub Woodbury's lather into the skin and then, while it is still damp, cover it with a rubber tissue, or other waterproof material.

4th—For sallow, freckled skins. Dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself, letting its lather remain on over night.

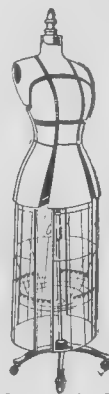
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Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c samples Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and hair and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to the Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd., Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



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Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on" method, with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

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do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dress-making at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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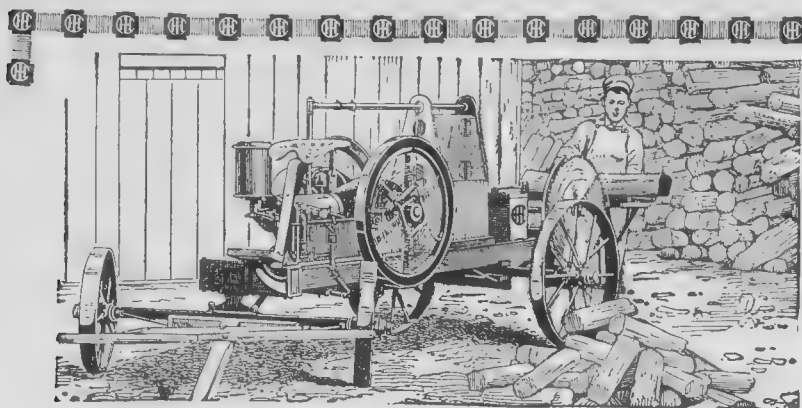
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Buy a Mechanical Drudge

MANY a winter day of back-breaking labor has the average farmer spent stooping over the old buck saw, z-r-r-p, z-r-r-ping its way through tough wood for the kitchen stove supply. But the wise ones don't do it now. They have a handy engine to run the saw, while they rest.

That engine is about the busiest and most convenient machine the wise man has on his farm. It pumps water for him, runs the separator, washing machine, feed grinder, and grindstone. Often it runs a hay press, small thresher, or a repair shop. The year round it drudges for him. And the wisest man has an

I H C Oil and Gas Engine

because it does most for him at least cost. Its simplicity renders it almost trouble-proof. Its construction makes it easy to start and to operate, and it is most economical in fuel consumption. The best material obtainable goes into its making.

I H C engines are made in all styles—vertical and horizontal, portable, stationary and skidded, air and water cooled. Pumping, sawing and spraying outfits. Sizes from 1 to 50-horse power, to operate on gas, gasoline, naphtha, distillate, kerosene, and alcohol.

Oil tractors, 6-12 to 30-60-horse power, for plowing, threshing, etc. The I H C local agent will show you the engines and tell you all about them. Get catalogues from him, or write the

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About the Farm

Why the Land is Ploughed

The question of why the land is ploughed would receive a variety of answers equal almost to the number questioned, observed J. G. Haney, Manager of the Northwest Branch of the I H C service bureau, before the International Dry-Farming Congress, held at Lethbridge, Alta., last October. The ultimate end of all farming operations is, of course, the growing of profitable crops, hence every operation must help towards this end.

Ploughing the land accomplishes many things. The present growth is usually destroyed by being turned under, and the process of decomposition of the matter turned under thereby hastened. The soil being loosened and broken up is exposed to the elements. The circulation of air through the ploughed soil is very beneficial and essential in making available plant food and in promoting the germination and growth of plant life. Ploughed land loses excessive moisture much more quickly than unploughed, because there is a greater surface exposed. Hence when there is a surplus of moisture to be contended with in the spring, the land had best be left rough after fall ploughing. Such land harrowed down after being sufficiently dry makes a good seed bed in which seed will start promptly.

Ploughing also prevents evaporation after the surplus moisture from the surface has escaped, as capillarity is broken in the furrow slice and the moisture not drawn from below as it would be in the unploughed soil.

The root system of cultivated plants must penetrate the soil quickly to obtain the elements necessary to their growth.

Before any fowl can produce eggs its food must have created a surplus of the elements that enter into the composition of eggs. In other words, the hen is only an engine. Before this engine can produce power the fuel supplied must be more than enough to produce heat and a small amount of steam to fill the pipes. So the hen requires enough food to produce heat and to give out power—or eggs. But the hen is more than a machine, because she does more than mechanical work; she produces eggs. Hence we must use natural means in feeding her. The best way to accomplish this is to know the elements which Nature requires.

The Egg Essentials

The hen and the egg are composed of only a few essential elements, which are subject to waste and which consequently must be replaced by proper food. Most important of these are the fat and mineral elements, and large amounts of water. The chief element in the constitution of both hen and egg is water, and it also forms a large part of the waste. Since, in order to produce any benefit, all foods must be digested and assimilated we must give attention to these facts.

We know that a certain part of all foods—such as fiber and the like—is waste matter, and that only a limited portion is digested and assimilated. Most people in buying foods consider the protein of the greatest importance, and hence in every article in which we note formulas for a balanced ration we find certain ratios of protein and carbohydrate values.

Now, such a balanced ration may or may not be profitable and satisfactory. A balanced ration may fail because it is not digested or assimilated by the fowl, animal or man that eats it. Foods that contain at least two per cent. of phosphorus yield the best results in assimilation and nutrition, and phosphorus is simply the ash and lime element that enters largely into the egg and into the fowl's make-up.

Many foods of large protein content do not give the anticipated egg increase. Why? Here may be an illustration. Take one of our essential foods, wheat. An analysis of 310 separate lots showed the following: water, 10.5 per cent; ash, 1.8 per cent; protein, 11.9 per cent; fiber, 1.8 per cent; nitrogen-free extract, 71.9 per cent; ether extract, 2.1 per cent. This is a food of good protein content. The combined food content is 87 per cent, or 87 pounds to every 100 pounds of feed. At first we should call this one of our best foods, and a cheap food at \$2.25 a hundred pounds when compared to oats, say, at \$1.50 a hundred pounds.

Now let us consider its digestive and assimilative values, for upon these depends its value as a food. We discover that only 72 per cent of the above 87 per cent is really digestible. Therefore, instead of getting a real value of 87 pounds per 100 pounds of food, our fowls really digest and receive nutrition from only 62½ of the original 100 pounds.

Hence our feed costs us over 3½ cents a pound instead of 2½ cents. If this were all it would not be very bad, because other foods show little more than this. Our food values depend more upon assimilation than upon digestion. Unless the digested food is assimilated there is refuse food in the excrement. We often find this to be true by watching the droppings from fowls that were given heavy feeds. This is just what we must guard against. Chemical authority tells us that at least two per cent of phosphoric acid in our feed is necessary to insure proper assimilation, and the only sources from which we secure phosphoric acid are the ash and protein elements of feed. It requires 10 per cent of ash to give us 2 per cent of the phosphoric element necessary to assimilate properly 75 per cent of the food.

On this basis the ash element of wheat provided for only about a 20 per cent assimilation from our food, and instead of its cost being 2½ cents a pound it is over 10 cents. That is the real test. Here is the value of securing feeds that have great assimilative and digestive properties. That is why clover hay gives such good egg results; its ash content is high, varying from 6 to over 8 per cent.

Big Prices for Potatoes

The boys in the public schools of Utah competed this year for prizes offered for the best yield of potatoes. The prizes were worth while, one special being \$500 in cash. This was won by Merle Heyer of Lewiston. In making the awards the committee allowed 50 per cent. for yield and 50 per cent. for the other qualities which make good potatoes. The yield of the prize acre was 797 bushels and the Early Eureka was the variety grown. In another contest, also held in Utah, one of the boys secured a yield of 840 bushels per acre, the variety in this case being Russet. Now the results are simply astonishing. Of course, conditions in the West are very favorable for potato growing, but when the average yield for the United States even during a favorable year is less than 100 bushels per acre, the possibilities of improvement in potato production are apparent. Of course, no one expects many growers to secure 700 or 800 bushels to the acre, but it is easily possible without very much extra work or effort to produce 300 and 400 bushels per acre. The average for Germany is something like 233 bushels or, at least, it was a year or two ago. Why is it that so much land is wasted in growing a crop that does not produce more than 30 per cent. of what it should? Here is one place where particular attention should be given to increasing the production.

New Facts about Feeds

By O. F. Sampson.

In an attempt to secure maximum egg records from fowls much depends upon proper feed mixtures. We read and hear a great deal about proper food for egg production. Every poultry journal prints articles each winter on food values, and in almost all of these cases we have the same practical information. Simmered down for everyday use it is this: Have your food ratio about one to five for winter eggs.

All these chemical and scientific data are valuable to the veteran and benefit him; but when it comes to practical reasons for feeding, the average poultryman wants to be shown why our food ratios require protein, fat, carbohydrates, and so forth. When this is proved to him he is ready to proceed.

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ALSO A PRIZE OF \$10 for NEATEST SOLUTION. Somebody who sends for particulars of this Puzzle Contest telling us WHAT "PROVERB" IS REPRESENTED by the above Sketches, will receive a \$50 GOLD WATCH or... **\$50 in GOLD MONEY!** as stated in the certificate of entry, and in the event of a tie between two or more persons for the prize, a prize identical in character and value with that tied for will be given to each person tied. Try at once. It may be you. Use your Brains. Send no Money. Write your answer on a Postcard or letter, giving name and address plainly. **BRITISH WATCH CO., Dept. 24 Montreal, Canada**

Plant Pests In Canada

Government and Importation of Vegetation

All persons who are accustomed, or intend, to import trees, shrubs, plants and other kinds of vegetation into Canada, or to ship such trees and plants from one province to another, should make themselves thoroughly familiar with the regulations of the Dominion and Provincial Governments in this matter. If this is not done, inconvenience and possible loss may result owing to the neglect to comply with the requirements of Dominion or Provincial Governments, which requirements are necessitated by the danger, always present, of the importation of dangerous pests into Canada, or their spread from one province to another.

The regulations governing the importation of vegetation of various kinds into Canada and the Dominion and provincial laws under which they have been passed have been collected in a convenient form and published as a bulletin with explanatory notes by the Dominion entomologist, Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt. This bulletin, entitled "Legislation in Canada to prevent the introduction and spread of insects, pests and diseases destructive to vegetation with regulations regarding the importation of vegetation into Canada," is published as bulletin No. 11, second series, of the Experimental Farms' Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. It also forms entomological bulletin No. 6, of the Division of Entomology. It may be obtained free on application to the Publications' Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. The laws and regulations of the Dominion Government and of the governments of those provinces possessing such legislation, namely, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Ontario and Prince Edward Island are given. A full explanation is given of the regulations which must be observed by persons importing nursery stock, which comprises trees, shrubs, plants, vines, etc., into Canada and into the provinces mentioned.

A perusal of this bulletin, even by those who do not import, or intend to import plants, will afford the reader an excellent idea of the strict supervision and care that is being exercised to prevent the introduction of further insect pests into Canada. More than half of the serious pests of Canada are not native to the country, but have been introduced or have migrated hither. The object of this legislation is to prevent further introduction and spreading, and the benefit which is resulting from the careful inspection, and treatment when necessary, of imported plants is incalculable, and is the means of saving the country from enormous losses.

A Bull's Strength

The following authentic tale comes from a South Wairarapa (New Zealand) station, and shows the immense power possessed by a bull. Two shepherds were driving bulls from various paddocks, and bringing them down to the homestead. As each fresh bull was added to the mob there were trials of strength and savage skirmishes between the various members of the herd. At one gate a large roan Shorthorn bull was waiting for the rest, and as soon as the gate was opened he charged out, and, after the usual roaring and grunting, came to locks with a well-grown red Shorthorn bull of equal size. After several bouts with horns locked, the red bull slipped past the roan's guard, and, getting him fairly under the body, heaved him bodily over the fence into the paddock where he had just come from. The roan bull weighed nearly a ton, and his body cleared the fence, one of the posts being broken by his horns. Another remarkable event from a spectacular point of view was when six or seven bulls attacked one, pitched him down the side of a big hill, hustled him through a gate, and over another fence.

The Farmer's Wife

A generation ago the wife and mother compared her lot with that of the pioneer grandmother, and she felt that she had

much to be grateful for. Today the past is forgotten; comparisons must be made between herself and city sisters and friends. The family album, with its reminders of yesterday, is seldom opened. 'Today' is ever at hand in the automobile's honk, the jingle of the telephone bell, and the headlines of the daily paper.

These farm women find themselves in a new civilization, but not of it. They have as great a longing for the best that life can offer as have the well-gowned women of the cities. In many cases, from a financial standpoint, they can as well afford the luxuries of modern life as the majority of those who possess them. But, as the wives of farmers, they must give themselves to the land, says the "Atlantic Magazine." Their houses go neglected that they may help with work in the fields.

Their hands are coarse and rough from assisting their husbands with pressing work on the land. Wives of wealthy farmers in this our country while at their work, often resemble in their appearance ignorant, poverty-stricken peasant women of Europe. Many a farmer's son who has completed the course of the city high school has been helped to do so by the sacrifices of an

overworked mother back on the farm, who has taken upon herself many of the tasks that, otherwise, would have been his. In the hearts of these lonely, toil-worn women, love for farm life is turning to bitterness, and the daughters are electing new things.



The Trail of the Lonesome Pine

Animal, Not Pedigree

Pedigree is a very dangerous thing to buy without the animal, is the conclusion a writer in the "Farmer and Stock Breeder" comes to in discussing the in-breeding of the Shorthorn dairy cow from noted families that have in the past proved themselves heavy milkers. He continues: No one likes to see a lot of cows coming home to milk with their eyes staring out of their sockets, with a vacant, listless walk, laboring under pressure from a coarse udder hanging as if it were a bag of carrots from the body, which often brings a remark from a casual observer, "That one will give a lot of milk," whereas it is not this class of animal that proves the champion at the pail.

Each and every cow should have quality, combined with a sharp outlook, mellow udder, with teats hanging like a kid-gloved finger as if they took no part at all in filling the pail except as an adornment to a well shaped udder carried up as if a part of her body. I am certain, to get back to this type, more Scotch blood will have to be made use of, and to take a violent outcross on to a long in-bred milking pedigree has the worst result possible on the female line. Yet great success has been ob-

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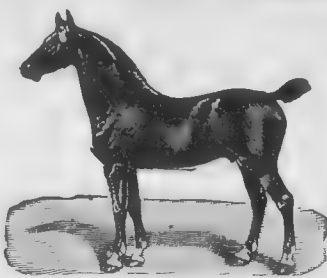
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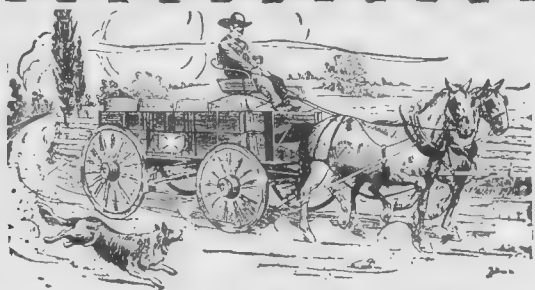
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Wagons and IHC Wagons

THE farmer who, in need of a wagon, blindly makes a bee line for the first new wagon or dealer in sight may get a good wagon. If chance steers him to an IHC dealer, well and good. That is his good fortune. If not, he will probably be in the wagon market again years before he should be. But the economical farmer will study and compare different makes; find out in advance which wagon will give him best service; and consider such questions as company standing and reputation. The evidence will lead him inevitably to buy an IHC wagon.

Petrolia Chatham Hamilton Old Dominion

Here are only two of the many features that contribute to the making of IHC wagon reputation. 1. Air-drying of lumber. Every stick of wood used—hickory and oak for wheels and axles, bay poplar for box sides, long leaf yellow pine for bottoms—lies drying in open sheds from two to three years, saving all its resinous saps, toughening, seasoning, gaining elasticity, as only air-dried lumber does. Kiln-drying, the terrific application of unnatural heat for a few days, evaporates the sap, leaves the wood inelastic, brittle, and weak—ruins it, in short. 2. Thorough inspections. Every IHC wagon, before it is ready for the farmer, has had to pass many rigid inspections.

Look the line over at the local agent's. Get catalogues, too, from the agent, or, write the

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WESTERN BRANCH HOUSES

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tained by bulls from 1,000-gallon cows with a Scotch cross.

It is all wrong to think that heifers of the beefy class will not become good milkers if they are handled in the right way. It only requires suitable treatment in feeding for the dairy, and in most cases they will give the required quantity to be entered in the D. S. H. B. records.

Management of Sandy Soils

My experience and observation have convinced me that it is a waste of time and money to apply fine manure and fertilizer to sandy soils unless we furnish an abundance of humus-forming material in connection with these fertilizers. There may be some special crops that will bring sufficient returns to justify the owner of the land in applying such expensive fertilizers, but to speak from the standpoint of such crops as are ordinarily grown on our farms, I believe the expense will be greater than the increased returns. A sandy soil rightly managed, may be made the most productive of any kind of soil we have on our farms, but we must constantly be furnishing it with humus forming material if we are to maintain the capacity to produce large crops.

We have found that by plowing under green forage, clover and other legumes,

frequent oiling or not. As only about half of the parts on binders or mowers need frequent oiling and then only in such quantity as will be retained by the bearing, the overflow does no good. When a bearing is neglected and the parts get hot, and cutting takes place between the shaft and its bearing, and it is not convenient to take the parts out to smooth them off, a little graphite mixed with the oil will be quite beneficial.

When you are through using your machines for the season they should be properly housed. Before putting them away the polished parts should be greased to prevent rust. This would include the knotters and sickle on the binder and the knives on the mower. This would also apply to all other implements used on the farm such as cultivators, disk harrows, plows, etc. When the binder is put away, the canvases should be removed and hung up in the tool shed or barn. A very common practice in connection with the canvases is to fold them up. This is not a good plan, as experience has shown, on account of mice making their headquarters there during the winter and in many cases damaging the canvas.

After machines have been used for some time they should be gone over carefully and the worn parts adjusted and put in order. This work should be done before starting on next season's work; when the grain is ripe and grass fit to



How Western waste land can be profitably utilized

and by using a fertilizer rich in potash and phosphoric acid, sandy land may be made to produce profitable crops of potatoes and corn, wherein it would fail to produce the same crops if a complete fertilizer were used with no legume plowed under. When we apply manure to sandy land I believe that under ordinary circumstances the best results will come from applying it as a top dressing to the clover crop. By doing this the clover crop arrests and holds the plant food until such time as it is needed by the succeeding crop.

All of the time sandy land is not occupied by a growing crop it should have some kind of a clover crop growing on it that in turn will be plowed under to increase the humus content of the soil. This improves the texture of the soil and also improves its action toward heat, light, penetration of roots, and also assists in the conservation of moisture and fertility.

Care of the Machinery

By Maurice Kane, Manager of Experiments, International Harvester Company.

This question is of considerable importance to the farmers of the present day, owing to the large amount of machinery used on the farm. In considering this question we will start with new machines. The important thing to look out for is that the nuts are kept tight so that all the parts will be kept in proper operative relation to each other.

Next in importance is the use of good oil for lubricating the moving parts. This matter requires some discretion so as to not waste oil or time. It is quite common for the ordinary operator to squirt oil into all oil holes, especially the ones that are most convenient, regardless of whether those parts need

cut, you will not have time to do a good job of repairing. On your mower it is very important that looseness at both ends of the pitman be taken care of and that the guards be in proper alignment. Those are the most important points in connection with mowing machines. By alignment of guards, we do not mean the points of the guards; we refer to that portion through which the knife sections work. To line up the guards, take a piece of fine string, connect to the inner and outer shoes, letting it bear on the ledger plates about midway between the front and rear. Draw this string tight and you can easily see if the guards are in line with the shoe plates. As the guards are made of malleable iron they will stand bending up or down to bring them in proper alignment with the shoe plates.

The less attention you pay to matters of this kind the better it is for the manufacturer, as you will need more machines and repairs.

Intensive Farming

A reader, stirred up by my statement of \$200 returns from one-eighth acre in vegetable plants, especially cabbage and celery, asks me, says a writer in "Farm and Fireside," what may be his chances of securing an income of, say, \$800 an acre on two acres planted in these or similar crops in the suburbs of a small city. An income of \$800 or \$1,000 from an acre of market-garden crops, and especially of vegetable or flowering plants, is not only within the reach of possibility, but also of reason, and is actually secured (and more, too), by many gardeners near our cities or villages. But so much depends on local conditions, management, skill of the grower and seller, that I would not give any guarantee. Begin slowly, gradually, carefully,

and expand as you see your way clear. Do not let my figures tempt you to run in debt for land, giving up another business that has so far provided a living. Use discretion and common sense.

It's Better than Plow

Silently and persistently alfalfa has worked its way from southern latitudes to the north, carrying verdure and riches throughout practically every state of the Mississippi. Nor have its virtues been confined to the western half of the country, as the past few years have seen marked spread of its beneficent presence eastward to the Atlantic coast. Successfully grown for untold centuries in the old world, finding its first establishment in Greece somewhere about 500 B. C., and long one of the chief crops in modern Europe, alfalfa is now firmly established in the affections of the American people. What better introduction to our printed array of up-to-date methods than to here quote a few lines from Coburn in his Book of Alfalfa:

"There are some silent subsoilers that do their work with ease, and in their way more effectually than any team or plow ever hatched. The clover plant is righteously famed as one of these, but alfalfa is its superior. Its roots work night and day; they strike 5, 10, 15 or 20 feet deep, storing up nitrogen, and when these roots decay they leave not only a generous supply of fertility for any desired crop, but millions of openings, and help to constitute an unfailing reservoir of wealth upon which the husbandmen can draw with little fear of protest or over-drafts."

Do not Breed Sows too Young

The age for breeding young sows has been demonstrated by the Mississippi experiment station. Young sows should not be bred until one year old, for a sow cannot make a litter of pigs and grow at the same time, according to their support. Our early maturing breeds mature at eight and ten months old when properly fed, and are more generally bred before a year old, but breeding too young injures the stamina.

Clover good for Early Hog Feed

There probably is no crop upon the farm that offers so much profitable succulent food for swine as a well-set field of clover.

With a good growth of clover we have kept our brood sows in splendid shape after weaning the pigs, with but very little grain added, allowing them at all times plenty of water to drink.

However, we do not always have good stands of clover upon our farm and must supplement some other crop for forage during the early summer season. We have met this demand to an extent by sowing rye in autumn, very heavy, three bushels to the acre, which is not too much for pasturing.

This crop starts us off in early spring as soon as the ground will bear turning on to, and the swine round up their foraging by gleaning the scattering heads of grain as they enter the milk stage. It is best in the event of pasturing of a patch of rye to have another small plot adjoining the rye field, sown thickly with oats and peas.

As soon as the succulent properties in the rye have ceased which will be as soon as it has headed out and is forming the grain, we find that the oats and pea crop is coming on just in the proper condition to fit into the green ration, while the hogs are finishing up in the rye field. The rye field is broken up, fitted for sowing into rape which makes an excellent green feed to keep the hogs healthy and conditioned for starting in on a ration of new corn.

We are sure that the outbreak of disease among swine would be greatly lessened if the swine were given more range in the manner of succulent pasturage during the summer and autumn, in addition to gleaning over the dry grain stubble fields. Plenty of shade, all the green field they can consume, fresh water to drink, no wallow and lush

holes, manure piles, and no dry hog pens filled with myriads of dust and disease germs, are the farmers' safeguard in swine raising.—Geo. W. Brown, Ohio.

Principles of Natural Hatching

In the natural or hen hatching system we find the following conditions:

1. Heat for eggs is obtained from the contact with the hen's body.
2. The eggs are ventilated by the air passing through the feathers of the hen.
3. The eggs are turned frequently by the hen's feet. This is for the purpose of keeping the yolk from sticking to the shell, and to allow the uniform development of the young chick.
4. The moisture required by the eggs to prevent too great a drying out, is obtained from the damp earth in the nest. Also from the hen's feet which often become moist when she is off feeding.
5. The eggs are cooled and aired as often as the hen leaves the nest to feed and exercise.

In the incubator these conditions have been artificially supplied, although not yet entirely to such a degree that equal success is always obtained.

The heating is usually performed by a lamp, which is situated on the exterior of the machine, the fumes of the lamp escaping, and only the heated air around the jacket of the heater passing into the incubator. Gas, electricity and coal are

also successfully used for heating these machines.

Ventilation is obtained through openings in the incubator, either up or down draft being obtained.

The eggs are turned twice each day by hand.

Moisture is obtained by the evaporation of water from a tray of moist sand, or water placed in the bottom of the machine.

Cooling of the eggs takes place when they are being turned or in warm weather they may be left exposed to the air of the room for a few minutes.

There are many makes of incubators on the market, all of which are being operated with more or less success. The diffusion type is recommended by some, the radiant by others. Both are good. It is important, however, in purchasing to obtain a double cased machine with convenient access to the lamp and other parts.

"Choking" in Cattle

Choking in cattle is usually due to their swallowing a piece of turnip, and having it lodge in the gullet. If the animal breathes with its mouth shut, and only coughs a little, you should wait a little rather than adopt extreme measures or begin a surgical operation, for often the animal will then get over it of its own accord. The signs which call for immediate and heroic

treatment are when saliva runs from its mouth, its eyes bulge out, back is arched, and bloating takes place.

Various methods are recommended, a practical one of which is making the animal run down hill, as the violent exertion thereby produced may cause the obstruction to come up and fly out of its mouth. Leaping the animal over a low fence is likewise claimed to be good. Better still is to put a flat-ended stick firmly against the obstruction on the side of the neck, and strike against the other side with a mallet to smash it. A pretty hard blow is necessary to achieve much, and instead of crushing the obstruction this may only have the effect of driving it along, which will, however, give temporary relief. On the other hand, if the obstruction is not very far down, it can sometimes be made to return to the mouth by gripping the gullet below it and squeezing and pushing upward.

Once in a while cows will appear choked, however, when nothing can be felt in their throats, the trouble then is evidently within their bodies, and though it is always advisable to watch them, they will generally be all right in an hour or two without receiving any treatment. These simple means are usually as efficacious as resorting to a probing or cutting down the gullet with a knife, making an incision, and thus removing the offending object, which are fit for no one to do, in fact, but a veterinary surgeon.



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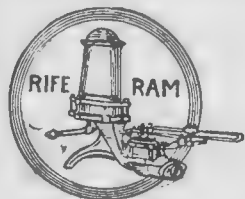


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Young People

Her Halloween

By Minna Irving

There are witches in the woodland, for the branches creak and moan.
 And a host of pallid spirits o'er the windy fields are blown,
 And the fallen leaves are stirring to the tread of ghostly feet;
 And the moon is veiled in vapor, chilly as a winding-sheet.
 It is near the stroke of midnight; dare she pace the haunted dark?
 Dare she tread the misty mazes of the dim, deserted park?
 To the church among the willows, strewing hempseed, will she go.
 That a brave and handsome lover may come after her and mow?

Hark! the belfry doves are coming in their slumber in the loft.
 Once around between the gravestones, on the withered mosses soft.
 Twice; was that a step behind her?
 Nay, it must have been the dead
 Tapping on the lichened marbles, lying heavy overhead.
 See, the moon is out, the shadow of the church upon her falls.
 Thrice, a mystic measure chanting, she has circled round its walls.
 But a last few seeds are left her, in the frosted grass to throw,
 As she sees a dusky figure gliding after her to mow.

who is expected to finish the picture without knowing what has already been drawn. When the papers are opened queer objects meet the gaze, and, as may be imagined, produce hearty laughter.

Hat Game.

In this exciting game the players are divided into two sides, and seat themselves in half circles at the same distance from a hat placed on the floor in the center of the ring. The sides are given cards of different colors, and after dealing them out to all the players equally, they take turns throwing the cards in the hat. This is not easily accomplished, simple as it looks, for even the best players are apt to have more cards on the floor than in the receptacle prepared for them. After all the cards have been thrown, those in the hat are counted, and the side having the most of one color wins the game.

Fruit Basket

Is a game which can be enjoyed by "the children of larger growth" almost as well as by the little folks. It is so mirth-provoking that no one can take part without having a jolly time. The players seat themselves in a circle, with a leader in the center, who gives to every one the name of a fruit, also a number. He then calls out a number and immediately counts ten very rapidly. The person who has the number called must answer with his fruit name before the leader stops counting. If he



The Salmon Fishing Fleet on Fraser River, B.C.

Sudden terror on her seizes, there is no one near to save.
 Tripping on the matted brambles, lo! she falls across a grave.
 But a loving arm enfolds her, and a voice is in her ear—
 "Ah! I watched you and I followed, and I love you, little dear."
 'Tis the playmate of her childhood, brave and bonny, blithe and bold,
 With his eyes of laughing hazel, and his curls of chestnut gold.
 Maidens fair who seek the future on a Halloween to know,
 May you find as true a lover coming after you to mow!

Games for Thanksgiving

The games here given will be a source of much fun and hilarity, and therefore can make merry time not only for the little tots, but for the big brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, uncles, aunts, and even the grandparents, for young and old at this time should be willing to join together in the pursuit of mirth and jollity. First we have a

Pen and Pencil Game.

Give to every one in the company a pencil and slip of paper which has been folded three times in equal parts. Request all to draw a head of either a person, animal, bird or fish, and to extend the lines of the neck a little into the second division; then, after turning down the paper, pass to the person sitting next to them, who draws a body, beginning the legs on the last division, and again passes to the third person,

does not do this he has to give up his seat to the leader and take his place; otherwise the leader continues with other numbers until he catches someone. Every little while the leader shouts "Fruit Basket," which means all are to change seats. The one who is left standing takes the floor.

Let those who care for more intellectual effort try

Pro and Con.

Divide the company into two sets, as in the old-fashioned spelling match. Call one division the pros and the other the cons. Start the game by the leader of the cons commencing a story of some kind, every sentence beginning with con, and he must continue as long as possible, but at the least hesitation the pros must be ready to promptly go on with the narrative, prefixing pro instead of con. This is a difficult but fascinating game; for the quick-witted it is both amusing and interesting. If a word is wrongly chosen or mispronounced, the one who makes the mistake must leave the game, but when he merely hesitates the story goes to the other side, and he remains in line ready to take his turn when it comes again. When only two remain the contest becomes intensely exciting. The one who is last to fail is considered the victor, as he wins for himself and for his side.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is armed against many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

FOUR BOXES OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS PUT HER ON HER FEET.

MRS. ED. BOYER, Nokomis, Sask., writes:—"I had been troubled with weak back and kidneys. I had terrible dizzy headaches, and could not sleep at night. In this I way suffered for ten years, until I read about DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. I purchased two boxes, and as they helped me, I sent for two more, and they put me on my feet, and I have been able to work ever since."

For Backache, Lame Back, Weak Back, or any other Kidney Trouble, there is no remedy to equal DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They have been on the market for 20 years and therefore must be a staple article.

Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25. May be obtained at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "DOAN'S."

USE ABSORBINE, JR., FOR IT



Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex. Ahl, Tobinport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1908: "No doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction. Gout, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Heals Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

It is spelled A-B-S-O-R-B-I-N-E and Manufactured only by W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, P.Q. Also furnished by Martin Bule & Wynne Co., Winnipeg The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co., Ltd., Vancouver

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Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. **Phosphonal** will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

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A safe, reliable and effectual monthly medicine. A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon. Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of \$1.00. Correspondence confidential. **J. AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont.**

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A Home Cure Given by One Who Had It

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case. I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

Mark H. Jackson, No. 29, Gurney Bldg. Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true. —Pub.

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Mount Birds and Animals also heads, fish, and to tan hides, make rugs, robes, etc.

Yes, you can learn easily—quickly—perfectly in your own home by mail. Success guaranteed. Fascinating work. We have 25,000 sportsmen students, and every one is an enthusiastic taxidermist. Big profits to all who know taxidermy. Write today.

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PER PAIR \$4.75 CARR. PAID
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The 'Fife' is honestly built from the finest Waterproof Hideskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hobnails as desired. Trial Order proves its worth. Send size, or draw outline of foot, and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P.O., Scotland.

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SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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IN CATTLE SURELY PREVENTED
CUTTER'S BLACK LEG VACCINE
California's favorite, the most successful, easiest used and lowest priced reliable vaccine made. Powder, string or pill form. Write for free Black Leg Booklet.
THE CUTTER LABORATORY
BERKELEY, CAL.
If your druggist does not stock our vaccines, order direct from us.

A Thanksgiving Play

The children in Miss French's room had such good times. During the whole month of November they had delightful times playing "Mayflower," as they called it. Miss French read them so many stories about the colonial boys and girls, and told them so many things that she had read in "grown-up folks" books. She showed them pictures which Nena's mamma had sent of the Plymouth Rock as it is now. She told them so much about the queer customs the people had in those olden days when the Puritans first came to our country.

But best of all, she gave them names—names of real people who had come over in the "Mayflower." There were Gov. Bradford, William Carver, Elder Brewster, and many of the others. On Friday afternoons they played the story of the Pilgrims. One corner of the room was Holland, one corner England, and then away across the room was America. It took them so long to cross. They walked, of course, but they played they were sailing, and they kept close together because they were all in the boat. They used the pencil block for the Plymouth Rock. Each one stepped on it, and the little boys helped the little girls very carefully. Of course little Adelaide (who was named Mary Chilton) was the first girl to land: What fun they had playing the "Pilgrim's wash day!" The little girls rubbed and hung out to their heart's content. A few of the boys were Indians. They were very friendly to the Pilgrims.

The children had the most fun the Friday when they played the "First Thanksgiving." The girls played making cakes and good things on the long kindergarten table. The boys wandered around the room shooting wild turkeys and other game. The girls set the tables, and then Indians and all gathered around the kindergarten table. There was really nothing to eat but the number blocks, but the children thought it was lovely. They talked of it at recess, and called each other by name. At night they told their mammas all about it. Sometimes they forgot their names, but Miss French had them all written on a paper so that she could always tell them. When sometimes she said, "Now let us see if we can remember our names," almost every wee one in the room could tell. On the school-room blackboard they had so many pretty pictures from magazines of Miss French's. They were pasted on the board and had a colored crayon border around them. There was a picture of Priscilla and a picture of a colonial mother and baby which they named Mrs. White and little Peregrine.

Often when the little Sunbeam Class strung their beads, Miss French saved those which were strung "just right" to give to the Indians when Friday came. Then Samoset and Squanto and Massasoit would strut about very proud of their beads. Sometimes Nena's mamma asked her if they didn't make lots of noise playing "Mayflower," but she always said, "Why, no, mamma, we play it just as nicely as we can. It is so much fun, and we couldn't play at all if we were noisy."

Elizabeth's Thanksgiving

By E. Gilmore

It was the day before Thanksgiving and the Simm's family were very unhappy. Mr. Simm had been out of work for so long, that the little money he had saved up was nearly gone. Mrs. Simm had such a cold that she could scarcely speak, and the whole family felt blue over the approaching day of "thanks."

The Simm's family had never depended on charity to help them along. So while tomorrow the wretchedly poor would have a good meal furnished by the city, it was plain that the Simm's family would have nothing but bread and potatoes. The little money they had left must be saved for fuel and other necessities.

"No turkey or mince pies like we had last year," sighed Fred dolefully. Mr. Simm looked from the window and echoed Fred's sigh. Even Baby May

seemed to know of the shadow hovering over the family. And so they were all unhappy. That is, all but Elizabeth. Elizabeth was never unhappy. She was the most trusting, cheerful little soul that ever lived. And why, I am sure I can't tell, unless it was because she was "truly good" as Fred always declared. For she couldn't walk a step. Just think of that! She had had a terrible fall when she was a baby; her back was crooked and her tiny feet helpless, and though she was eight years old she had never walked. But she was a very pretty little girl with great dark eyes and light curly hair. And she was just as sweet and loving and gentle as she was pretty. And the best thing about her, she never had "the blues," and never lost faith in God. So while the rest of the family were feeling down-hearted she spoke up in her cheery way and said: "We always have had a nice Thanksgiving and I know we will tomorrow."

Her father patted the curly head gently. "I wish I had your faith, dear," he whispered. Mrs. Simm tried to smile as she said: "We must try and be thankful, for we are all alive and well and that is more than everyone can say."

Thanksgiving eve was cold and dark. Great clouds in the heavens foretold a snow storm, and sure enough the next morning when the Simm's family awoke the ground was already covered with snow and the white flakes were still steadily falling.

While the family was at the breakfast table the kitchen door was hastily opened and a grocery boy from one of the large stores set a huge basket on the floor.

"Simm, Detroit street," he shouted cheerily, and then sprang into the grocery wagon and hurried away.

"It must be some mistake," ejaculated the astonished Mr. Simm gazing at the well-filled basket.

"But this is your name," said Fred, holding up a slip of paper. "Mr. G. Simm, Detroit street." That means you, don't it?"

Little Elizabeth sat quietly in her chair, but her cheeks were glowing and her eyes shining as she said softly: "I knew that God wouldn't forget us."

As soon as the family were convinced that the basket belonged to them they commenced to unpack it, and what a basket it was! In the first place there was a large fat turkey, weighing almost as much as Baby May. Then there were cranberries and turnips and canned corn and tomatoes. A big bunch of crisp white celery was on one side and a jar of mince meat on the other. There was also a box of delicious candy and several pounds of white grapes. Fred danced about the clean little kitchen and Baby May clapped her tiny little hands and danced too. Elizabeth only looked on and was happy.

In less time than you would think possible the fat turkey was in the oven and Mrs. Simm was busy making mince pies. By two o'clock the dinner was ready and on the table and how fine everything did look.

The big turkey, stuffed almost to bursting, was just that lovely shade of golden brown that all respectable turkeys ought to be. There was a large dish of mashed potatoes and another of turnips. The celery was nodding behind a glass dish just full of stewed cranberries and on the side table two fat mince pies were cooling. Then there was bread and butter and coffee. And how that Simm's family did eat.

"This is Elizabeth's Thanksgiving," said Mr. Simm, smiling across at his little daughter.

"Because she prayed," said Fred, taking a big mouthful of meat. "I wish I could pray like Elizabeth."

They were just commencing on their pie when some one knocked at the door. So loud and quick was the knock that little May was afraid. Mr. Simm opened the door quickly and there on the steps stood a stranger. The wind was howling so dismally and the snow falling so swiftly that Mr. Simm asked the man to come inside, which he immediately did. He was a jolly fat-faced man about fifty years old, with a smooth face and iron gray hair. His blue eyes twinkled merrily and he was altogether a very pleasant looking person.

Would Faint and Fall Down Wherever She Was.

Heart Would Seem All Gone.

MRS. DANIEL DEWLEY, Mineral, N.B., writes:—"I take great pleasure in expressing myself for the benefit I have obtained from your wonderful medicine, MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I had been a sufferer for over five years, and took doctors medicine of every kind. I would faint and fall wherever I was, and my heart would seem all gone. I was advised by some of my friends to try your HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I only used three boxes, and I can say I am completely cured."

"MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a specific for all run-down men and women, whether troubled with their heart or nerves, and are recommended by us with the greatest of confidence that they will do all we claim for them."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Sovereign Sheathing Felt

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Makes Houses Draft-Proof

SOVEREIGN Sheathing Felt is as effective as several layers of ordinary building paper. It is thick, tough and wind-proof, and will prevent even a particle of draft from passing through walls or floor. Being really light-weight RU-BER-OLD Roofing, it will last as long as the building.

For every extra cent you spend on SOVEREIGN Sheathing Felt you will save dollars in fuel, and will have a more comfortable home.

Get a sample from the nearest RU-BER-OLD dealer, or write for sample and booklet to 106

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YOU will save money, get the most satisfaction and have reliable goods if you make your selection from one of the thousands of catalogues we are now distributing.

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THE DIRECT WAY

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time, 23 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every state, price, etc. Not sold in stores.

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624 San Fernando Blg 624 LOS ANGELES, CAL.

WAS TROUBLED WITH SOUR STOMACH AND BILIOUSNESS.

Sour Stomach and Biliousness are caused by a sluggish Liver, for when it is not working properly, it holds back the bile, which is so essential to promote the movement of the bowels, and the bile gets into the blood instead of passing through the usual channel, thus causing many stomach and bowel troubles.

"There is only one way to prevent the liver from becoming up-set, and that is by the use of MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

Miss Julia Lang, Yarko, Sask., writes:—"For several years I was troubled with sour stomach and biliousness, and did not get any relief until I used MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS. I had only taken them two weeks when my trouble was quite gone, and I will recommend them to all who suffer as I did."

The price of MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS is 25 cents per vial, or 5 vials for \$1.00. They can be procured at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Films Developed

10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 8 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c.; 4x5.3a, 5c.
Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.

GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY
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"Does a man live here by the name of Simm?" he asked in a jolly voice.

"That is my name," responded Mr. Simm quietly, "Mr. George Simm."

"Well of all things," ejaculated the stranger, "My name is Simm too, Gregory Simm. That accounts for it. Ha! ha! ha! Won't Emmeline laugh when she hears of it?" And again his loud ha! ha! echoed through the room.

Mrs. Simm looked frightened, and wondered if the stranger might not be out of his mind. Mr. Simm started to speak, but the stranger broke in again:

"My turkey, or what is left of it! My grapes, my celery, my cranberries! Ha! ha! ha! Won't this tickle Emmeline?"

Mr. Simm now looked disturbed. "Perhaps you will tell us what you mean, sir," he said.

"I ought to apologize," answered the man, "but the fact is, this is my dinner you have been eating."

"Your dinner!" gasped poor Mrs. Simm, looking guilty.

"It is Elizabeth's dinner," shouted Fred, growing very red in the face. "She prayed for it."

"The fact is," broke in Mr. Simm, "we didn't expect any dinner today. That is, nothing like this. I have been out of work so long we couldn't afford it. But early this morning a basket came to the door with my name and address. Here is the paper," he concluded. "I supposed that some friend knowing our poverty and also our pride, took this way of sending us the things."

The stranger looked at the paper. "Mr. G. Simm," he read in a loud voice. "Detroit street—Well, I must apologize," he continued. "It is the jolliest mistake on earth. You see I am a bachelor and live on Detroit avenue with my niece, Emmeline. I ordered my groceries yesterday,

but they didn't come, so Emmeline and I went to a restaurant. The clerk said that maybe he had sent the goods to Detroit street instead of the avenue. So I just thought I'd trot down here and find out. Ha! ha! ha! What a joke!" He laughed so loud and heartily that Fred did too. And so did little May and Elizabeth and finally Mr. and Mrs. Simm joined in.

"Well, one thing," began the stranger, taking off his overcoat. "I'm going to stay for dinner; I'm going to taste that turkey."

And he did stay, and a jolly meal it was. Mr. Simm was embarrassed somewhat, and said he would settle for the goods, if the other Mr. G. Simm would give him a little time. But the other Mr. G. Simm wouldn't listen to such a proposition.

"I never spent money I enjoyed more," he declared. "I can afford the little loss for it is about the jolliest joke I ever heard of."

He promised to help Mr. Simm to a job, and laughed and told stories till the children quite fell in love with him.

Just before he went home Fred broke in: "So it wasn't Elizabeth's Thanksgiving after all."

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears, but she said bravely, "Well, God answered my prayer anyhow, even if it was a mistake about the street."

The other Mr. G. Simm patted her fair curls, and, bending down, he kissed her gently.

"God always answers prayers some way," he whispered.

Worms in children, if they are not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

Thanksgiving all the Year

Said Tom, "The days are short and cold, And dismal altogether;

Why do they have Thanksgiving when It is the year's worst weather?"

"But I just like a dreary day,"

Said sturdy little Will;

"Without a storm and then a freeze.

How could we slide down hill?"

"And then," said grown-up sister Jane,

"When loud the north wind roars

The best there is of summer time

Is safe with us indoors.

"The lovely waving grass of June

Makes sweet the barn with hay;

And rosy apples in the bin

Were once the flowers of May.

"And fragrant still, as when the bees

Its blossoms hovered over,

Sealed up in waxen cells is all

The sweetness of the clover.

"And all the store of gold is caught

From summer's golden sky,

The jolly yellow pumpkin brings

To make Thanksgiving pie.

"And so, if we with grateful hearts

Will count all things together,

Each day will be Thanksgiving Day

Whatever be the weather!"

—Marian Douglas.

A Game

"X" is in the place of the letters to be supplied to answer each question.

1. Max—First in every home—Mat.

2. Lxxx—Couldn't live without it

Life.

3. Xoxe—The more you take from it

the larger it grows—Hole.

4. Xrxt—Gives cold, cures cold, and

pays the doctor—Draft.

5. Rxox—It's all over the house—roof.

6. Xoxe—Found in the suburbs—lots.

7. Bxxtx—Desired by unattractive

women—Beauty.

8. Xuxgx—Near to every maiden's

heart—Lungs.

9. Xaxxt—A very attractive subject

Magnet.

10. Xextxexs—Often called down—

Feathers.

11. Xlxxcixx—The most polished thing

in the world—Blacking.

Upholding a Boss's Dignity

"The 'boss' who disdains to accept an occasional hint from a subordinate is bound some time to have his egotism come a cropper," remarked Walt McDougall, the "dean of American cartoonists." "I once had a controlling interest," he went on, "in an up-state amusement park. The venture wasn't panning out well financially, so I resolved upon a strict examination into the methods of the manager.

"Bright and early one morning I arrived at the park, where I found several workmen engaged in the construction of a new 'feature.' Nearby sat a man, idly watching. Ah, this was indeed suggestive of lax system!

"Come with me, sir," said I to the workman.

"He followed without a word.

"Mr. Jones, pay this man off," I abruptly ordered the manager, when we arrived at the local office.

"But, Mr. McDougall—" began that official.

"That will do," I replied with increasing indignation. "Give him a day's wages at once!"

"When the fellow was paid and had vanished with amazing celerity, I demanded:

"Now, sir, perhaps you can give me some reason for hiring such worthless vagabonds."

"Why, Mr. McDougall," he was finally able to explain, "that fellow was never in our employ; he was merely a spectator!"

The Wrong Kind of a Baby

In a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a six-year-old son of inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! And no hair!" Then clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us! It's an old baby."

Weak Men, Stop Drugging

And Apply Nature's Remedy

Are you as well and strong as you look, or have you weak nerves, poor memory, stupid feelings, lost ambition, lame back, rheumatism and kindred troubles, or a general run-down condition of your entire system?

Have you doctored without benefit? Is your stomach ruined from drugs and your money wasted? Are you tired of trying useless remedies? Then come to me. I have a positive and certain cure for you in

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt



strength takes the place of weakness, and your life is made happy by the restoration of your old health.

If you have tried drugs that failed—if other belts have failed to cure you—then come to me. I have made a life study of the use of electricity, and apply it only in that manner which has proven successful.

No More Dizziness—Heart Stronger

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I have used your belt with great success. It has done just what I expected—it has helped me in every way. I am getting stronger all the time. I have gained twenty pounds since I began using your Belt. I think it was money well spent. I have no more dizzy spells, my heart is much stronger and my lungs feel better. I think your Belt has the most healing power of anything that was ever invented. Yours truly,

M. W. COOPER, Claresholm, Alta.

Nothing Like It

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I now write you and do what I should have done before. I never found anything to do as much good before as your Belt did for me, and I think there is nothing can do any better. I have gained ten pounds in two months and I think every man should have one of your Belts. I give your Belt the very best of praise for the good it has done me, and I will recommend it wherever and whenever I can. I remain, yours truly,

JAMES H. FERGUSON, Box 84, Neepawa, Man.

Dr. E. M. McLaughlin

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Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.

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Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, until 8.30 p.m.

This appliance has cures in most every town and city in the country, and if you will write to me I will send you testimonials, given to me by people that are probably well known to you. My Belt not only cures weakness but rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, backache, kidney trouble, nervousness, constipation, indigestion and stomach trouble. I have a beautiful illustrated book, which I will mail, sealed, to any address FREE. This book is full of lots of good, interesting reading for men. Call today. If you can't call, send coupon for Free Book.

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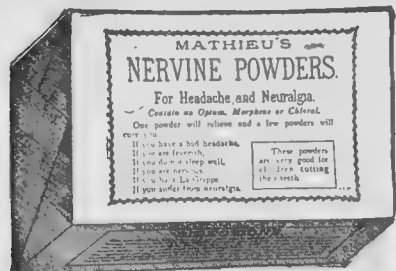
Suffered for Years—Tried All Kinds of Treatment—Surprised at Results From Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You can soon tell when people are enthusiastic about medical treatment by the language they use. After experimenting with all sorts of ointments in a vain effort to obtain relief and cure, the writer of this letter was astonished at the quick and satisfactory results obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

"It worked like magic," she writes. Indeed, it is surprising the healing that is often effected in a single night by this great ointment. The stinging and itching are relieved at once, and cure is only a matter of time and patient treatment.

Mrs. Clements, 13 Strange street, Toronto, Ont., writes: "I have suffered from eczema for years, and after using all kinds of ointments, at last tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It worked like magic and proved a God-send to me. I would advise anyone suffering from eczema to try one box and be convinced." 60 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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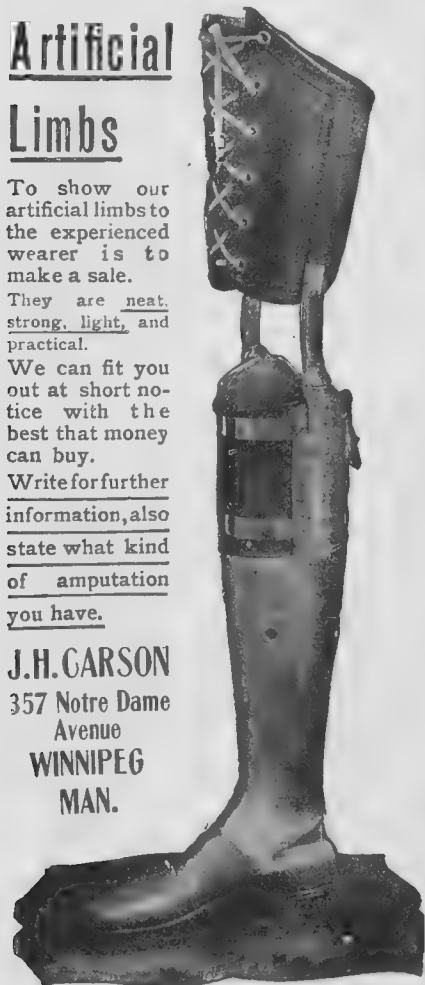
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J.H. CARSON
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WINNIPEG MAN.



Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. A friend of the magazine, offering a kindly criticism, writes that the Correspondence column has at times an air of monotony, as one writer after another follows the same phraseology. We wish to warn our correspondents against this common error. A little independent thought will help mutual development, and readers of the Monthly will find valuable aid in the study of the many instructive articles by eminent men that appear from month to month.

The Uplifting of Mankind

Sask., July 26, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for some years, and must congratulate you on the successful progress of this publication, which appears to improve with each issue. In a recent number one of your numerous correspondents mentioned

but who after being brought under the gentle influence of womankind have started on life's journey in a different manner altogether after their convalescence. I think the profession of a nurse is a noble thing, as here we find women who are devoting the best part of their lives to alleviate the sufferings of others, and it is their careful untiring attention which wins the admiration of these men—one can find the same applies to our civil hospitals. I must admit that all our nurses cannot have this same influence, as some are of a different nature, and look upon their calling as a hard stern duty to perform for their livelihood; and again we find some of their patients who have not got it in them to appreciate the kindness bestowed upon them.

Now, we will go a step further; one will often see in the police courts of the older countries cases where men are charged with cruelty to their wives, where very often at the last moment the wife will plead for her erring husband, and is often too willing to forgive him for his harsh treatment towards her. Now, this is one of the things it is almost impossible for mankind to fathom, especially as these cases usually originate from the



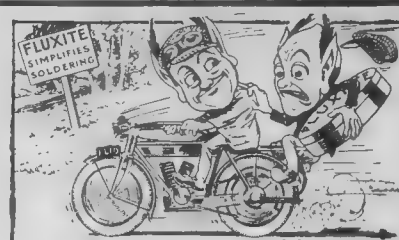
The graceful Sea Gull on guard

a subject which greatly appealed to my mind, so that I cannot refrain from writing a few lines on the same subject. "The uplifting of mankind by good and true women." Having travelled in various countries I have had such cases brought under my notice in various ways, and will now endeavor to quote a few instances where one will find such cases.

If the readers of the W.H.M. can bring to their imagination the scenes of a battlefield after a hard fought battle, the awful carnage of men and animals, and go in among the silent dead, one cannot but admire with reverence their courage and noble sacrifice, in which they have given their lives for their country's cause. But it is to the wounded to which I wish to draw your attention—one will hear prayers from this one, and curses from another close by. The doctors and ambulance men are attending to the immediate needs of these men, after which the ambulance comes along with its attendants, and picks them up to convey them to the field or permanent hospitals as the case may be according to the location of the field of battle. After their admittance where they can be attended to in a proper manner, they are made as comfortable as their circumstances will allow. It is here where one can find what the good influence of womankind can make in a man's after life in many cases. The hospital with its clean surroundings is like a haven of rest to these men after their weary journeyings through the country, and the quiet gentle nurses attending to them give them a different view of life. I have seen men who before entering one of these places were what one might term "hard cases,"

poorer classes, whose homes are mostly in the slums of our big cities, and who probably have been brought up in squalor and uncomfortable surroundings from childhood. One will again see ladies of gentle birth going about the slums, doing deeds of kindness, and helping those who are sick and in distress, going in and out of places where it is not safe for a single policeman to pass along after dark. Even the hardened criminal and other law breakers look upon these quiet women as angels of mercy, and they go about wherever they will unmolested. In fact there have been cases where one man has fought another for passing some rude remark when one of these ladies has been passing—probably she has done some kind act in the home of one of the men.

Again, we will travel a little further and see the lassies of the Salvation Army wending their way amongst the worst class of mankind, doing little deeds of kindness, here and there speaking a kind word to one, and helping those who cannot help themselves. These little seeds they sow often bear fruit in after years. We will see a drunken man turned out of a saloon, helpless; one of these lassies comes along and helps him to the shelter or hall, cares for him, and in some instances we will find this is the turning point of his life. Probably this is the first time he has had any one to take any interest in his daily life. We will also take our soldiers and sailors institutes, where there are usually some good earnest women working for a good cause; who have been the means of leading many a young man back to the straight path, and have helped him to make a success of his after-life, and in individual cases it is much the same. A young man



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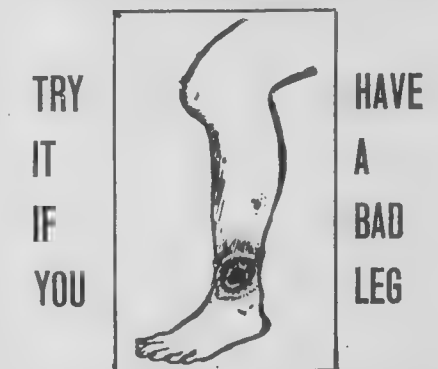
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Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W.86 Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

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a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor; Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitis, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will. Because others have failed it is no reason I should. You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label. 40c. and \$1.00 per box. Prepared by ALBERT & CO., Albert House, 73 Farringdon Street, London, England. (copyright). Wholesale Agents. The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada.

DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Bradley's Health—Her Own Statement.

Winnipeg, Canada. — "Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth. The doctors said it was a tumor and could not be removed as it would cause instant death. They found that my organs were affected, and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in. "After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper, and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."—Mrs. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.

Why will women take chances or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

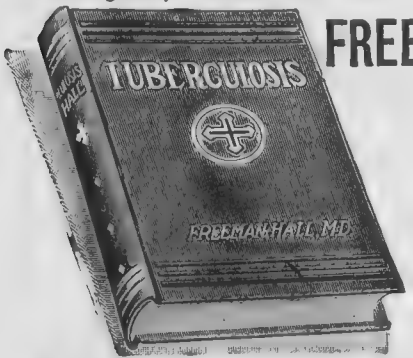


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This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

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All the agony and torture of bunions will soon be forgotten if you use Dr. Scholl's BUNION RIGHT

It straightens the crooked toe—removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged joint permanently. Gives instant relief. Guaranteed or money back. 50c each. Write for Dr. Scholl's great book on "Bunions."

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falls in love with a good earnest young woman, while perhaps he is a dissipated careless fellow in his daily life. She will not return his advances while he continues to live that mode of life, so that he finds it is useless for him to continue to travel on the broad road if he wants to win her love; and right here we find cases where the man has turned from his evil ways and has won the esteem and love of her who was the means of making a man of him, and has afterwards proved to be a good husband; but, gentle reader, take your time over a case like this—find out whether his love is true and sincere before uniting your lives, or perhaps if love wanes afterwards it may be that he will gradually drift back to his old ways and companions. Has a good woman any influence over a man's life—yes, many times yes.

A picture which no artist can do justice to, is to see a little home where husband and wife are all in all to each other, each trying their utmost to make a little heaven of their home. This is where we find true love reigns supreme, and I think many readers of the W.H.M. will agree with me that it is among those who do not make the almighty dollar their god that true love and happiness is mostly to be found. Marriage where love reigns supreme, even though the home be humble, is far ahead of the splendour of the mansion where the marriage was made for riches. Money will do most things, but it cannot purchase love and happiness. But I find I am running away from the subject—I commenced on, so had better conclude, trusting some of your readers will take up this subject, as I am afraid my pen cannot do justice to it. I would like to see another letter from your previous correspondent on the same subject. I think that dancing, card playing, etc., have had a fair run, and should like to see some other subject brought forward for discussion. I am only a farmer and a poor bachelor, but I am fond of letter writing, and if any of your readers care to open up correspondence with me my address is with the editor, and I am, yours truly,
Qui Vive.

The Paper That is Wanted

Sask., August 15, 1913.

Dear Editor:—This is my second letter to the correspondence—my first having apparently been consigned to the waste paper basket. I do not agree with "Dido" in the August number as regards the drink or dancing question. I think one glass does hurt a man, and also leads him on to more. No man would stagger home if he could stop at one or two, but the thirst is started with one glass, and it is not every man, or in reality it is only a few, who have the will power to stop when they wish. I work in the Post Office, and know which papers are wanted, and which are not. I have heard people that take your paper here ask for it nearly every month a couple of days before it is due. Would like correspondence with either sex, and will leave my address with the editor.
Lollie.

Enjoys the West

Kawende, Man., July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—If you will allow me, Mr. Editor, I would like to say a few words through your valuable column. I have been a silent reader of your magazine for a long time, but only recently a subscriber. I, like many of your readers, am a lonely bachelor of the West. Now I see some of our Eastern friends talking about not having good times in the West, but I do not quite agree with them. I came from the East two years ago, and I believe I have had a more enjoyable time here. There have been quite a few subjects under discussion—dancing and card playing have been well gone over. Then we have the marriage question—some claim that a man should have a home and money before marrying. Now friends I do not quite agree there. I think if true love exists they will make the home in happiness. In the July number I read "A Young Sufferer's" letter. I certainly do think her parents are far too strict. Times are changing. It is very good of girls to send cookery receipts for the bachelors, although I don't think I would like biscuits without salt. Now girls, get pen and paper busy. I will leave my address with the editor.
Cap.

The Charms of Ontario

Ontario, July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I am another of the many interested readers of your delightful paper, and am also a subscriber. We all enjoy the varied subjects very much, especially the correspondence column. Like "A Pick at Sport" I would appreciate a serial story, though I enjoy the short stories too, as I am fond of reading. I live in one of the most beautiful sections of southern Ontario, on the banks of a river on which there is a delightful fall, surrounded by a pretty picnic ground which is the haunt of summer campers. Around us are forest clad hills reaching to the height of about five hundred feet, from the top of which we have a fine view of the Georgian Bay and Christian Islands. Ours is a great fruit section, and is also suitable for mixed farming. I have never visited your part of the Dominion, though I would very much like to do so. I agree with "My Dear Gaston" in upholding the life of the country women. Country life around here is by no means dull, as we are all fond of sports of some kind. If "Plato" would call around I believe he would change his mind on that subject at least. My address is with the editor, and I will be pleased to answer all who care to write to
A Beaver.

Can Bake Bread

Cloverley, Sask., August, 1913.

Dear Editor and Readers:—Well here is another lonely bachelor of the Western prairies, and I can assure you "lonely bachelor" is no mere phrase. It is a very stern reality. My nearest neighbor is four miles away, and a half breed at that. I am baking the bread this afternoon, and I would not mind betting any one who would care to take me up that she could not do any better. I have 150 head of horses to herd night and day, so my leisure moments are few and far between. I get the W.H.M. in a roll, and tie it to my saddle and take it with me when I go out to ride, and then when I have time to spare I can read the letters and stories. It sure is good company. I think this must be all for this time. I would be pleased to receive post cards or letters from anyone, and as many as like—the more the merrier.
Buffalo Bill 1000.

A Dull Country

West Sutton, Que., July 13, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for a few months, and could not resist the temptation to write, although I am afraid the basket will get this letter. I read the paper and like it very much—there are so many interesting stories and letters in it. I live in the country three miles from a railroad or village, but have a team I can drive almost any time. I go to high school, and spend my vacation at home. I think that "A Young Sufferer's" letter was very interesting. It is my opinion that girls should have some privileges given them by their parents. The majority of those who do not will take them. It is a dull place around here—there are no young folks outside our own family, so it is lonely for one who is fond of company. I would like to correspond with "Happy Ike," "Gus," and some other Westerners. I will sign myself,
Topsy.

Rather Critical

Bassano, Alta., July 21, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have long been a silent reader of your paper, but I must write now to gibe "Hazel Eyes" a pat on the back for her opinions, and her courage in expressing them. In these days of "Women's Rights," "Hobbeskirts" and "Transparent Blouses," it is really refreshing to find a young lady who has the real womanly instinct. Girls nowadays want to start where their parents left off. Their young man must have a good home in the city, fully furnished; an automobile, or team and buggy, and everything else in up-to-date style. That he must be financially able to furnish her with one dress for each day, and two or three for Sundays, dances, picnics, etc., goes without saying. It matters not to the modern girl whether or not her "beau" can

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, SUMMER COMPLAINT

AND ALL BOWEL TROUBLES

ARE CURABLE BY THE USE OF

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mr. Wm. R. Green, St. John, N.B., writes:—"As I have had the pleasure of testing Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I might say it is the only remedy I would recommend. Last summer, I had a very severe attack of Diarrhoea and Vomiting. My doctor treated me without result, and friends advised me to try the above remedy. After a few doses I was completely cured, and ever since I have never been without it in the house. I have used it with the children, and find the same result. I have recommended it to several of my friends who also join with me in saying that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the greatest remedy on earth for all summer complaints."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for over 65 years, and so popular has it become that many dealers try to substitute other and cheaper preparations. Be sure and get what you ask for.

Price: 35 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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GREAT OFFER BY A RESPONSIBLE FIRM. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY.

To any person who can supply the correct names of these two well-known Canadian Towns, and fulfils conditions below, we offer our \$15 Lady's SOLID GOLD WATCH, English Government stamped, fully jewelled, as a FREE GIFT. (Silver Watches are presented to Gents.)

Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., 10, Grosvenor Buildings, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were:

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Mr. A. Fowles, Trinity East, Newfoundland.



The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

pay for all the pleasures she demands, so long as she has joy-rides, dances, picture shows, etc., he is Al, no matter where the money comes from. I have been in this country seven years, and I find that the young ladies who are willing to help a young man make a home are indeed few and far between. Some fair critic will be sure to hurl at me the epithets "disappointed and soured," but such is not my case. I am neither. I have never asked anyone to help me make a home, as it was always my personal opinion that a man should have at least as good a home to take his wife to as that from which he took her, and unfortunately in the West in many cases that would be no more than a woman should have. My opinions, however, do not prevent me admiring a girl who is willing to marry a man with nothing, and help him build a home. I have homesteaded in Alberta and proved up, and have seen this Western life in all its aspects, and can say that the young couple who are willing to get in and dig, and share alike the troubles and disappointments, as well as the pleasures, are the ones that are happiest and most successful. A single man in the West, particularly the homesteader, is fighting a very uphill battle against heavy odds, and the chances are all against his accumulating anything. A very few get along good, but they are exceptional creatures. I would be very pleased to correspond with readers, either sex, who are interested in this part of the West, and would very much like to have a letter from "Hazel Eyes." I would write to her, but am the bashful kind. With best wishes for the success of the paper, I am, yours truly,

Lancastrian.

Interested in the Bachelors

Manitoba, August, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of the W.H.M. for a number of years, and enjoy it very much, especially the correspondence corner. I don't think I have missed a letter for a year, and some have been very interesting, especially those of "Dido." I think that he must certainly look on the bright side of life. Now, being a girl, I am interested in the bachelors, and would like to correspond with any who would take the time and the trouble to write, and I will promise their letters shall be answered. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W.H.M. continued success.

Marguerite.

No Time For The Blues.

Water Glen, Alta., July, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Will you please kindly allow another bachelor a small space in your correspondence column, as I am one of those who always look when mail day comes to see if the W.H.M. is there, but never find it more than once a month. Now dear readers how would it be if we could get the W.H.M. say twice a month, and pay a little more for our sub.; as this is the only thing we bachelors have to pass a pleasant evening with after supper is over. Now as to farming—I have been in the West for the past sixteen years, and have never done anything else but farming, and farming is very good I may say if a person knows how to keep the blues off. I, for one, farm from 50 to 60 acres of grain every year, and have some horses, hogs and hens. Say, bachelors, try this, if you keep, say, from ten to twelve horses, about fifty hogs and some hens, and say two cows, and keep all these in good shape, you will find that the blues won't have much time to bother you. Now, dear editor, I think I had better close. If any of the members like to exchange snapshots with me I will be pleased to do so.

Wild Bill.

Had a Good Time

Manitoba, August 7, 1913.

Dear Editor and Members:—Well, here we are again, but first of all we must beg pardon for not answering some of the letters which were so kindly written by those members termed "The Western Bachelors or Homesteaders." We were just getting ready to come down to Winnipeg when we received

Let Us Make You Fat!

50-CENT BOX FREE

We will Prove at Our Own Expense that it is No Longer Necessary to be Thin, Scrawny and Undeveloped

We Invite Every Thin Man and Woman Here

Every Reader of The Western Home Monthly who is Run Down, Nervous or Underweight to Get Fat at Our Expense.



Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol?

This is a generous offer to ever thin man or woman reader of The Western Home Monthly. We positively guarantee to increase your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think this over—think what it means. At our own risk, we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 30 pounds of good solid "stay there" flesh on your bones, to fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, to get rid of that "peaked" look, to rejuvenate and revitalize your whole body until it tingles with vibrant energy; to do this without drastic diet "tonics," severe physical culture, "stunts," detention from business or any irksome requirements—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50 cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed; to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, nor how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we can not put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

How can we do this? We will tell you. Science has discovered a remarkable concentrated treatment which increases cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—a treatment that makes indigestion and other stomach troubles disappear as if by magic and makes an old dyspeptic or a sufferer from weak nerves or lack of vitality feel like a two-year-old. This new treatment which has proved a boon to every thin person is called Sargol. Don't forget the name "S-A-R-G-O-L." Nothing like it has ever been produced before. It is a revelation to women who have never been able to appear stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness. It is a godsend to every man who is under weight or is lacking in nerve force or energy. If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, of which you can feel justly proud—if you want a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 5-K Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., today, and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c. box of Sargol that will prove all we claim. Take one with every meal, and in five minutes after you take the first concentrated tablet of this precious product it will commence to unfold its virtues, and it has by actual demonstration

often increased the weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof. Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—who have been convinced—and who will swear to the virtues of this marvelous preparation.

What Sargol has done for others

When we mail you the Free 50-cent package of Sargol, we will send you copies of letters received from grateful patrons, reporting actual gains in solid, healthy, permanent flesh, of from ten to over thirty pounds.

We give here a few interesting figures from reports which are being received daily:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this means 24 pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I can carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before. "My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so well pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy for me."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 26 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

C. E. Crouner	gained 15 lbs. in 30 days
Thomas Davis	" 10 " " 30 "
Leonore Patten	" 16 " " 30 "
Mrs. Seim	" 13 " " 20 "
Mrs. A. Arnott	" 10 " " 40 "
F. A. Myrick	" 20 " " 30 "
Philip Drapeau	" 9 " " 30 "
Mrs. S. E. Murray	" 30 " " 40 "
Mary Bland	" 18 " " 40 "
W. W. Allis	" 35 " " 50 "

Wm. Carmichael	gained 5 lbs. in 10 days
Arthur Stewart	" 5 " " 12 "
Mrs. C. Craig	" 13 " " 30 "
Mrs. N. Galliger	" 18 " " 35 "

Send today for our free 50-cent package and let us prove that

Sargol should do the same for you

This treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak and debilitated without any nauseous dosing. In many conditions it is better than cod liver oil, and certainly is much pleasanter to take.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Convince us by your prompt acceptance of this offer that you are writing in good faith and really desire to gain in weight. The 50-cent package which we will send you free will be an eye-opener. We send it that you may see the simple harmless nature of our new discovery, how easy it is to take, how you gain flesh privately without knowledge of friends or family until you astonish them by the prompt and unmistakable results.

We could not publish this offer if we were not prepared to live up to it. It is only the astounding results of our new method of treatment that make such an offer and such a guarantee possible on our part. So cut off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 5-K Herald Building, Binghamton, N.Y., and please enclose 10c. with your letter to help pay distribution expenses. Take our word, you'll never regret it.

FREE COUPON

Come Eat with us at Our Expense...

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return post. Address: The Sargol Company, 5-K Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

Pin this Coupon to Your Letter.



The Secret of Beauty
is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

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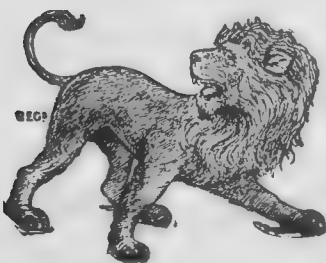
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The regular price of the bottle of Blush of Roses I send free is 75c. In other words, it is a regular full-sized 75c bottle that I give to any lady absolutely free. The most perfect face preparation and complexion beautifier. Whiten the face as soon as applied, still its use cannot be detected. **BLUSH OF ROSES** is clear as water; no sediment to fill the pores. **BLUSH OF ROSES** will positively remove tan, freckles, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, moth-patches, erysipelas and salt-rheum. Remember this, no matter how dark or sallow your complexion may be, you will see it improving day by day until a clear, smooth and beautiful complexion is obtained. Gentlemen who admire a lady's fine, clear complexion are not adverse to having the same themselves. And why should they hesitate to use the **BLUSH OF ROSES**? It is clear as water, takes the shine from the face, removes all the impurities of the skin and leaves no sign like powder or paint. The only clear, pure and harmless face preparation made. Cures eczema and all skin diseases. Price 75c per bottle. Address Mrs. Frances E. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

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"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."



If you have wrecked your Nerves by **OVERWORK** or **WORRY**, drained away your strength by bad habits or dissipation, or **SAPPED** your vital forces by **EXCESSES**

It is Time for You to EXCESS

No man can afford to be reckless, force nature to undue effort, ruin his Constitution or violate the laws governing life. This invariably results in disaster or a Complete Nervous Break-down and a

Giving Out of the Vital Forces

long before the average period. **KNOWLEDGE IS POWER**, and every man who would be warned in time, should take heed **NOW**. Send 10 cents for my Book, and you will find it the most profitable of all literature you now possess, and thousands who have read it acclaim it to be "worth its weight in gold."

Half-an-hour's reading and a determination to act up to it may save you from an otherwise never-ending misery and give you new life. It will teach you more in fifteen minutes than you will gain in years by experience.

It is a valuable, instructive and interesting treatise on Generative Weakness, the Cause and Cure of Nervous Breakdown, Mental Exhaustion, Depression of Spirits, General Weakness, Waste of Vitality, Premature Decline and Loss of Power in Men.

The most popular and practical treatise published on the Laws governing Life, with special chapters on Generative Weakness, Flagging of the Powers and practical observations on Marriage.

Contains valuable remarks to Weak and Nervous Men on how to preserve the Health, regain Strength and restore the Powers when lost.

To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to preserve their Strength, build up the whole Nervous System, restore the Powers to advanced age or fit themselves for Marriage. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

Address—**CHARLES GORDON, No. 100, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks., England**
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them, so were not thinking very seriously about our correspondence, but we would sure be pleased to answer immediately if they would write again. To change the subject, we have just arrived home from a delightful vacation at Minaki, to prepare for our return to college at the termination of a few more happy weeks. The scenery at Minaki is most picturesque, the air is very exhilarating, and the boating is charming, especially when the canoe capsize as it did with us one evening, but fortunately we are both good swimmers. Well, must say good-bye for the present, wishing editor, W.H.M. and all readers every success. We remain, as before.

Batty Liz and Silly Sal.

An Ideal Woman

Alsask, Sask., August, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I shall be pleased to join your happy circle. What a nice way this is of getting acquainted, and

All Would be Well

Georgetown, Fla., July 29, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Would the members of your happy circle welcome a lonely bachelor girl from the Southland? Long have I been a silent admirer of the W.H.M., and since becoming a subscriber I am asking space for a few words. The magazine is both delightful and instructive. I enjoy every page, but the letters of the correspondence club expressing the different views and opinions of the writers are highly interesting, for in them one catches a glimpse of the real character of the man or woman. There are it seems many subjects discussed, and problems are brought here to solve, among them that of a young girl, whose letter appears in the July number. I am indeed sorry for any young lady of twenty years who has married her beautiful god-given character by receiving and telling untruthful things to a dear mother. I do think it is a grave mistake made by many



One of the many beautiful Waterfalls in the Kootenay District

what a power for good our influence may have on those who read. Let us do all the good we can to all the people we can. I have lived in the West for over twenty years, and only once in that time have I visited the place of my birth, that is, dear old Ontario. There is something very alluring and fascinating about the prairie life that calls us back to where life seems more free and open, and the great opportunities that are open to all energetic young men to get a start in life and win a home. Now I would like to introduce a new subject, and a very important one. What constitutes an ideal man or an ideal woman? I shall endeavor to give you a picture of my ideal woman. She will be a true Christian, active in Christian work; be healthy, have a good education, be musical, a good singer, a tidy housekeeper, dress plain but neat, height about 5ft. 6in., weight 136lbs., dark or golden hair, black or blue eyes, a clear fair complexion, good looking, pleasant, kind and sympathetic disposition, highly respected, a lover of children and a great respecter of old people, a lover of nature and outdoor life. Now girls, let us have a picture of an ideal man. Correspondence welcome.

Rose Bush.

parents to allow their children no freedom or pleasure in young people's society. Perhaps it does cause the downfall of many sweet young lives which with the right training, sympathy and love would now be bringing joy and helpfulness to the world. If "Young Sufferer" will come in closer touch with her mother, and strive with God's help to overcome those evil habits she has formed all will be well. With the request that some of those jolly bachelors who are not too young and frivolous, and young ladies as well if they are not too much interested in others to care to write, seek my address, and write once in a while to

A Bachelor Girl.

Influence

Manitoba, August 13, 1913.

Dear Editor:—I have been a reader of your paper for several years, and enjoy it very much. I have read a great many letters in the correspondence columns, and I think of late they have been more interesting. For instance, Fern's letter in the May issue opens up a very broad subject, and one that a great many pass over too lightly, that is our influence—or, as spoken of in the

STRONGLY ADVISES "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

Because They Cured Him, And
They Will Cure You



Mr. Alex. McCarter

Walkerton, Ont., May 9th, 1911.
"I have been in Walkerton in business for a good many years and many of my townsmen know that my health, for long periods, was precarious. My trouble was extreme Nervousness, brought on by Indigestion and Dyspepsia, from which I suffered in the most severe form. It was so bad that I could not sleep, before about four in the morning. I noticed one of your published testimonials of how someone had used "Fruit-a-tives" for similar trouble and asked Mr. Hunter, my druggist, his opinion on the matter and he advised their use. I immediately procured several boxes and I am pleased to say that I now enjoy splendid health and could not possibly feel better. I can eat with every degree of satisfaction and sleep without an effort. I strongly advise anyone suffering from like complaints, to commence using "Fruit-a-tives".

ALEX. McCARTER.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50—trial size, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PURGEN

The
IDEAL
APERIENT.

Does not disturb the liver or kidneys, and its effectiveness does not wear off by regular use.

IN SMALL TABLETS OF PLEASANT FLAVOUR.

Of Druggists, 30 c. per box or postage paid for 35 c. direct from

LYMAN'S, LTD.,
474, ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at \$5 a box, or three for \$10. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. Sold by the Ultra Druggists, Winnipeg.

letter—the influence of womankind on the life of a man. I can say from experience that I am living a better life today because of the influence of girl friends I have known. I could also say the opposite if I chose, but this may be as much my fault as the ones in question. I think there is almost no limit to the influence a woman or girl may exert over a man's life, either for good or evil. I also think there is a true ring in the letter of "Hazel Eyes" in the July number. If these girls would like any further discussion on these topics I should be pleased to answer any correspondence from them or others who wish to write, you will find my address with the editor,
A True Westerner.

Very Good Advice

Dear Editor:—Although a subscriber for over two years I have not as yet had courage to write to you. I am very much interested in the letter written by "A Young Sufferer" published in the July number. I can heartily sympathize with the dear girl. Although I am only nineteen I have had some trouble in the same line. I have found out from experience that mother knows best. Who does not thrill at the name of "mother." There are so many girls who do not put full confidence in their mothers. Remember girls she has been through many a rough path in life, and will do all in her power to save you from the same. I have often heard mothers say of their grown daughters—she is but a child to me yet. I think if parents are strict on what we girls deem as pleasures they must have good reasons. If you are not allowed to accept any invitations from gentlemen friends why not have a heart to heart talk with mother. Recall to memory her girlhood days. Whatever you do girls do not make dates with gentlemen on the street corners. I think our mothers can judge our gentlemen friends fairly well, but, listen girls, if you have a big brother he can "put you wise." I wish to say before closing give your mother a chance girls, she may seem a little old-fashioned in her ideas, but she has a heart of gold. She will prove a friend to you when all others fail. My address is with the editor, and I hope any of the readers will drop me a line, including "A Young Sufferer." Wishing success to all, I sign myself,
Blondy.

The Suffrage Question

Alta., August 25, 1913.

Dear Editor:—Your valuable paper has just arrived. We have taken it now for over three years. Everyone reads it, and finds something pleasant, instructive and helpful. We hear so much these days about the militant suffragettes. What do our lady readers think about the subject? Personally, I am a strong advocate of woman's suffrage, but I think that Emmeline Pankhurst and her clique are a detriment to the cause. Many women who believe in woman suffrage will not be identified with the movement because of the foolish and unwomanly methods employed by some of its advocates. Woman was the last of God's creatures, and I verily believe she is the best. He intended her to be the best. Then why should we be afraid to let our women vote? Who would close the saloon any sooner than our mothers and sisters? Who would put a stop to the white slave traffic? The women. Why can't the women, who have the care and training of the infant mind have a share in making the environment of youth more pleasant and free from danger? There may be many illiterate women who would not know how to use the ballot; but there are as many men who are the same way. Even the most ignorant woman, I believe, would know enough to vote so as to protect her child, and there are many men who don't. Woman suffrage is coming! Nothing can stop it, and no one in their right senses would wish to. I am fond of music, dancing, football, skating or anything in the sport line. No smoke, no booze, no chew. I come from the moors of Yorkshire. I like writing letters. So any one who cares to write will be sure to receive an answer. My address is with the editor,
Yorkshire Tyke.

The Cheerful Life

It is the right of everyone to live and enjoy the cheerful life. We owe it to ourselves and those who live with us to live the cheerful life. We cannot do so if ill health takes hold of us.

The wife, mother and daughter suffering from hot flashes, nervousness, headache, backache, dragging-down feeling, or any other weakness due to disorders or irregularities of the delicate female organs—is not only a burden to herself, but to her loved ones.

There is a remedy. Forty years experience has proven unmistakably that

DR. PIERCE'S Favorite Prescription

will restore health to weakened womankind. For 40 years it has survived prejudice, envy and malice. Sold by dealers in medicine in liquid or tablet form. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription Tablets can be had of druggist or mailed on receipt of one-cent stamps—for \$1.00 or 50c size. Address R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules.

How Do You Size Up as a Man?

TO MY READER.

Have you heard of the wonderful new drugless method for the self-restoration of lost strength. Use the free coupon and get full and explicit information, sealed in plain envelope, by return mail. Over 12,000 men wrote to me privately for this free information during February. Everything you need to know about this new self-restoration method is contained in my little pocket-size 86-page illustrated book, which the free coupon below entitles you to. This compendium, or treatise of over twenty thousand words covers its subjects thoroughly and contains complete private information of a special nature, which should be of vast interest and value to any man from the years of youth on through early manhood, married life, and to a ripe, healthy old age. This wonderful little book with its words of wisdom is ready for you.

Please write or call today.
SANDEN, Author.

Do you know my friend that a fine, strong, clear-eyed, strong-nerved man is the most powerful influence in the world? His faculties are all normal and evenly balanced; he loves life for itself; he conquers obstacles that the weakling would tremble at; he casts good cheer about him; he fascinates all men and all women who come within the sphere of his manly influence. Do you know that the true power of the so-called "Hypnotic Influence" is really nothing more than the strong personal magnetism of the man who exerts it? Therefore, if I restore your lost strength, reader, I give you the power of the giant. It makes no difference to me what caused your ailing condition, or how unstrung or debilitated you may be, whether young or elderly, short or tall if I can show you a sure and never failing way by which you yourself can restore yourself to complete strength (without drugs) then I can make you as well, vigorous and capable, as buoyant of spirit, as fascinating in manner as the biggest fullest-blooded fellow of your acquaintance.

I will here merely say that my method is a system of vitalization by means of an appliance of my own invention and which, under my pat-

ent rights, I call a HEALTH BELT. You place this HEALTH BELT around your waist upon going to bed and wear it nights until you are thoroughly restored to strength and health. The sensation it produces is a most pleasant one; merely a warm, soft gentle flow of a force which I call vitality. This new method often takes the pain or weakness out of your back in a few hours' time, while you commence to feel better at once. Sixty to 90 days is sufficient to build up your nerves and body, so that you will probably look better, feel better than you have ever looked or felt before. Your friends will soon commence to secretly marvel at the change in your appearance, while you will unconsciously answer "Never felt better in my life," to their greetings.

As your system absorbs the new strength, rheumatism, kidney, liver and stomach troubles disappear.

86-PAGE MAN'S BOOK FREE USE COUPON BELOW

My 86-page illustrated book for men aside from its general advice, fully explains the new drugless method for restoring strength which is referred to above. Write for free copy today. Please use coupon below. There are several chapters of this book which ANY MAN, young or old, single or married, should read and can profit by to the end of his life. Write for it today. Tomorrow you may forget.



W. A. SANDEN CO.
140 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Please forward me your Book as advertised, free, sealed.

NAME

ADDRESS

Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly
Write for special clubbing offers

Household Suggestions

He Was Glad

There was a man who smiled
Because the day was bright;
Because he slept at night;
Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
Because his little one
Could leap and laugh and run;
Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled and still was glad
Because the air was free;
Because he loved, and she
That claimed his love, and he
Shared all the joys they had;
Because the grasses grew;
Because the sweet wind blew;
Because that he could hew
And hammer he was glad.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Scotch Eggs.—Take one cup of cooked lean ham, chopped very fine, one-third of a cup of stale bread crumbs, one-third of a cup of milk, half a teaspoonful mixed mustard, cayenne to suit the taste, one raw egg and six hard-boiled. Cook the bread and milk together until a smooth paste. Add the cooked ham, the seasoning and raw egg. Mix thoroughly. Take the shells from the hard-boiled eggs and cover with the mixture. Lay in a frying basket and plunge into deep hot fat for about two minutes.

Smothered Beef.—Broil quickly over a hot fire two pounds of steak cut two inches thick and trimmed of bone and fat. Place on a hot platter and spread both sides with the following mixture: A tablespoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper. On top of the steak lay three plantains or red bananas cut in two lengthwise and fried a little in butter. Sprinkle over with a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish.

French Dressing.—Four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, half a teaspoon of salt, quarter of a teaspoon of pepper. Stir until well blended and add, if desired, a few drops of onion juice.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—Mix one teaspoon of mustard, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon powdered sugar, and a few grains of cayenne; add to this the yolks of two eggs, and when well mixed add one half teaspoon of vinegar. Add oil gradually at first drop by drop, and stir constantly. As mixture thickens add from time to time a drop or two of vinegar or lemon juice. Add oil and lemon juice or vinegar alternately, beating or stirring constantly until you have used in all one and a half cups of olive oil, two tablespoons of lemon juice and two tablespoons of vinegar. If the oil is scalded too rapidly it will curdle. In which case take the yolk of another egg and add the curdled mixture very slowly to it. Keep the bowl you are mixing in cold, setting it if necessary in a dish of cracked ice or ice water. Have your olive oil thoroughly chilled. One-third of a cup of thick cream beaten until stiff and added makes a delicious mayonnaise, but it must be used the same day.

Potato Mayonnaise.—The inside of one small baked potato mashed with one teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful salt, and one teaspoonful of powdered sugar; add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and rub all through a fine sieve. Add slowly oil and vinegar as for the mayonnaise until you have used in all two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three-quarters of a cup of oil. Thick cream or oiled butter may be used instead of olive oil.

Boiled Dressing.—Mix in a double boiler one tablespoon of mustard with one tablespoon of salt, one tablespoon of sugar and one tablespoon of flour. When smooth add three eggs and beat well. Add one and a half cups of milk and one and a half cups of water and set over hot water, stirring constantly until cooked, then add one cup of vin-

egar and set off. Care must be taken not to overcook this, or, like any boiled custard, it will curdle. This may be put into bottles or gem jars, and will keep for months in a cool place.

Lemon salad dressing to serve with fruit salads—Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs. Beat the yolks thoroughly and mix them with half a cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and the juice of a lemon. Fold the whites, whipped till stiff, throughout the mixture, and serve at once. Salads in which tart fruit is used are best dressed only with salt and oil.

blankets of a generous size. The bed should be so placed that the light from a window will not shine directly in the sleeper's face, and the sleeping-room should be well ventilated.

Nothing that cannot be washed should be used about a bed. The housekeeper who does her own work, or who has only a limited amount of help, should be careful not to increase her burdens by fancy and complicated dressings for her beds. Life is too short to waste in this manner. To my mind the simple spread that is made long and wide enough to cover the bed and pillows, and to reach well down the sides and foot, is the most sensible. However, as the demand is for other things, I will give some of the styles which are now in use.

different kinds of lace may be purchased at any first-class dry-goods store. These are to be lined with silk or cambric to harmonize with the color scheme of the room. Dainty draperies may be made at home by employing any of the thin white or cream muslins or nets, and lining them with the desired color. Sheer muslin and dotted muslin, ruffled and lined, are pretty for country houses. The curtains should be made of the same material, but left unlined.

Fish-net and scrim make plainer but richer draperies. The lining may be in white, cream or bright colors. A pretty way to make up these materials is to join the breadths with heavy insertion and trim the borders with deep lace to match. The border of the bolster scarf should be trimmed with lace. If valances are used I think they look and hang much better when box-plaited than when gathered. They should, of course, be lined.

Canopied bedsteads. There are two kinds of canopied bedsteads: the old-fashioned high-poster with a canopy (tester) covering the entire top of the bed, and the new brass bedstead with an arched canopy over the head. The drapery for the arched canopy of the brass bedstead should be a light, soft material.

Ginger Cookies

A good recipe for ginger cookies is as follows: Take one cup of Orleans molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one cup melted lard, two eggs—the whites and yolks beaten separately—one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to roll. Put the soda in the molasses, add one-half cup of sour milk and beat till it foams, stir in lard, yolks of eggs and the spices; then the flour and white of eggs. Roll out rather thin and cut. Bake in moderate oven.

Veal Loaf.

Chop fine three pounds of lean veal and one-half pound of rather lean ham. Add three raw eggs, crumbs of three large soda crackers, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix thoroughly and place one-half the mixture in a bread pan which has been lined with paraffin paper. Have ready five hard-boiled eggs from which the shells have been removed, and place over the meat lengthwise of the pan. Then add the remainder of the meat mixture and cover the top with four or five strips of salt pork. Bake in a hot oven half an hour, then reduce the heat and bake for an hour longer. When cold, slice thin and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Meat Pie.

Chop cold roast beef or other meat, heat it with a cup of water in a frying pan. Season with pepper, salt and a bit of sage, savory or thyme; thicken with a spoonful of flour, and a little water. Pour this into a deep pan, and make a crust a trifle richer than biscuit dough, which spread over the top. Make several slits in the crust and bake. Cold potatoes may be added to the meat if desired.

Household Hints

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high lustre to the glass.

An ever-ready glue pot is a most useful piece of property. It is easily prepared by putting naphtha in a wide-mouthed bottle and dissolving shellac in it.

Finger marks on varnished furniture are removed by rubbing them with a piece of rag dipped in sweet oil. Afterwards polish with a dry cloth.

Keep a dozen or more sheets of newspaper on the kitchen table. Wrap the refuse up in the top paper and put it in the garbage pail. In no other way is the kitchen table so easily cleaned.

Countless have been the cures worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

ORANGEADE

6 oranges 2 ozs. citric acid
4 lbs. granulated sugar 3 pts. boiling water

Grate the rinds of oranges, then squeeze oranges; add water, acid and sugar. Bottle and when serving dilute with water to taste.

SULTANA SALAD

Wash and core several tart, juicy apples and slice in rings; dip the apple in lemon juice to prevent discoloring; arrange 2 slices on each salad plate. Have ready some broken walnut meats and seeded raisins which have been mixed with French dressing. Fill centres of apples with this and serve at once.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

½ cupful sugar 1 pt. flour
¼ cupful butter ½ teaspoonful salt
1 egg 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder
6 tablespoonfuls milk

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, then the beaten egg; beat until light and add milk and solid ingredients alternately; turn into a greased baking pan and spread with a knife; cut pared apples into quarters and slices; set in the dough in rows, pressing wedge end down; dust with sugar and cinnamon (2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon to 1 cupful sugar) and bake.

STUFFED EGGS

6 eggs ¼ teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful butter 1 teaspoonful vinegar
¼ teaspoonful mustard Pepper

Cook 6 eggs 30 minutes; remove the shell and cut lengthwise; remove the yolks and mash them, then add butter, salt, pepper and mustard; when smooth, add the vinegar; fill the whites with the mixture; smooth the top. Arrange each half on a bed of lettuce leaves or fine parsley. Half the quantity of chopped ham or tongue may be added.

Some Suggestions For Draping Beds

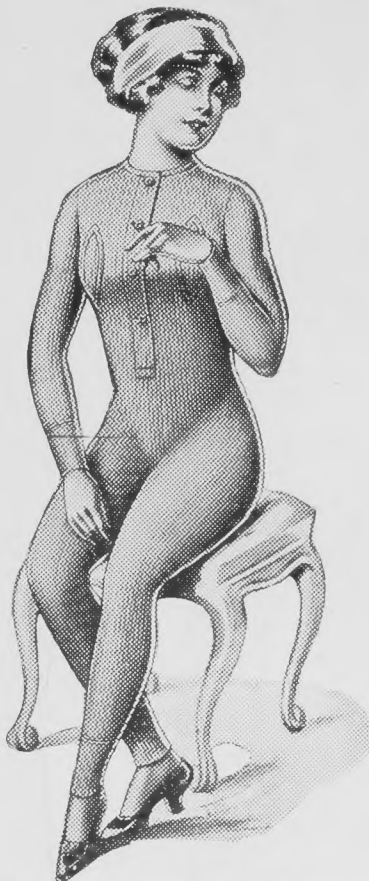
Among my letters are many asking for the newest and daintiest styles for draping beds, but I regret to say that I have never had a letter asking for what is the best kind of a bed for a healthful sleep. I wish that women could realize that the bed is quite as important as the food. It is the duty of every housekeeper to make the conditions for healthful sleep as nearly perfect as her means will allow. Until she has done this she cannot, with a clear conscience, devote time and money to fancy draperies. The ideal conditions for the sleep that restores tired nature are a bed having a firm spring that does not sag; a mattress that is not so hard as to be uncomfortable, nor so soft that the body sinks into it. The covering should be sheets and woolen

A great variety of fabrics are employed for bedroom draperies. Nearly all white wash goods are suitable for this purpose. English dimities and art tickings are attractive and are also suitable. These fabrics are very much alike. They are thick and firm, having an embossed appearance; they come in white and in white and colored stripes.

Simple and elegant draperies can be made from the embroidered muslins—curtain materials which are sold by the yard. For the middle of the spread I use the material that is embroidered the same on both edges, and for the border a piece that is embroidered on one edge only. I put the border on perfectly straight, and take care not to have the joining show.

Thin materials lined with silk or cambric make dainty draperies for brass or enameled beds. Spreads and scarfs of

WOMEN'S FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR



LIGHTWEIGHT UNDERWEAR MADE OF FINE YARNS

There are many women who can't wear all wool underwear and yet who do not want all cotton. For this class we offer a line of underwear made specially for Eaton customers. It is our special lightweight NeatonU combination, made of fine yarns, wool and cotton mixture, firm, smooth weave and flat seams. White, sizes 32 to 42.

Order No. 19 G 162.

Special Price\$1.45

THERE IS A SHORTAGE IN THE MARKET AND THE EATON MAIL ORDER STOCK IS LIKELY TO BE RAPIDLY EXHAUSTED AS A RESULT

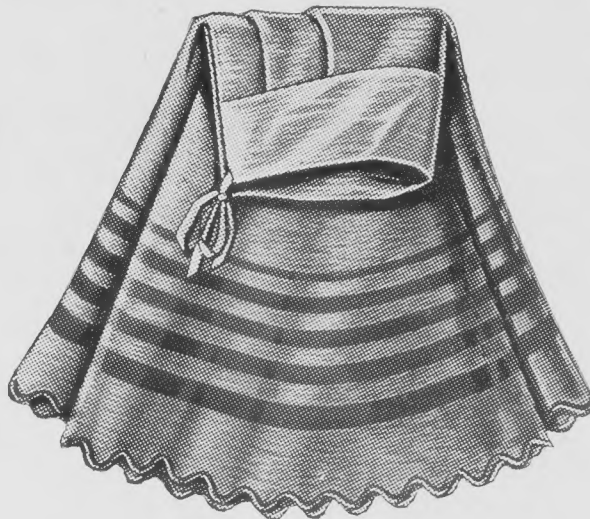
We are advertising women's underwear early because we want mail order customers to order early.

Despite the immense stock which we now have ready there are indications that it will be rapidly exhausted in the fall and winter rush.

You will do well to order now, thus ensuring the best selection and speediest delivery. There will be a great run on the lines featured in this ad. Better look them over and make a choice.

They comprise women's bloomers, women's lightweight combinations and women's stockinette undershirts.

For other lines of women's underwear, corsets, bust forms, waists, accessories, nightgowns, skirts, whitewear, aprons, garments and infants' outfits, see the new Eaton Fall and Winter Catalogue. If you have not already received a copy, write us and one will be sent free.



WOMEN'S STOCKINETTE UNDERSKIRT

An excellent undershirt at an extremely low price. Has heavy soft fleece lining, fits snugly, and is not bulky, has shaped yoke band, fancy striped border and scalloped edge. Material is durable and washes well. Suitable for elderly ladies. It is very warm and comfortable. Grey and fawn colors. Waist measurement 24 to 34. Length 37 inches. Excellent value.

Order No. 19 G 2013.

Price\$.75



WOMEN'S FLEECE LINED BLOOMERS

This is a very popular line in Western Canada, particularly for driving. Made of fleece-lined stockinette, knee length, shaped band at waist and knees, and have drop seat. Exceptionally warm and heavy, affording the greatest protection from cold. As this line is such a big seller, we have taken extra precaution to have it in stock. But take no chances and order early. Grey or black; small, medium and large sizes.

Order No. 19 G 170.

Price\$.75

Newest Materials in Fall Dress Goods and Satins

In this space we feature only our most popular lines. While we have a large stock the run will be heavy. Order early and avoid disappointment. The illustrations to the right and left merely typify popular styles. We have not these dresses in stock. Below are leading dress materials.

COLORED LINING SATIN

A full yard wide and represents a very elegant quality in linen back satin. Used for linings of all descriptions. Heavy in weight and made for wear. Face has rich satin weave produced from pure thread silk with a close linen back. Exceptional values in Grey, Navy, Brown, Black, Tan, Cream. 36 inches wide.

Order No. 38 G 18.

Per yard\$1.50

DUCHESSE FACONE SILK

A high class novelty silk. Best Swiss manufacture, firm, soft texture, even weave and rich finish. Comes in neat Broche pattern. This is an ideal fabric for making up into reception gowns, party dresses and evening wear. Width is 40 inches. In colors Ivory, Saxe Blue, Navy, Brown, Old Rose, Grey, Cornflower, Cardinal, Black.

Order No. 38 G 19.

Per yard\$1.50

COLORED SURAH SILK

Beautifully soft and rich yet firm in texture. There is no weave of silk more popular today than Surah or serge silk. A fine twill weave runs diagonally across the goods and is woven from the purest of silk yarn. Correct weight for making up into the most stylish garments. Colors: Navy, Grey, Brown, Copenhagen, Ivory, Black. Forty inches wide.

Order No. 38 G 12.

Per yard\$1.50

SATIN ELEGANT

A beautiful soft lustrous pure silk fabric, made from the highest quality of Swiss silk yarn. Its fine construction speaks for unusual wearing

qualities, with body enough to it to make it suitable for all classes of silk garments. Comes in every fashionable shade such as Ivory, Cream, Pink, Sky, Maize, Champagne, Amethyst, Rose, Copenhagen, Reseda, Tan, Brown, Navy, Grey, Wine, Myrtle, Black. Note the width is 40 inches.

Order No. 38 G 1.

Per yard\$1.25

STRIPE TWEED SUITING

A special imported fabric made from a mixture of wool and cotton woven in a close firm weave, and having a smooth finish. An ideal cloth for fall and winter wear. Will give excellent service. In Navy, Brown, Green, Grey, Black. 40 inches wide.

Order No. 1 G 19.

Per yard\$.30

WOMEN'S WOOL CORDUROY SUITING

This handsome and serviceable material is made from pure wool worsted hard twisted yarn. Has a crisp texture, and will easily resist dust. It will give splendid service. Correct weight for street and house dresses. Colors: Navy, Cardinal, Myrtle, Grey, Brown, Black. 36 inches wide.

Order No. 1 G 13.

Per yard\$.30

CHARMEUSE SATIN

This pretty fabric has a very soft, rich satin finish. Will wear and make up charmingly. Nothing in its make-up but the finest grade of yarns. Positively all silk. An ideal fabric for developing into reception gowns, party dresses and evening gowns. Colors: Grey, Navy, Rose, Copenhagen, Tan, Black. Width 41 inches.

Order No. 38 G 15.

Per yard\$2.50



SHEPHERD'S CHECK

This is a good strong, serviceable fabric, nice even weave, having a clear black and white check. Always smart and dressy in appearance, guaranteed to give satisfaction. Correct weight for dresses, waists, and children's wear. Black and white only. Note the width of 50 inches.

Order No. 1 G 1.

Per yard\$.28



COLORED ARMURE

One of our prettiest and most serviceable lines in a low priced dress material. Will readily shed dust and withstand rough wear. Has close firm weave. Colors are Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Grey, Copenhagen, Old Rose, Amethyst, Black. 36 inches wide.

Order No. 1 G 4

Per yard\$.28

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

WINNIPEG

CANADA



The Testimony of the Camera

The above is a reproduction of an actual photograph of two exhibits of bread made at a recent Western Fair.

It is a striking example of the vast difference found in flours. Both samples of bread were made by the same exhibitor under exactly similar conditions and from the same quantities of ingredients. The larger loaves were made from **PURITY FLOUR**, the smaller ones from "the other kind of flour."

Some dealers still insist upon representing other flour as being "just as good as **PURITY FLOUR**." They invariably handle a flour costing less money than merchants handling **PURITY FLOUR** have to pay for it. Yet, they try to get the same price for the "just as good" flour as for **PURITY FLOUR**. When they can do so, they make double profits—the usual profit on the other flour and the difference between the price of it and **PURITY FLOUR**.

Wise dealers buy **PURITY FLOUR** and willingly pay more for it, knowing that it means satisfied customers. Don't hesitate to pay the trifle extra for **PURITY FLOUR**, because you use less flour (the flour goes further) to the same quantity of water (water costs nothing) and

As The Camera Proves, You Get
More Bread and Better Bread

PURITY FLOUR

The Big Loaf Kind

Sold by All Good Dealers